RETURN TO: WENDY

# WITHOUT PAPERS

CECILY MERRILL

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# *WITHOUT PAPERS*

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**FRONT COVER**

THE FITZPATRICK CLAN
ENTERTAINS AT
A "CEILIDHE" IN
SEATTLE
CIRCA 1909

# PREFACE

Shortly after my mother died, I found Mary Fitzpatrick's oral history, *Rambles Through My Family History.* Years before I heard about Mary's history, but when I asked my mother she informed me she decided I wouldn't be interested, and saw no reason to send me a copy. My mother was a master of assumptions. It was almost eleven years after Mary Fitzpatrick dictated her history, and eight years after her death I found a copy of her fascinating history. I was indeed interested, and curious about several places and events described in Mary's story. I made pilgrimages to the murky reading rooms of local historical and public records repositories to gather background material to round out Mary's often abbreviated account of historical events. For every snippet of data I uncovered, dozens of enigmas and blank spots popped up. I couldn't let go without definitive answers. I was hooked; a microfilm junkie, and it is all Mary Fitzpatrick's fault.

After a year of gathering Gilbride/Fitzpatrick data, my brother, Jim, suggested I might look into the Merrill/Appelgate side. One day I poked around the local Mormon library, and booked time on their main computer network. I called up the Appelgates, and found hundreds of them dating back to the 1630's in Massachusetts. At the time I had few leads, and almost decided the Appelgates were too prolific to sort out. I had some time to kill, and moved on to the Mormon's microfilm library. I pulled out a film of the early colonial Boston court records to see if some public business existed around the Appelgates. There was only one family of Appelgates in 1635 Massachusetts Bay, and several members were brought up on charges of smuggling, bootlegging, shooting off their slanderous mouths, and participating in civil and violent disobedience of the Royal colonial authorities. I sat in the hush of the darkened microfilm room deciphering the archaic and sometimes colorful Seventeenth Century complaints and court sentences of the unruly Appelgates. I gasped back explosions of laughter, tears running down my face. A concerned docent tiptoed over, and asked if I were all right. I apologized and said yes. I tried to explain to her I found conclusive evidence of my ancestors in the early court records of Boston. She gave me a sympathetic look, and walked away muttering something about unprofessional methodology. On that day, I uncovered a historic snake pit called the Appelgate family.

Over the years, I amassed notes, census, deeds and military pension records. A pattern emerged; I unconsciously charted the movements of specific families from their homes in Europe to the eastern shores of America. None of them were content to stay in the east on their cozy farms, or keep their steady jobs in the Pennsylvanian coal mines. They became members of a cadre of restless and intrepid characters, and tossed aside all certainties for the wilds of the unknown western territories. Nobody who valued their lives traveled west alone. I traced the movements of clusters of in-laws and neighbors by the place names they gave their new homes, and their associations with churches and civic groups. In most cases, our families were minor players in the development of the United States, though a few participated in the major historical convulsions.

This book is a cursory outline of the complex backgrounds of our immigrant families, and uses them as a vehicle to draw a thin and meandering line across the map of America. There are gaping holes and plenty of events and personalities left unexplored, both by omis-

sion and the limited scope of my research. I have probably horrified our Irish relations for compressing their voluminous history into a few pages of generalizations, and skipped over too many significant people and events. I have undoubtedly done the same to the Minnesotans, and those who live in Texas, Iowa and the State of Washington. As for the Easterners, most of them are too distantly related by now, or dead, so I can't insult them too badly. I splintered off cameos to follow my personal interests. A few people left behind better records, and they are covered in more detail than others. The largest blank is with the Merrills, a family my father drop kicked off the edge as unspeakable wretches.

This is the part where I give credit to the people who provided vital input to this work. I am indebted to my husband, Frank Friedlaender, for editing my work. He argued with me over historical points and issues, and sent me back to my resources to double check my assertions and data, and yes; we are still speaking to each other! The calligraphy is by the creative hand of Marie Fitzpatrick. I am grateful for the valuable information, corrections, anecdotes, collaboration and use of old family photographs provided by: Sally Appelgate McNalley, Frank and Lynda Merrill, Jim Merrill, Mary Johnson, Molly Keefe Bender, Kathy Keefe, Marie Fitzpatrick, Mary Sullivan, Patricia and Al Digerness, Terence and Barbara Fitzpatrick, Ethel Madigan, Elizabeth Wall, Virgil Barnhill, Jr., Wendy Mallin Lee, Kevin Mallin, and our Irish cousins, Kitty McGovern and Cissy Ó Reilly.

The State Historical Societies of Virginia, Pennsylvania, Iowa, Tennessee, Indiana and Minnesota provided valuable information. I accessed the records of the Catholic Archdiocese of Marietta, West Virginia, the National Baptist Society, based in Pennsylvania, and the voluminous resources of the Church of the Latter Day Saints. The mainstay of my research revolved around several libraries and information repositories. In California I used the Sutro Library in San Francisco, the Sierra Branch of the National Archives in San Bruno, Stanford University Library in Palo Alto, the Menlo Park Public Library, plus the resources of the U.S. Geological Survey in Menlo Park. In my travels outside California, I gathered information in Washington D.C. from the National Archives and the Daughters of the American Revolution Library, as well as the Virginia State Archives in Richmond, Virginia. Along the way, I accessed records kept by various public offices in several States for deeds, marriages, births and deaths. I was able to search public records of vital statistics at Joyce House in Dublin, and local records in County Cavan. As of this printing, I am corresponding with historical contacts in The Netherlands for pre-colonial era Appelgates.

If anyone expects a methodically prepared genealogy, the following will be a disappointment. Genealogical treatises are too often the most boring category in the library, and I had no intention to spew out an updated Book of Genesis with an attached chart of the Lost Tribes. I haven't certified one pedigree. (See Mary Fitzpatrick's *Rambles* for the family tree; Appendix F for the shortcut version.) There were occasions when I was obliged to dip into the rarified ether of genealogy to gather information; in those instances, I assigned specific dates and secondary relationships. I dislike prefaces, or anything else hung onto a book to steer the reader before the first page is turned. You are on your own. It is fine by me if the following enlists a little interest, even better if it entertains.

CHAPTER 1

# *WILD TURKEY*

There are plenty of myths created around the discovery of the Western Hemisphere by several intrepid Fifteenth Century Europeans. Columbus did not discover North America. He blundered into a few Caribbean islands and bits of Central and South America, which are nowhere near Chesapeake Bay. He held with a bizarre idea the flat world was round, and if he could sail west, he might find a passage to the Far East to bypass the Mongolian, Venetian and Ottoman monopolies of the Asian trade routes. Columbus thought he landed on the outer islands of India, but he was about 20,000 nautical miles short. He caused a great deal of confusion with the Carib tribes when he insisted on calling them Indians, an incorrect generic name hung on all native American peoples. Columbus was not the first to step on American soil; Asian people crossed the Bering land mass over 30,000 years ago, and the Viking and Irish explorers predated other Europeans. A more appropriate holiday for the European discovery of North America should have been Herjulfsson Day.

A common misconception was most Europeans came to the Americas looking for gold and riches. To a limited degree, wealth was to be had in Central and South America at the expense of several sophisticated native civilizations. It was apparent from the first landing of early explorers gold was not a North American commodity, which was why northern exploration was not heavily underwritten. What attracted most English people was land, conjoined with social and religious freedoms in a time when people were executed for going to a different church than their King. The concept of freedom in early Seventeenth Century New England was getting far enough from the King's representative to be ignored or forgotten. Unsanctioned beliefs and opinions were still technically punishable by English law, and when anyone

made too much of a scene, they would find themselves in the pillory, jailed, transported as slaves to Barbados or executed. The English Puritans, who came over in waves in the 1630's, were hardly heroic adventurers; they were land hungry outcasts from an English monarchy which found their self-righteous, dour Protestant fundamentalism a royal pain.

The big question was why would any God-fearing, civilized, Seventeenth Century man or woman want to leave their cozy English home and family, and sail over to what was still widely believed as beyond the precipice of the flat earth? What would inspire anyone to live with wild heathens, fierce animals, fiercer winters, and all in the middle of dark ominous forests? The first English settlers were ill-equipped to survive the New England wilderness. They had little idea about cultivating native crops, nor adapting European seeds to New England conditions. The whole bit of our national observance of Thanksgiving Day was not entirely a colonial harvest celebration; President Abraham Lincoln inaugurated the holiday as a day of reflection after the Battle of Gettysburg (1863) during our bloody Civil War. It was unlikely the early English settlers had much of a harvest to celebrate, and if it weren't for the generosity of the native Indians, who likely invited the Pilgrims to *their* table, the English would have perished. The local tribes traded and gave outrightly their food: potatoes, corn (maize), squash, cranberries, pecans, tobacco and wild game, such as deer, turkey, and maybe a little porcupine meat to spice up the pot. After a year or so, the Indians discovered the English were not such nice neighbors, and tried to distance themselves from the ungrateful wretches.[1]

Queen Elizabeth I was the first English monarch interested in colonizing the New World. She was avid for gold and riches like everyone else, but she was content

1. Potatoes are not native to Ireland. Look at the word. Note other American Indian words: tobacco, tomato, chocolatl and askutasquash, shortened to squash. Add to the list peppers, peanuts, acaju (cashews), yams, fried okra, popcorn, succotash, zucchini casseroles and hominy grits with beaver tail gravy, and you can see some of the native American contributions to world cuisine and lung cancer. 60% of all food crops grown in the world today originated in the Americas. Maize has the largest growing area of any other cultivated food on earth. Many economies depend on native American crops. The United States produces most of the maize and cotton. Russia is the world's largest producer of potatoes and sunflowers. China leads in the production of sweet potatoes and tobacco; India leads in peanuts, and the Ivory Coast is the largest producer of cacao. Without native American crops, Italian pasta and pizza would have no tomato sauce; Hungarian stews would not have paprika; the curries of India would be without peanuts and cashews. The Germans, Swiss and Dutch would dry up without their chocolate, or their whipped cream without vanilla. Chinese Szechuan cuisine would be bland without peppers, and the Western part of America would miss out on tamales, ahuacatl molli (guacamoli), salsa and tortillas. Without the American plant called cotton, Levi Strauss couldn't have supplied the California gold miners of 1849 with denim breeches, nor could Calvin Klein steal his invention to supply the affluent of the late Twentieth Century with overpriced work clothes.

to collect it on the high seas from returning Spanish merchant ships; a Use Tax for anyone sailing the Atlantic Ocean within 2,000 miles of England. By the end of her reign, it was apparent a physical presence in North America would be an asset to her small empire as a pawn to play off other European powers, and an English foot in the door should the new land turn out to have some value in the future. It took until after her death (1607) for Walter Raleigh get the first project organized and sent to Jamestown. Unfortunately, the ill-prepared expedition died out due to starvation, diseases and poor Indian policies. It was Queen Elizabeth who set the tone and mandate for future Englishmen to put their feet on North American soil to claim it for God and the Crown. The trick was to convince average English people to migrate to the new land, but at the time, everyone thought the idea was crazy. It took the repression of the Stewart era to make the perilous trip attractive.

Queen Elizabeth was moderately tolerant of differing social, political and religious ideas. She generally looked the other way with Catholics, unless somebody started making trouble for her; then their heads became adornments on the railing of London Bridge. The Stewart kings were not blazing successes as monarchs, nor were they tolerant. They enforced discriminatory laws, as well as property seizures of those considered dissidents, including non-Church of England Protestants. The Stewarts made it difficult for everyone, including Church of England citizens, to acquire land and businesses. Inheritance was the only viable means of acquiring properties, and by the inheritance laws, only the eldest son had a chance. Beyond the laws, the class and trade systems were tightened up to keep people from moving into other lines of work. For example, a younger son of a butcher had little chance of becoming an iron monger, unless he were apprenticed, a system tantamount to slavery at hard labor. The other options were poverty by taking menial work within the family trade, or poverty by taking odd jobs nobody else wanted. The new English possessions in North America, foreboding as they were, provided a chance to own land, support a family, and escape the glare of meddlesome bureaucrats.

Not anyone could show up at the East End docks in London, buy a ticket and board the next outbound ocean liner.[1] A trip cost money, and involved complicated procedures to gain permission to leave England. The land companies recruited settlers under royal charters to manage and profit from tracts of land granted by the King to his friends and relatives. They subsidized part of the cruise, but the passengers were obliged to pay their way. If a person came from a family who could pay, or he was wealthy enough to cover his own expenses, he was a first class passenger and arrived in the New World unencumbered. Most people didn't have enough to buy fare for themselves or their family. They signed with the land companies an indenture to work off the passage. The typical indenture was for seven years, which included everyone in the family. To buy land in the colonies meant further indenture, or a share cropping arrangement. To cover their investments, the land companies stipulated everyone had to be healthy and strong enough to work, preferably with a

trade on the side, like blacksmithing or carpentry. The next obstacle was to gain permission to leave England, which involved an affidavit guaranteeing the person in question was not wanted by the law, running away from debt or taxes, or any other civil or moral obligations. Lastly, nobody left unless they swore they were loyal subjects of the King. Much of the paperwork was a formality. If a person looked like a good prospect for the New World, irregularities were overlooked, paperwork was mysteriously lost, and off they went. Usually, the land companies had agents in England selling or assigning for indenture lands on the other side. Some colonists waited until they were in New England before they committed to their plot. In those cases, they had to apply with the local authorities for permission to live in a given area, then haggle with the land company for the price of the land. At no time was it to anyone's advantage to have new people wandering around looking for real estate. There were no public assistance programs, and it was fatal for those who dallied and failed to have their houses built, barns raised, and crops harvested by winter. Dead colonists did not look good on the land company's books, and certainly didn't make much of a showing for the Crown in its claim to North America.

The people who came to New England were not the abject poor fleeing the London and Portsmouth slums. They were moderately educated middle class Protestants, some with unpopular views of religion, and others who were out of work, dazzled by the thought of inexpensive land, or had other personal reasons for leaving home. Most of them were considered the fringe of English society, but all had a solid racial, cultural and political affiliation with England. They were not so radical the colonial administrators had to be vigilant of a massive insurrection, not yet. Every-

1. A couple of years ago, a replica of Sir Francis Drake's ship, the *Golden Hind*, docked at Redwood City. The ship was like those which brought people over to the New World in the early Seventeenth Century. It was eighty feet long by twenty feet wide, and the hull was round-bottomed with a sliver of a keel. The colonial ships wallowed in a light sea like pregnant walruses, and I'll bet the pilgrims spent most of their time hanging over the rail atoning for their sins. Ballast was a load of rocks, not always secure in heavy seas, and it was steered by a stick and rudder on pulleys, much like small modern sail boats. The ships were powered by a large square main and square jib sails, and a triangular aft spanker for tacking across the wind. Occasionally, someone at the helm would stick a wet finger into the air and adjust the sails. The quarters were cramped and wet; the method of sealing planks was pine pitch and bits of rags, or rope fuzz stuffed into the cracks. They crammed on board over fifty people, plus supplies, food, baggage and a few rats. There was no Marisat to guide them across the Atlantic, and their charts of land masses and currents were more fanciful that reliable. Crude compasses pointed out magnetic north, and someone determined the ship's position by taking a sextant reading at what they thought was noon according to an hour glass. Speed was determined by a sailor tossing overboard a length of rope with knots tied at measured intervals, then counting out how many knots played out during a given time. (A ship's speed is still measured in knots.) With luck, the crossing took six weeks to two months, barring becoming becalmed, caught in foul weather, or carried off on the wrong current.

one was afforded the rights and privileges of his (the hers were still chattel) class as if they were still in England. Due to the distance from home, and the different conditions within the colonies, the settlers squeezed out extra liberties.

Modern Europeans express amazement, hilarity and sometimes horror at the multitude of mostly Protestant sects in America. The horror is when members of several of the American sects knock on European doors to peddle *The Lighthouse*, or some other dogma. For years, America was the dumping ground for European political, economic and religious misfits. Some people were refugees from bloody purges, such as the early Rhode Island Sephardic Jews who fled the Inquisition in Spain and Portugal, or the Catholics and Quakers who ran for their lives from the Stewart's constables. The Puritans were an early English Protestant sect to incur the disfavor of the Crown. They made a major impression on the early days of New England when they came over early in sizeable numbers. The Mayflower Expedition of 1620 may have received more attention than it deserved; it occurred before the far more important settlement of Puritans in Massachusetts Bay of the 1630's. At best, the earliest Puritan settlers numbered in the dozens; the Puritans of the Bay came over by the thousands. The Puritans were one third to one half the population of New England by 1640, and they dominated the main colony of Massachusetts.[1]

To understand why America became a depository for non-sanctioned political and religious groups and individuals, it might be useful to look at what was going on in Europe. Before Martin Luther and the Protestant Revolution, spiritual life was relatively easy. A person was either a Believer, a Roman Catholic, or a non-Believer, a hell-fired heretic. To have a European monarch proclaim Roman Catholicism as the official religion of the realm was easy; everybody already went along with the idea. Such a comfortable spiritual position reinforced the kings, barons, doges, kaizers, (not emirs), so they added the adjective Divine to their rule. Everybody was happy; the kings ruled by the Grace of God, and the Catholic Church ruled by the grace of their chief power brokers. The peasants did what they were told for fear of perdition and the gibbet. In 1520, Martin Luther publicly proclaimed the Catholic Church was decadent; its doctrine strayed from the original teaching of the Bible, and the Bishops were no longer qualified to lead the spirituality of their congregations. Europe flew apart, both religiously and politically. A few years later, Johannes Gutenberg came up with a bright new idea invented by the Chinese 1,000 years before. He called it moveable type. He produced inexpensive books, starting off with the Bible.

1. In 1610, it was estimated there were around 500 people in all of New England. Between 1630 and 1640, there were around 20,000. By 1700, there were 275,000, 1750 about 1,000,000. The first U.S. Census of 1790 counted 2,929,000. The United States grew at 30% per decade until 1910, then dropped off to 15%. The 1990 U.S. Census listed 248,709,873, which was a 9.8% increase over 1980. Bear in mind the census has never been especially accurate, but it was and still is a general idea of how many people were present.

Before long, all sorts of men, even the least intelligent, started taking a vast and unhealthy interest in exegetics and apologetics. Overnight, there was a surfeit of reform sects, followed by reformed reform sects. Spiritual life and its political underpinnings were no longer stable. Monarchs had to make bothersome and often lethal stands on their official religion and alliances. Some kings faltered in the confusion; some fell prey to opportunists seeking to expand empires under the guise of reform. A few kings took an intelligent view of the times; they actively sought to lead rather than follow.

In 1534, Henry VIII of England, once named Protector of the Faith by Pope Leo X, threw out Roman Catholic power in England. Under the guidance of Thomas Cromwell and Thomas Cranmer, Henry founded the Church of England with himself as spiritual head of the church and manager of church politics and resources. The popular misconception of Henry's break from Rome was over obtaining a forbidden divorce from his wife and previously his sister-in-law, Catherine of Aragon, so he could marry a younger woman to produce a male heir. The story made for great Sixteenth Century checkout stand journalism, but it was a side issue. Henry's marriage to his sister-in-law was a political move to secure his shaky position after his older brother died, since the Tudors were marginal claimants to the throne in the first place. Secondly, an alliance through marriage with Spain kept other European powers off his back until he was secure on the throne. As soon as Henry was comfortable, it was time to move on. Catherine produced only one daughter, Mary, and it looked like no more children were coming. When Catherine and her Spanish advisers and spies became aggressive annoyances, Henry divorced her and sent her home to Spain. Like his father before him, and his children after, Henry was a brilliant, shrewd and deterministic leader. The timing for pulling away from Rome was chosen when the English nobility and commoners were disgusted with the wealth and behavior of the Catholic hierarchy in England. Henry had a bankrupt treasury, but he knew more taxes would hardly endear him to anyone, so set his eyes on Catholic holdings. The Protestant Revolution already crept into Henry's realm, and he chose to take control, rather than defer the religious principles of England to some defrocked fanatic from a foreign country. Tossing out the Catholic prelates was a very bold move for a king. Henry got away with his sensational plan, but not everyone in England rushed down to their parish churches to board up the confessionals. On the contrary, most of the populace remained Catholic into the reign of the Stewarts. Henry was an astute ruler, and unofficially tolerated the Catholics and the other emerging Protestant sects as long as they were loyal subjects, paid their taxes and kept a low profile. The unsympathetic, very Catholic Irish were another question.

Henry died in 1547. The throne passed to his frail ten year old son, Edward VI, but the boy died in 1553 of tuberculous.[1] The throne was vacated for Henry's oldest daughter by Catherine of Aragon, Mary, dubbed Bloody Mary for bringing the Inquisition to England to clean out the Protestant heretics, as well as other punitive

measures for various segments of the English, Welsh, Scotch and Irish populace. The lady only lived until 1558, and it was fortunate her half sister, Elizabeth, was smart enough to stay out of the way and avoid the execution block. When twenty-five year old Elizabeth I ascended the throne of England, the country was ready to fall apart in a civil war brewing between her avaricious royal cousins. To complicate the young Queen's reign, the Pope offered support to anyone who would reinstate Catholicism in England and eliminate Elizabeth, who he called "Henry's bastard daughter". The major rulers of Europe, principally Philip of Spain and the French Dauphin, figured the easiest way to take over England was to marry the young Queen. If neither won her hand, they were poised to take England by buying off one or more of the powerful English families. If all else failed, they were prepared to invade the pesky island in the name of God and the Holy Church. Nobody thought a petite, red-haired, and very young Queen would cower the bickering royal families within her realm, outsmart every crown head of Europe, and propel England into a dominant position in world trade on the high seas.

Within her realm, Elizabeth allowed for freedoms and rights never before enjoyed by nobility or commoners. She encouraged an affluent middle class, and England started to prosper. She supported the arts, encouraged thinkers and writers to the point of limited freedom of the press.[1] Elizabeth's reign was an era of intense nationalism; the English people were more outspoken, educated, politically and culturally aware than their counterparts on the Continent, a dangerous precedent for other European kingdoms. It is interesting the Kings of Spain and France rarely ventured out among their people, and only then with a legion of armed guards. Queen Elizabeth often walked or rode in the streets of London with little more than her ladies-in-waiting and a few overdressed noblemen. She appointed to office commoners along side nobility for their merit and abilities, as well as for political reasons. Working for the Queen became a coveted honor, often performed without pay for the glory of basking in the Queen's favor, such as the Royal Order of the Garter, a select cadre of businessmen, royal cousins, and occasionally privateers who looked after the Queens private requests; in other words, a royal goon squad in ruffled collars and baggy pantaloons.

When Elizabeth ascended the throne, she inherited a ruined treasury. Like her father, Henry, she knew unhappy people made poor tax payers, and poor people made no tax payers at all. She encouraged private enterprise, and granted or took away royal monopolies with an eye to a royal percentage. English privateers, dubbed

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1. Edward was Jane Seymore's son by Henry. His older sister, Elizabeth, was Anne Boleyn's by Henry. She was born shortly after Henry married Anne, officially a premature baby.

1. Don't assume Elizabethan England was a Mecca of human rights and civil liberties. Anyone could get his head stuck on a pike along the walkway of the London Bridge for merely calling the Queen a silly old cow.

by the Spanish as pirates, were required to kick back a percentage of their loot. In exchange, the Queen looked the other way, didn't question the Spanish gold presented to her treasurer, and consoled irate ambassadors with promises she would put a stop to the heinous thievery on the high seas by alleged English sea captains. She didn't fool anyone, but nobody dared show their political hand, or openly demand satisfaction from England. Their shifty and unprincipled neighbors would jump to the defense of England for the chance to take ascendancy in Europe, and claim the spoils from across the seas. Politics were very complicated in the Sixteenth Century, and England was lucky to have a hard driving, intellectual and astute Queen Elizabeth on the throne.

Elizabeth tolerated most religious sects as long as they kept to themselves and paid their taxes. Nevertheless, there was a growing irritation within the Church of England over what was viewed as decadent papal trappings, and for having a monarch lead the spiritual life of the land. The disgruntled Church of England Protestants called themselves Puritans. They lobbied to turn over the governance of their church to a select committee from the congregation, and they had growing support from the clergy and the affluent middle class. During Queen Elizabeth's reign, the Puritans made significant political inroads in the House of Commons, and pushed for change in the church from the Bench. They were tolerated, unless someone interfered with Elizabeth's government, which didn't happen too often. Elizabeth knew how to divert the Puritans and the rising middle class by encouraging their nationalism and acquisition of wealth.

Until the 1588 defeat of the Spanish Armada by a North Sea gale, England was a third-rate country with no navy, little interest in exploration, and no investments in far away colonies. If it weren't for Queen Elizabeth, it would have remained third-rate, or swallowed up by the French or Spanish. She juggled both super powers for years to buy time to build up her power to aggressively enter the empire game. In the meantime, Spain and Portugal took the lead in the New World, and left cold North America to the French, English, Dutch and Swedes. Elizabeth didn't sit around watching Continental politics. She courted alliances to enhance trade and her ambitions as a colonial power. The Dutch and English had a long record as trading and political partners. The Dutch weavers bought English wool, and the British bought Dutch finished goods, spices, and whatever the Dutch merchants brought from distant ports. Bricks and sash windows appeared in Tudor English homes and castles, as well as silks, ceramics, and a strange new drink they called tea. Unlike the Spanish and Portuguese, the Dutch were tolerant businessmen. They didn't waste time dragging an indigenous population to their knees when trading in far away lands. They went straight for the profits, and left conquest and Church for some other time.

Spain was keenly interested in worldwide businesses, including Holland's, but they had a rigorous attitude about taking it away. In 1567, Philip II of Spain took over most of Holland, and ruined Dutch businesses with his Holy Inquisition to clean

out Dutch Protestants and Jews.There was an exodus to England of both Dutch and Englishmen, reversed when Spain was thrown out of Holland, and the religiously tolerant Dutch Republic founded. In 1578, the Dutch Republic formally opened negotiations with English merchants in Antwerp to allow Englishmen to live in several cities in Holland for the purposes of trade, in exchange for Dutch merchants and businesses allowed into England. Tariffs and regulations between the two countries relaxed, and everybody made money, including the Queen. By 1617, English manufacturers extended their operations over the entire Dutch Republic. Thousands of Englishmen were employed in Dutch businesses in all levels of commerce, from working in the weaving mills, to employment with the cities as clerks, accountants, mercenary soldier and stock brokers.[1]

April 28, 1624, permission was given to William Davis, age twenty, Richard Martin, age thirty, and Marie Ballard, age twenty-four, as servants to Captain Appelgate to sail in the ship *Bergen Op Zoom*.[2] Captain Appelgate was an English army officer (mercenary) in the employ of the city of Bergen Op Zoom. The earliest city records were his marriages: "July 7, 1606 Christoffel Appelgeet, lieutenant of captain Grell (?) of Cantelbergen with Catharina van der Burcht from Brussels." He married again, October 25, 1615, to an English woman by the name of Alith Bleatliz. The Dutch copyists did to English names in Holland what the English did to Dutch names in early New Jersey. Appelgeet, Christoffel, Alith and Bleatliz were not Dutch names. Christoffel is almost a phonetic rendition of Christopher, and Alith Bleatliz could be Alice Beatrice. The Dutch Reform Church recorded the birth of two children, Thomas Aplegate born May 26, 1623 to (by then) captain Christoffel Apelgate, and the mother Aeltken (Alith?), and an earlier unnamed child, January 15, 1619, to captain Appelgeat. Research is in progress to further identify the English Appelgates of Bergen Op Zoom. It is doubtful the captain was a distant grandfather, but the birth of as son by the name of Thomas is a clue to a close relationship.

Sometime around 1600, a distant Appelgate grandfather moved his family from Norfolkshire to Holland. According to John Stillwell, of one of his sons, Thomas, married Elizabeth Wall, a daughter of another expatriot English family. Several of their children were born in Holland, including our direct-line descendant, Thomas Jr.[3] Thomas Appelgate Sr. and his family returned to England, and sometime in the

1. The first sales of private venture stocks in the world was in Amsterdam in 1532. The guilds and trading companies came together and sold shares in their businesses in a public market place. Later, the trading was conducted in a central guild hall, or stock exchange.

2. The *Genealogist* Vol. 24, page 275. Bergen Op Zoom was and is a thriving port town in Brabant, then a separate Dutch Republic.

3. *Historical and Genealogical Miscellany - Early Settlers of new Jersey and Their Descendents, Vol. II* - John E. Stillwell. There is some question if the Walls lived in Holland, but they showed up with the Appelgates from the early days of Gravesend into this century.

early 1630's, they came over to Boston Bay. There was no mention if the Appelgates were obliged to become indentured servants to pay for their passage and land.

When the Appelgates arrived in Massachusetts Bay, England was ruled by Queen Elizabeth's cousins, the Stewarts. Upon Elizabeth's death (1603), James Stewart of Scotland became King of England. Unfortunately, neither James I, nor the subsequent Stewart kings inherited the Tudor intelligence or political genius. Under the Tudors, England entered a new era of enlightenment, complete with an independent, wealthy and vocal middle class. The Stewarts tried to turn time backwards; they reinstated Divine Rule, a style down played by the Tudors, and flaunted an elaborate and decadent life-style, which infuriated everyone, especially the Puritans. Charles I even converted to Catholicism, for goodness sakes! Their personal styles and mannerisms aside, the Stewarts wrecked havoc on the economy with a favoritism system of management soaked with corruption and graft, and they embroiled England in costly European intrigues and wars. The powerful faction of Puritans in the House of Commons made loud and visible opponents of the Stewarts. They demanded social and economic reforms with more Parliamentary control of the government. The king was outraged. The House of Commons was discounted, ignored and finally dismissed. The Puritans were singled out as the key subversives; they were threats to the monarchy and kingdom, and declared outlaws. Their lands and businesses were taxed with surcharges, or seized without excuse. By the 1630's, Puritans were jailed, hanged or exiled for little more than attending one of their religious services. Those who could afford to fight it out with the King did; those who were already on a sheriff's list, or were consigned to poverty for losing their land or businesses, looked for a haven in America and the West Indies.

Along with the Puritans came other non-sanctioned religions and freethinkers: Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Quakers, Calvinists, Jews, Catholics and variations within those groups. There was a large cluster of approved Church of England adherents, since hard times and the civil war (Roundheads vs. the Cavaliers) forced many out of their homes. As far as the Stewarts were concerned, New England was a fine place to send the troublemakers and no-goods; the renegade Puritans in particular could go preach to the cranberry bogs. All the King demanded was for the whole lot to remain reasonably loyal to England, obey his colonial agents and stay out of trouble. It was in English interests to populate the eastern seaboard with as many subjects as possible to reinforce British claims to North America.

Oliver Cromwell, son of Thomas Cromwell, Henry VIII's Chancellor, was an upper class Puritan landowner-turned-crusader for Parliamentary rule, as well as a social and religious reformer. He turned the British Isles upside down in a horrendously bloody civil war. Tens of thousands fled the carnage for America and the West Indies. Charles I, son of James I, lost his head in 1649, and England suspended its beloved monarchy for a Parliamentary system led by Oliver Cromwell.

Once in New England, the Puritans exerted considerable political clout, mostly

in the main colony of Massachusetts Bay. They seemed to forget their misery of persecution in England when they enacted laws, both civil and religious, to discriminate against everyone but themselves. Their fundamentalist view of Christianity spilled over into daily life. They damned to the deepest pit in hell all other religions, and any of their own congregation suspected of moral transgressions or unseemly decadence. Don't ask how they treated the nearby Indians. Consequently, many non-Puritans, and Puritan outcasts became fed up and went off to start up their own colonies. Whatever their rigorism, hard-line approach to moral deportment and life styles, the Puritans respected a degree of personal independence and freedom, like free speech and education (Godly), a strong dislike for monarchy (Godlier), and a hard work ethic (very Godly). They established precedences for defiance to royal colonial authority, hatred of class systems, and self-governance by popular consensus

Many people think the Thirteen Colonies in America came about at the same time, but New England and Virginia were first. Most of the others followed within a few years. Delaware was Swedish, and New York and New Jersey belonged to the Dutch. The Spanish were to the south in the Floridas, and the French were to the north and west. When the early English colonies set out their boundaries, they were more than a little loose. If they didn't infringe on a neighboring colony, they assumed their westward edge went *forever*, which meant the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. They had the brass to claim French, Spanish and native Indian territories; taking it away was another issue. A map of the early colonies is not too descriptive of present-day States, which makes marvellous confusion when reading a record of a person born in Virginia, only to find it could have been Kentucky, Pennsylvania, or later West Virginia.

The settlement of the middle colonies of New York, New Jersey, Delaware and Pennsylvania came about shortly after Massachusetts. The purchase of Manhattan Island in 1626 from the local Indian tribe, the Manhattans, for sixty Guilders and a load of glass beads, cloth and hardware was the Dutch inroad into North America called New Netherlands. Its capitol was New Amsterdam, on the present site of Manhattan, a borough of New York City. The English took away New Netherlands in 1664 as spoils of a European war, and renamed the capitol and colony after James, Duke of York. James in turn made a proprietary grant of land between the Hudson and Delaware Rivers to a couple of friends, Sir George Cartaret and John, Lord Berkeley. The territory was already settled by Dutch farmers, but renamed New Jersey in honor of Cartaret, once the Governor of the Isle of Jersey in the English Channel. Cartaret and Berkeley expected to make huge profits from land sales to the incoming English immigrants. They weren't disappointed.

Maryland was founded in 1634 by two Lords of Baltimore, George Calvert and his son, Cecil. They were Roman Catholics, a persecuted minority in Seventeenth Century England. The colony legislated religious freedom for all Christians. Rhode Island was created in 1636 by exiles from Boston banished for protesting the reli-

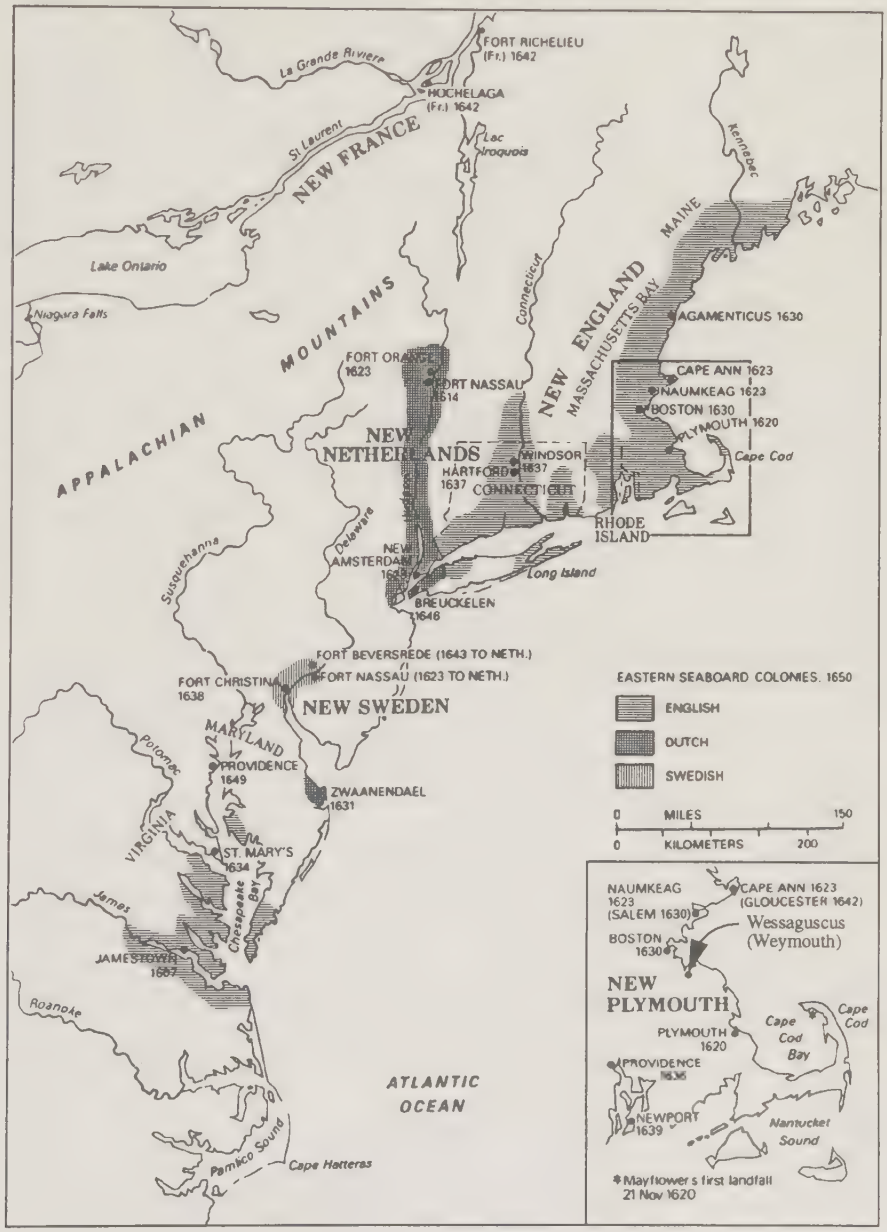
**New York, 1626: Chief of the Manhattan Indians addresses his tribe for the last time.**

gious intolerance of the Massachusetts Puritans, expressed in both religious and civil discrimination. Under the leadership of Roger Williams, a Baptist, Rhode Island's laws became an exemplar of justice and tolerance. The colony was the first to welcome Jews and Quakers, both considered heretics by everyone else. Connecticut was founded by refugees from Massachusetts Puritans in 1637 by Thomas Hooker and his followers. New Hampshire also broke from Massachusetts, but didn't get its autonomy until 1820. It is evident the Puritans were hard to live with.

Delaware was New Sweden, established by the Swedish and Finnish immigrants at Fort Christina (Wilmington) in 1638. The Dutch seized the territory in 1644, then twenty years later the English took it along with the other Dutch holdings. The colony was renamed after Thomas West, Lord Delaware, the first Lord Governor and Captain-General of the Colony of Virginia.

The Carolinas, both North and South, were founded in 1664 by William Drummond, the appointed Governor of Albemarle. The last colony, Georgia, was formed out of part of South Carolina in 1732. Georgia's Proprietor, James Edward Oglethorpe, was a humanitarian who wished to recruit colonists from English debtor prisons, and provide a haven for persecuted Protestants. His philanthropic ideas had some

**Seaboard settlements in the first half of the Seventeenth Century.** *Nearly 30,000 Puritans settled in the English colonies by 1650, while over 40,000 Puritans immigrated to the West Indies. The Appelgates arrived between 1630 and 1635. They were granted permission to purchase a farm at Wessaguscus, south of Boston.*



unfortunate consequences. The British were delighted to empty their overcrowded debtor prisons. Times were hard in England, and thousands of people could not pay their bills or taxes, and they cluttered up the jails, often in the company of their entire families. The sentences in those jails were indeterminate, or until someone paid the debt or made other arrangements. The wealthy Georgian plantation owners gained legal access to English-speaking slaves for the price of their parole from jail and transportation to Georgia. The unfortunate debtors were obliged to work off their passage as bondsmen, literally slaves bound to the plantation. They spent what was usually a short life working in the fetid swamps and bottom land at hard labor tending sugar cane, indigo and tobacco. Those who outlived their indenture had little opportunity other than to continue working on the plantation at low wages, or move to poor tenant farms on the fringe of Creek and Cherokee Indian land. Many people escaped their indenture and disappeared into the western mountains, or mixed in with other colonists in the larger cities. The indentured servant institution was an unpopular institution throughout the colonies, as were the confiscation of property and jail sentences for nonpayment of taxes and debt.[1] It is no surprise there were early Constitutional prohibitions for such onerous penalties and practices. The Internal Revenue Service needs to review those clauses in our Constitution.

The Appelgates landed in the colonies between 1630 and 1635. The first official record of the family was when Thomas Appelgate Sr. was granted a license, September 2, 1635, to conduct a ferry between a site near his farm at Wessaguscus (Weymouth) and Mount Wooliston (Baintree) in Massachusetts. No money-making venture was given away for free, and Thomas had to buy a license to operate the ferry, or kick back a percentage of the fares. It is possible Thomas initiated the ferry venture on his own to supplement his farming income, but whatever the case, he was replaced by the local bureaucrats, March 3, 1836, and he went back to farming. He sold his farm, March 8, 1640, to George Allen (the deed was recorded March 5, 1641). The sale was for more reasons than getting a good price.

Between 1635 and 1640, the names of Thomas Appelgate and his wife, Elizabeth Wall, appeared in Boston records, and not always in the best light. Apparently, they were both prone to shooting off their mouths. They were brought up on charges of slander on several occasions, and Elizabeth Appelgate particularly suffered at the hands of the ecclesiastic tyranny of the local Puritans. September 6, 1636:

> "It was ordered that Elizabeth, wife of Thomas Applegate, was censored to stand with her tongue in a cleft stick for swearing, raileing and revileing."[2]

1. I found a New Jersey record of sixteen year old William Appelgate indentured in 1742 for five and one half years as an apprentice to a joiner (furniture maker) by his mother Rebeka. William was a younger son, and his widowed mother farmed him out to learn a trade.

Like others fed up with the Puritans, the Appelgates sold out in 1640, and moved to more liberal Rhode Island. They stayed a short time, possibly only a year, and moved on, but they didn't sell out. Their farm was called *Appelgate Plaine*, and there is a record Thomas's son, Bartholomew, empowered Henry Timberlake to occupy the land after old Thomas died (1662). The next record for Thomas Appelgate was in 1641 for permission to enter New Amsterdam. October 10, 1645, Thomas was one of the English patentees allowed to settle Vlissingen (Flushing), Long Island, on a rise above the Flushing Bay inlet and swamp, (now the World's Fair Center and Shay Stadium). November 11, 1646, Thomas bought John Ruckman's plantation in S'Gravenzande (Gravesend), Long Island, and in 1659 Thomas bought a nearby farm from Randal Huet.The Appelgates were one of thirty nine English families sponsored by Lady Moody (from the Appelgates's ancestral Norfolkshire), and given permission by Governor General William Kieft, Peter Stuyvesant's predecessor, to settle on Jamaica Bay. Gravesend is on higher ground a mile north of Coney Island and Sheepshead Bay, which were then sand dunes and tide flats. (See map on page 16.) Several of the English families had Dutch connections, or were born and lived in Holland. Most of them knew how to speak Dutch, a factor in letting them live in New Netherlands.[1]

The New Amsterdam Dutch were nowhere as stuffy as the Massachusetts Puritans, but it wasn't long before they had their fill of the abrasive, opinionated, Church of England-advocating Appelgates. The Calvinist Dutch farmers and shopkeepers were distrustful of the English settlers, especially when political relations between England and Holland degenerated into hostilities. Thomas and Elizabeth, who spoke Dutch most their lives, were probably able to make themselves especially obnoxious with their Dutch neighbors.

> "One Thomas Appelgate of Gravesend owned a farm there but seems to have spent much of his leisure in the public stocks on the common outside Lady Mody's door."[2]

The stocks and fines didn't slow down Thomas; he had the nerve to air his opin-

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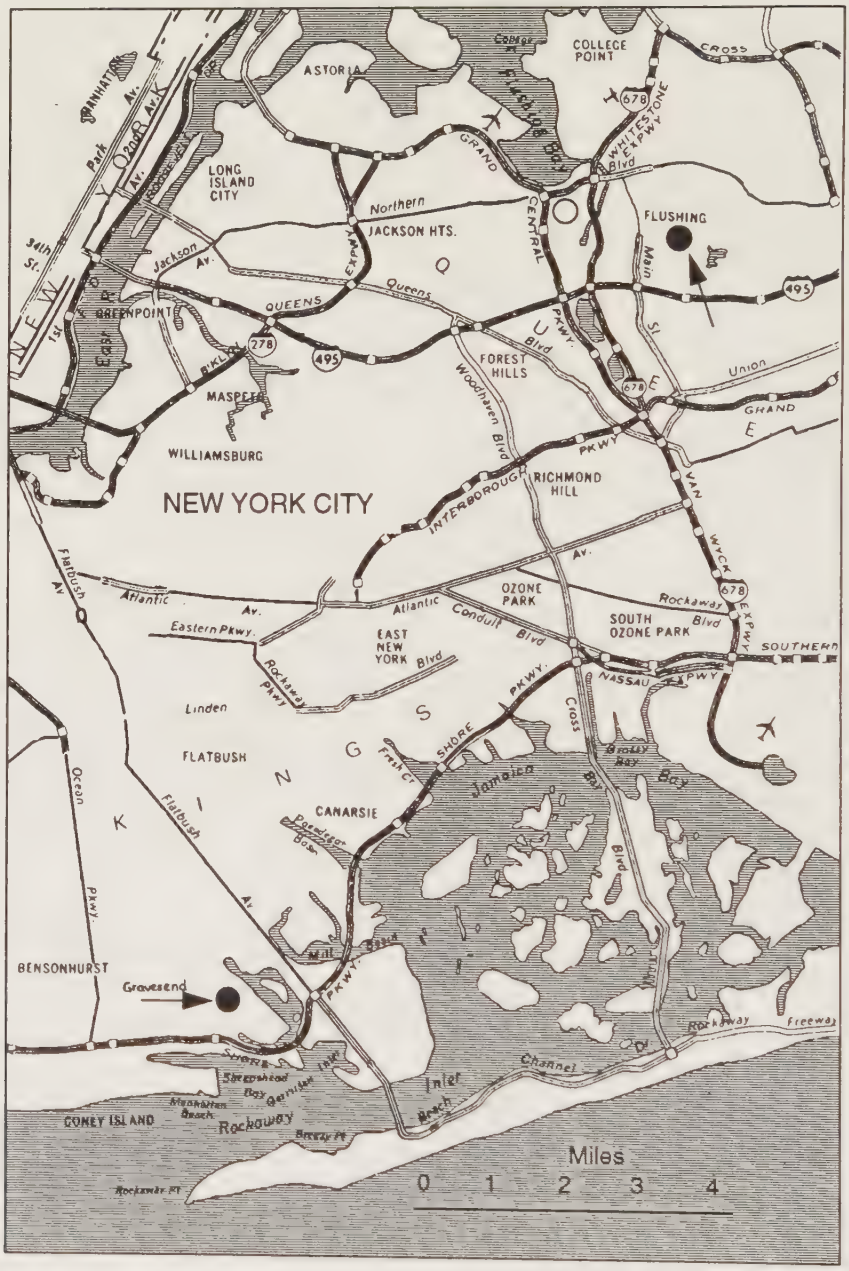
2. *Records of Massachusetts, Vol. 1, 1628-1641.* September 6, 1636, Quarter Court of Boston.

1. Vlissingen is a coast town in Zeeland. S'Gravenzande is an inlet below Der Haag (S'Gravenhage), and it bears a resemblance to Rockway Inlet. The English changed the name to Gravesend, which sounded like the name of a port town at the mouth of the Thames River, now the Eastend of London. Gravesend was probably a degeneration of a similar Friesian word, Gravenzande, and the last sight of England the Pilgrims saw as they sailed for the New World. "Laws and ordinances of New Netherlands", *New York Deed Book II,* Pg. 178.

2. *Historical and Genealogical Miscellany* - John Stillwell.

**Long Island, New York City,** *with main thoroughfares for points of reference. Gravesend, below left, was the 1645 site of the Appelgate farm. Gravesend is now a district of the Borough of Brooklyn (Breukelen to the Dutch). Flushing, upper right, was the site of the first Appelgate plantation, as the English liked to refer to newly developed farms. Flushing is now a district of the Borough of Queens. The Gerritsen family lived near the Appelgates (near Gerritsen Inlet), and later migrated to New Jersey with them.*



ions about the new Dutch Director General, Peter Stuyvesant, as well as the local constables. Thomas was brought up on charges of slander, and the court recorded:

> "Robert Clarke, (a neighbor whose daughter Bridget married Thomas Baxter), being deposed saith that Thomas Aplegate, Sr. being some time at Manhattan, there waiting three days to have ye company of ye said Robert Clarke to ye plantation of Gravesend, on ye way as hee, his wife and said deponent come long, ye said defendant said: 'I heare,' said hee, 'ye Governor Stuyvesant hath laved out your daughter for Ensign Baxter, and I hope you will be wiser'.
>
> 'Why?' Said ye deponent.
>
> Ye defendant replyed saying: 'He is a beggerly scabb and most of his maintenance he hath in the place we are going to; and when he is there ye Serjant Hubbard hath but halfe a wife.'"

Thomas denied the charges, but was found guilty anyway. The court directed him to:

> "stand att ye Public Port during ye Pleasure of ye Court and a Paper upon his breast mentioning the fact that hee is a notorious scandalous person."[1]

On January 8, 1651, Thomas outdid himself. He was tried, found guilty and:

> "Sentenced to have his tongue bored through with a red hot iron and to publicly acknowledge his transgression in charging the Director General of Dutch Rule with bribery. After a public acknowledgment he was pardoned." [2]

By the 1650's, Thomas's children were adults, capable of adding to the family's wealth, and lavish contributors to the family's foul reputation with their neighbors. As the family prospered, and acquired more land from the Dutch, they were despised even more. October 9, 1663, according to New York Court Records:

> "John Van Cleaf was sent by his Utrecht neighbors to notify Director Stuyvesant that about 300 armed English were in Jamaica and that Bartholomew Applegate, well-armed, and others of Gravesend, had joined them."[3]

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1. Ibid.

2. The Director General was Peter Stuyvesant himself. He had no sense of humor about anyone messing around with him or his colony, especially the English.This record was in Stillwell's *Historical and Genealogical Miscellany - Early Settler of New Jersey and Their Descendents, Vol. III.*

3. Bartholomew was Thomas's oldest son. Jamaica was just south of his father's land at Flushing, and is now in the Borough of Queens, New York City.

Several English inhabitants stirred up insurrection in anticipation of England taking over New Amsterdam. Bartholomew Applegate was specifically singled out as a prominent troublemaker

In 1650, Bartholomew and a partner, William Wilkins, completed a tide mill at Gravesend on Strome Kiln, near Gerretson's Mill, (now called Stone Creek, a cement culvert leading to Mill Basin under the Shore Parkway on Jamaica Bay. See page 16.) The same year, Bartholomew married Hannah Patrick. In 1653, he sold land to Claes Paulus, and in 1657 Bartholomew was listed with eight acres under cultivation at Gravesend. In 1662, Thomas Sr. died, and the eldest son, Bartholomew, inherited his father's assets at Gravesend, plus the old family farm in Rhode Island. His next younger brother, John, had a a farm at Oyster Bay on Long Island, and a farm in Fairfield, Connecticut. Little brother Thomas had a farm near his father's property in Gravesend.

November 6, 1671, Bartholomew's wife, Hannah, and their son, were kidnapped by the local Long Island Indians. The Manhattans figured they would get into the good graces of the Dutch farmers, who hated the Appelgates, and make a little ransom. The idea backfired on the Indians when all of Long Island became alarmed over a white woman and her child in danger, even if she were married to an Appelgate. Apparently, Hannah was considered a comely and pious wife, and she was greatly respected in the community. Had the Indians grabbed Bartholomew, the Dutch would have been willing to pay the Indians ample ransom to keep him. As it turned out, the Indians were paid off, Hannah and the child returned, and the Indians were marked down in the books for further retribution.

The kidnapping and the terrible relations with their neighbors disheartened the Appelgates from living on Long Island. March 8, 1674, Bartholomew, his younger brother, Thomas Jr., and several other Gravesend families sold out and moved across Raritan Bay to wilds of the New Jersey coast. They were given permission to buy land from the Indians near Neversinks in East Jersey, near present day Middletown, Dover and Tilton Falls in Monmouth County:

> "From Iraseck, Sachem of Wickatom to William Leeds and Daniel Applegate conveying lands in Middle Towne or Chaw-Cosset... consideration of four yards duffels or equivalent in rum to be paid each year on the 1st. of November for 315 years, to Iraseck, his heirs or assigns etc..."[1]

1. You can't get good real estate loans like that anymore. Daniel was Bartholomew's son, old Thomas's grandson. Duffel was and is a city in northern Belgium (then Holland) known for the manufacture of heavy woolens and blankets. A duffel bag was not invented for the Army and Navy; it was a common article used to carry various items and personal effects before colonial times. The above record was from the *Governor and Council of East Jersey, Cook C of Deeds*, Pg. 17 of March 6, 1674.

The Neversinks is now called Navesink, and Tilton Falls is Tinton Falls. The Appelgates were one of the first English families to take up farms in what came to be known as Monmouth County, which was first settled by Dutch farmers. By the 1670's, the Appelgate name showed up with a Dutch twist on the spelling: Appel, Appelgat, Appelgatt and Appelgarth. Despite English accumulation of New Netherlands (1666), documents in Monmouth County were written in Dutch into the Eighteenth Century, which made looking up various public records *interesting*.

The court records of New Jersey had a couple lawsuits against the family over payments due for land. Luckily, the suits were resolved in favor of the Appelgates or dropped. Those were serious charges; a judgement against the family could have meant imprisonment, confiscation, fines or transport to Barbados under the British debtor laws applicable to the colonies as well as England. There was another item of interest found in a notice in the *Monmouth Inquirer* of December 1664. Bartholomew's younger brother (our distant grandfather), Thomas Jr., was arrested and tried by the Dutch, December 12, 1664, for smuggling and exporting liquor without paying duty. He was released for lack of evidence and witnesses before trial. His older brother, John (Jan Appelgatt in the records), was brought up on smuggling in New Amsterdam, August 25, 1661, but charges were also dropped when the bailiff could not produce the jugs of confiscated liquor at the trial, (evaporated, no doubt). John was again brought up on selling illegal liquor in Milford, Connecticut, a couple years later. Smuggling was an honored underground profession in the colonies, and illicit trade in liquor was almost considered honest work. The above notices are the earliest records of the Appelgates trafficking in the illegal production and sales of unbonded alcoholic beverages.

The Appelgates moved from Gravesend to eastern New Jersey during a time of civil unrest, called a *revolt* by the Royal authorities. The first Englishman allowed to live in Dutch owned New Jersey was Richard Stout, formerly of the original thirty nine families of Gravesend, and husband of a Dutch wife. When the English took possession of New Netherlands, Richard Stout applied to the new English Governor Nicolls for a patent of land near Nutswamp and the *Neyswesincks* (Neversinks) River in eastern New Jersey. The Governor stipulated Stout must first buy the land from the Indians, then come up with 100 settlers before the patent was final. In 1665, Stout came up with the required settlers, mostly from his old neighborhood at Gravesend. They all paid the local Indians for the land. Governor Nicolls was anxious to populate the former Dutch colony with as many English families as possible, and to sweeten the deal he exempted the new people from taxes. The new settlement founded the townships of Middletown, Dover, Shrewsbury and later Tilton Falls. Stout sold out his first allotment, and the next year he applied for another patent on the adjacent property owned by the Indians. By 1673, there were 391 male English adults living on the Stout allotments in eastern New Jersey.

The catch was the Proprietors (landlords) of New Jersey, James, Duke of York

(later James II), and his pal, Lord Cartaret, were granted ownership of the entire Province of New Jersey. They didn't go along with Governor Nicoll's arrangements with the people of Middletown and Shrewsbury. They denied the settlers title to their land, demanded rent, and announced everyone was to swear allegiance to them. The residents were incensed, and refused to swear allegiance, pay rent, or in any other way recognize the claims made by the Proprietors. The bickering went on until 1668, when a delegation of both sides met at the Provincial headquarters at Elizabethtown. The arguments rekindled, and the settlers left in a huff. The Proprietors renewed their claims, levied a £5 per head tax, and denied the unruly people of Middletown and Shrewsbury the privilege to vote, hold public office, do public business, or enroll in a militia. The arguments rolled on until December 6, 1671, when the settlers met at Middletown to work out a compromise. They didn't deny allegiance to the King or Royal Governor, but they were not about to submit to the Proprietors.

By 1671, New Jersey had a new Governor, a Scotsman named Andrew Hamilton. He spent most of his time in England looking after his trading company and land investments, and little time on site administering New Jersey. He sided with the Proprietors, and was prepared to enforce their terms on the people of Middletown and Shrewsbury. In 1672, the Proprietors declared the citizens of Middletown and Shrewsbury in mutiny, and with the compliance of Governor Hamilton, they pressed for their £5 tax, rents and denial of property titles. In 1673, there was a compromise on the tax and rents, but not ownership of the land. The snarling and bickering continued.

The Appelgates moved from Gravesend in 1674 with full knowledge of the difficulties in eastern New Jersey. They bought their land from the Indians, as per the arrangement with previous Governor Nicolls, in full defiance of the Proprietors and Governor Hamilton. The Appelgates knew they would have trouble securing legal conveyance of their properties, but they had a long history of defiance, and for actively airing their displeasure of the authorities.

The most noteworthy activities of the Appelgates in Monmouth County were their complicity in the civil disorders of East Jersey. They were loud and vigorous in their opposition to Governor Hamilton, and their names were on numerous official complaints, as noted in various issues of the *Monmouth Inquirer*. July 19, 1700, the sheriff was ordered to Middletown to force the surly farmers to put up security to guarantee their future good behavior towards Colonel Hamilton's government. About 100 people came out and protested. A scuffle broke out with the sheriff's men, and the Governor sent armed men to put down the riot. August 27, 1700, Bartholomew Appelgate, his brother-in-law, Richard Salter, and others were indicted by the Monmouth County Grand Jury:

> "for riotous assembling on the 27th of July and assaulting John Stewart, high Sheriff and Henry Leonard, on the path, near the house of Alex. Adam and beat the said

> persons, took their swords from them, brake them, carried them away and kept them to the value of five Pounds."

Our Thomas Jr. was in on the "riotous assembling" blandishing a stick and insulting the High Sheriff, but it was the pugnacious uncle Bart who was caught and indicted.[1] Like other colonists, the Appelgates opposed taxation, and the strict procedures for obtaining land, but unlike others, they were aggressive enough to be singled out.They got away with making as much trouble as they did because they were prosperous land owners, and they actively participated in community affairs. It was harder for colonial administrators and their sheriffs to intimidate a community leader than a poor farmer. By 1702, the land issue was still in limbo. It took a few more years, and the change over of New Jersey from the hands of the Proprietors to a fully vested colony, to finally give the early settlers clear title to their land.

The Appelgates amassed enough wealth to afford pasturage for cattle and horses. October 19, 1677, a warrant (deed) was issued for 120 acres at Shrewsbury, New Jersey. In the *Old Town Book of Middletown Township*, our distant grandfather, and Thomas Sr.'s youngest son, Thomas Jr., registered his cattlemark:

> "Jan. ye 24; 1697-8 Thomas Applegate, a junyer, his erre mark is a Crap and Slit in the Crap on the Right Ear and a half-penny on the fore side of the left ear and his flank mark is TA; on the left buttock..."[2]

From all existent records, Thomas Jr. was the wealthiest of the Appelgate brothers. He was a weaver by trade with a steady income, and participated in his community's civic affairs. Thomas owned substantial tracts of land. For the few acres he sold on Long Island, he was able to buy hundreds in New Jersey. In 1674, at the same time his nephew, Daniel, bought his tract from the Indians on the Neversinks, Thomas, his brother Bartholomew, and a brother-in-law, Richard Salter, bought a tract of land from the same Indians. There was some cloud on the title with another settler, and it took until 1677, and the change over from the Dutch to the English, to confirm Thomas's semilegal title to 240 acres. April 21, 1676, Thomas bought 600 acres in Fenwick's Colony, and in 1677, he bought 490 acres in the Chaw-Cosset allotment,

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1. Bartholomew moved his family from Middletown to Toms River, south on the Jersey coast. The place still has Appelgate place names (spelled Applegate), and the old Methodist cemetery on the hill above town, once called the Applegate Cemetery, is packed with Bartholomew's descendants.

2. No, wait - not what you are thinking! *Crap* was an old usage of crop, or a notch in the ear of the animal. The half-penny was a half-moon notch, and the *TA* was a brand like we know now. *Junyer* was junior, *erre* was ear. The Seventeenth Century was paradise for school kids learning to write. There were no set rules of grammar or spelling, and a kid could get away with close approximations and phonetic spelling - like they do now.

both near Middletown. October 19, 1677, he had another 240 acres picked out in Shrewsbury, and on October 9, 1678, he was given 100 acres in Nutswamp by Richard Gibbons, where he built a house. February 14, 1679, he was one of:

> "twelve persons or more licensed to take whales or like great fish between Barnegat and the eastern part of the Providence, and to pay for the privilege one-twentieth of the oil.[1]

Thomas Jr. married Johanna Gibbons (1678) in Shrewsbury. The above 100 acres were given to him by his father-in-law, possibly for Johanna's benefit, or a part of her dowry. The Gibbons were members of a sect termed Rogerine Baptists, better known as Quaker Baptists, which might seem like a strange combination. Like the Quakers, they rejected a hireling ministry, said no grace at meals, and did not pray aloud, unless moved by the spirit. Like the Baptists, they did not baptize infants, and had a penchant for liberal interpretations of scripture. Unlike either, they did not believe in medicines or surgeons, which was not a bad idea in those days of bloodletting and leeches.They thought they were blessed and immune from diseases, which they viewed as the vengeance of God on the sins of unbelievers. There were numerous incidents of Quaker Baptists strolling through a small pox infested town in defiance of local quarantines. Unfortunately, the small pox virus made no distinctions between the pious and the sinners. The Quaker Baptists set a precedent for the more recent Christian Scientists.

The Quaker Baptists got into big trouble in the colonies, even in liberal Rhode Island. They refused to recognize the Sabbath, or any other day as holy. They believed all days were equally holy since the time of Christ's death. They made a show of their belief by obstructing their neighbors from attending services on Sunday, or if the Rogerines were compelled to attend a service, they would bring along their knitting, sewing, or the men would whittle axe handles. They made an issue out of working on the Sabbath. To top off their heresies, they proclaimed a man and woman had no need of a minister or public official to administer vows of marriage; a couple was at liberty to live together in God's grace merely by a mutual agreement. Thomas Appelgate's intention to take Johanna as a wife was announced at a women's meeting of the Quaker Baptists in Shrewsbury, but it is unknown if he moved in with her without benefit of an official ceremony. Thomas and his father-in-law were community leaders, and it is unlikely the New Jersey authorities would permit such scandalous behavior from prominent men. At any rate, the unpopular Quaker Baptists were obliged to move to the edge of civilization into the wilds of Shrewsbury and Middletown to practice their beliefs with impunity.[2]

In the late Seventeenth Century, there were several schisms from the main line

1. *A History of Monmouth and Ocean Counties* - Edwin Salter.

Protestant sects, and most of them found an audience out on the loosely governed frontier of the colonies. Thankfully, few of those many churches survived more than a couple years, but others took their place. A guess is around 1700 Thomas Jr. and Johanna, our wing of the Appelgates, forsook the Church of England for the more evangelical persuasions. Eastern New Jersey was loaded with Methodist and Baptist Appelgates. Thomas Jr. died, March 9, 1699, in Middletown, and by a rare chance his will was preserved. He named seven living children, and mentioned two young sons, Richard, and the next distant grandfather, Benjamin. Each boy inherited fifty of the 100 Nutswamp acres presented to Thomas by his father-in-law, Richard Gibbons. The older children received all of one shilling each, which implied Richard and Benjamin were the issue of Thomas's second marriage into the Gibbon family.

The farther people moved from the hub of civilization on the eastern seaboard, the less structured the governance of colonists. Few records from the frontier were taken down or preserved, and legal matters were often settled informally. The earliest colonial Appelgates were relatively easy to track, but the frontier families almost dropped out of sight. To locate those people meant looking into secondary references, even scrambling for vague threads by tracking known in-laws and public affiliations. It was through the Baptists the next clues were found of the westward migrating Appelgates.

The origin of the Baptists is a little vague. Some people link them with the Anabaptists of the 1520's, a sect which predated Martin Luther with its ideas about religious reform. They professed the doctrine of adult baptism; only a consenting adult could profess his faith and make a conscious decision to be saved by baptism. However, most historians link the Baptists to the early days of the Reformation. By 1593, the Baptists had solid roots in Holland. Its tract was formally set down in 1608 by an Englishman by the name of John Smyth living in Holland. By 1611, Smyth was back in England, and established a Baptist congregation in London. No sooner had he set down the rules, than Baptist sects spun off on their own over issues like pacifism, and laying on of hands (faith healing). The Baptist set foot on colonial soil about the same time as the Puritans, but moved on to Rhode Island. By 1660, there were four Baptist churches, two in Providence, and two in Newport. Roger Williams founded the first Baptist church in 1639 in Providence, and the second was founded by John Clarke in Newport. All members were English. The Six-Principle Baptists, the laying on of hands crowd, founded their church in Newport in 1654. The Seventh Day Baptist, who believed in worship on Saturday, came over from England and founded a church in Newport in 1671.

By 1700, there were only twenty Baptist churches in the colonies; six were

2. The Quaker Baptists lasted until the early 1700's and died out. Most members took issue with various tenets, or tired of becoming the object of derision and ostracized in their communities. Some rejoined the Quakers, others turned to one of the other Baptist sects.

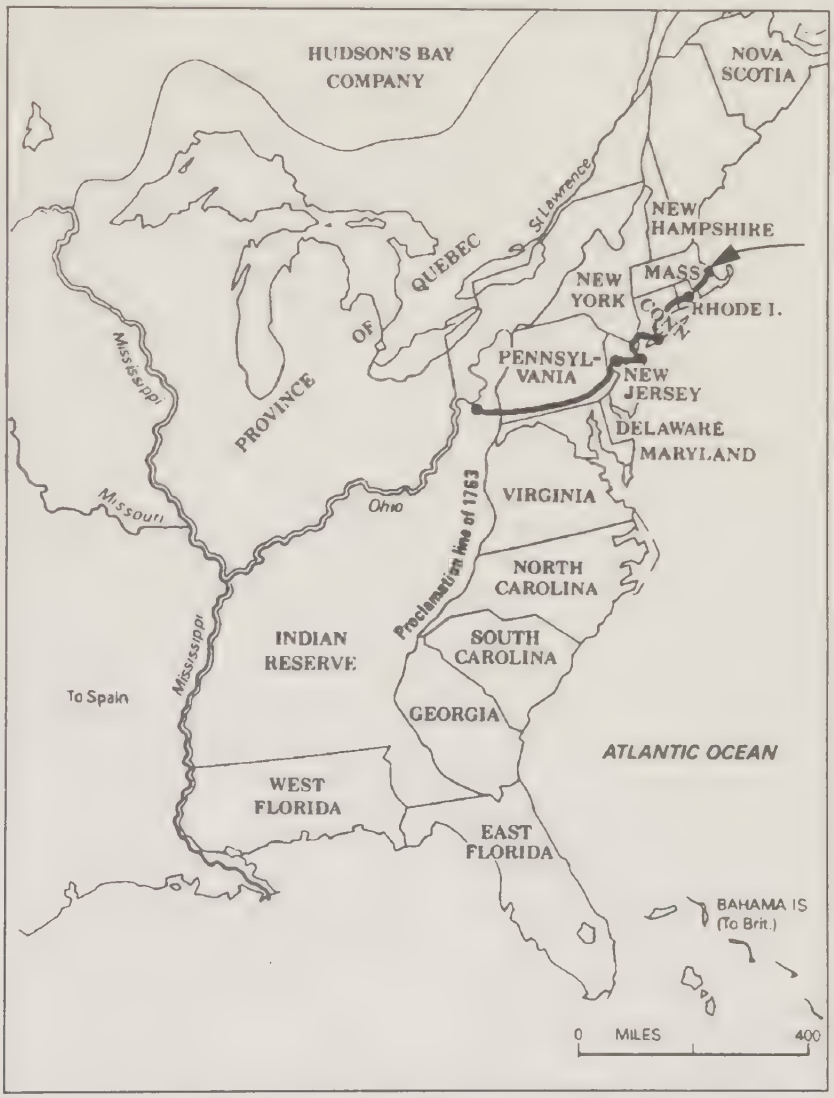
founded in stuffy, Puritan-dominated Massachusetts. In 1684, a congregation of Rhode Island Baptists settled the wilds of Pennsylvania in Bucks County at Cold Spring, near Bristol. In 1698, a new Baptist group from Wales and Killarney, Ireland, settled at Pennypack Creek northeast of Philadelphia. They had a congregation of 900 people, which was a sizeable community in the wilderness. By 1698, there were three associations in Pennsylvania and six in New Jersey. By the end of the Eighteenth Century, Baptists were the fastest growing denomination in the west, the dominant sect in 1787 Kentucky with sixteen churches. The Baptists founded sixty-seven churches in Virginia between 1770 and 1780, and by 1800 they boasted a total of 748 churches, 564 clergy and 60,970 members.

The Baptists showed up on colonial shores as one of several persecuted minorities, only to encounter the same from the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay. The Baptist flight to Rhode Island was not unlike the Appelgate exodus, and for similar reasons. The Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians and Quakers were all suspect heretics by the conservative Church of England and Puritan adherents. The interloping Protestant sects rejected the stiff church hierarchies and formalities. They professed a radical, personalized approach to religion. The Methodists and Baptists encouraged spontaneous ministries, with freedom of Biblical interpretation and personal liberties, much to the horror of the more structured organizations. Both were accused of heresy for their hysterical revivals conducted with passionate exhortations by self-styled ministers. Many had little knowledge of the Bible, nor cared as long as they mouthed phrases which sounded like Scripture and stirred up the ignorant crowd. Thomas Jefferson remarked he admired the ideals of the emerging Virginian Baptist congregations, though it would be hard to imagine the intensely pragmatic Jefferson finding much substance in a congregation when it fell to slobbering and speaking in tongues. The Baptists appealed to frontier people with a history of rejecting organized governance in favor of unfettered personal liberties. The generous overlaying of spontaneous religious fervor attracted people living on the edge of the wilderness, one step closer to heaven or hell, depending on the mood of the nearby Indians.

Benjamin Appelgate was born in 1685 in Middletown to Thomas Jr. and Johanna Gibbons. After Benjamin married, he moved to New Windsor, Middlesex County. He sold his farm in 1750, and moved a few miles west to Nottingham, Burlington County. He died February 23, 1753. He mentioned eight children, and a younger son, Richard (the next grandfather, born in 1733), received all of five shillings inheritance.[1]

Richard's first wife was not mentioned by name, possibly she died young or in childbirth, but he had a son by her named Hezekiah, another grandfather in the line

1. Vol. 3 of *New Jersey Wills*, #5137G.




**Map: Migration of our line of pre-Revolutionary War Appelgates:** *1635, Wessaguscus in Massachusetts Bay to Middletown, New Jersey in 1674. Around 1700, the family moved to New Windsor, then a couple miles west to Nottingham. In 1766, they were found near Elizabeth, Pennsylvania.*

born around 1756. Richard's second wife was Amy Fenton, also of Nottingham. The poor woman had twelve living children. Nottingham was a mile north of Crosswick Creek and the township of Upper Freehold. Both places were a few miles east of the Delaware River, and about forty miles northeast of a glorified trading post called Philadelphia.

Crosswick had a sizeable Baptist congregation. It was founded in 1666 by forty-seven former Gravesend colonists, and members of the mother church in Middletown. By the mid 1700's, the Crosswick congregation had several hundred mem-

bers. Included were the familiar names of Hezekiah's future in-laws, the Brittons[1], and other families who became part of our Appelgate clan: the Huets, Walls, Vaughans, Cowards and Morgans.

Until the mid 1700's, most of the Appelgate clan stayed in Monmouth, Ocean, Burlington and Middlesex Counties of New Jersey. Their names were seen in the townships of Toms River, Dover, Freehold, New Freehold, South Amboy, Brunswick, Princeton and Cranbury. There were a few Appelgate families in Connecticut, near Bridgeport, and a family moved to the wilderness of the Mohawk Valley outside Albany, New York. By the early 1700's, choice seaboard land was scarce and expensive, and the younger sons of the prolific Appelgates were obliged to move on. Several moved into the wilderness of western Pennsylvania, and others went to the head of the Valley of Virginia (now Berkeley and Jefferson Counties of West Virginia). In 1766, a group of New Jersey people, including three or four families of Appelgates, settled a few miles south of Pittsburgh on the Monongahela River at a place called Forward, the southern outskirts of the township of Elizabeth. Richard Appelgate sold his Nottingham farm, packed up his mule, and herded his cattle and family west along the Forbes Road through the Allegheny Mountains. They moved west in defiance of English law, contempt of the Iroquois Confederation, and with all the bullheaded determination passed down from their cantankerous ancestors.

1. The Brittons kept a tavern on the Hightown Road at Millstone, near Crosswick Creek.

CHAPTER 2

# INTERNAL REVENUE

The first few decades of the new colonies in North America barely produced an income for the English land companies and the Crown. Many early investors sold out their interests in colonial ventures, and took their losses before they were completely ruined. A few held on to what they believed was a long term investment. The early colonists barely existed above subsistence level; nobody made very much money, and considered breaking even a challenge. Settlements and farms were scattered over a vast seaboard, and marketing and transportation systems were conducted over long distances on glorified deer trails, foot paths, and if a community pulled together its resources, rutted wagon roads or ferry barges across inlets and rivers. The North American colonies had climates and terrain far more diverse than England, from the lush semitropical south to the rocky semi-arctic north. The survivors of the first few winters learned to adapt their lives and agricultural techniques, from the development of large plantations of sugar cane, tobacco, rice and indigo in the south (pre-cotton days), to working small family farms in New England and the middle colonies. All the colonies had in common fisheries, timber and scattered outposts of hunters and trappers.

The isolation of the various farms and communities forced the colonists to become self-sufficient. They depended on household manufacturing to supply their immediate needs, like a spinning wheel and loom in the house, or a small forge for blacksmithing in the barn. England supplied the broader market of manufactured goods, such as most household utensils, farm tools, guns, ammunition and dry goods, as well as luxuries, including silk, tea, snuff boxes, porcelain dishes, lace cuff hankies and powdered wigs. A few New Englanders started up modest manufactur-

ing businesses in the production of clapboards, hoops, shingles and framed timber, which they exported to the West Indies in exchange for sugar, rum and molasses. In part, the West Indies products were consumed at home, but most were sold to settle debts owed to English merchants for the flint locks, harness rings, window glass and powdered wigs. Several colonial businesses catered to local trade; a few fledgling fulling mills made woolens, and charcoal furnaces smelted ore for pig and bar iron in Massachusetts. Those small ventures made the English manufacturers nervous. An adjunct to the northern pine and hardwood business was the ship yards for the construction of ships, which were sold to British merchants. New England's main revenue came from the vast fishing grounds off their coast and the great banks near Newfoundland. They packed their fish in salt, or pickled them in barrels of brine, and exported mostly to Spain, Portugal and Italy via English merchants. The *Fresh Catch of the Day* served in a Seventeenth Century Milan restaurant was likely to have been a puckered slab of salted cod netted from New England's shoals.

With a relatively small European population, hired labor was a premium farms and shops could not afford. Most northern colonists kept their farms and businesses small enough to be managed by family members. The more children in the family, preferably sons, the more property could be managed. The prosperity of a farm family depended on a hard working husband, unbounded fertility and the amazing stamina of a colonial wife. When considering the high infant and childhood mortality rates of those days, families with ten and twelve living children, like several of the Appelgates, meant the beset mother produced fifteen or more. It was common for the men to outlive two or three wives, and sire several batches of children over a long span of years. Such was the case with several Appelgate families, and accounted for the confusion sorting their children.

In the South, there were a scattering of small family farms, but the economy pivoted around the large plantations. There was a brisk business buying Indian slaves to work the large plantations, but before long those unfortunate souls died out from the hard labor and European diseases. The purchases of bondsmen from English debtor prisons was a reasonable arrangement, but English debtors were not so easy to cower, since they were technically English subjects. Once in the colonies, many of them became unreliable, and easily disappeared into the wilderness, or mixed in with other colonists. The importation of Africans through the West Indies became far more viable; they were easier to manage, cheaper to house, more visible, and easier to retrieve, should they escape. No matter where the slaves came from, they were expensive to buy, feed and house. Only the most wealthy plantation owners could afford very many. Most English living in Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia were small farmers and had no slaves, or rarely one or two. The few slaves in the northern colonies were generally treated as unpaid common laborers. The system of small farms made slavery uneconomical. The Quakers and other anti-slavery individuals and groups in the north made owning slaves uncomfortable. They loudly de-

nounced slavery as an instrument of the devil, and a path into the pits of perdition. There were less than a dozen slaves in all the pre-Revolutionary War Applegate households, rarely more than one or two per household. After the Revolutionary War, the Applegates showed up on Census records with several dozen. Garret Applegate had thirteen slaves listed on the 1820 Indiana Census, and a few Kentucky and Virginia Appelgates had several slaves, in addition to freed blacks living in their households.[1] Not much information was kept on slaves. None were found in records of the households of our direct ancestors, but it could also mean a family's slave was told to take off for the woods when the tax assessor came by to list the family's properties.

New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania had the same economy as more northern New England, with the exception of fisheries. The soil was richer, the climate warmer, and the middle colonies were able to raise large quantities of wheat and other grains, as well as mill flour for export to the West Indies.The southern colonies didn't do much business with the West Indies; their sugar, tobacco, indigo and rice were in direct demand in England. Throughout the colonies, the common form of payment was in bills of exchange (vouchers) to buy goods in England. The colonies were locked into a pattern of overseas English trade monopoly at each level, from the harvest of crops and raw materials, to buying finished manufactured goods. All commerce was carefully regulated by the members of the English Board of Trade and their merchant constituents

It was the trade with the West Indies which determined most of the northern colonial prosperity. Before long, a few enterprising colonists began illegally trading directly with the West Indies. Although the colonists were considered fully vested English subjects, they took on the mien of a foreign menace when they interfered with the powerful London trade monopolies. Parliament passed the Navigation Laws to prohibit the colonists from setting up competitive manufacturing, or for cutting in on British merchants in the West Indies. The laws levied onerous tariffs and restrictions, and limited the exportation of most money-making colonial products. The Navigation Laws applied to the importation of European goods to America, and restricted sales and transportation through an English middleman. For example, if any ship, English, American or European, were importing wine and cloth, the ship was required to pull into an English port and make an immediate clearing (taxing). The laws were frequently altered to suit various English political and business interests. They interfered with the natural course of trade to the detriment of the colonists struggling to survive. The colonists responded with outright disrespect for the laws shown through evasion, bribes, dummied ships's manifests, and blatant smuggling

1. Garret was Richard's wealthy nephew. The Kentucky Appelgates were descendants of our distant grandfather, Richard, and his brothers.

up and down the vast, hard-to-patrol Atlantic seaboard. The English called the illicit activities Piracy and Tax Fraud; the colonists called them Free Enterprise. The Navigation Laws were greatly responsible for the simmering colonial antagonisms towards England

More repressive laws were passed to keep the colonists dependent on English industries, and safeguard monopolies to select British merchants. The new laws were not enforced or complied with stringency. The higher customshouse officials were permitted to live in England, and treated their colonial offices as sinecures.[1] Their absentee status encouraged lax routines in revenue collection and shipping supervision. The English statesmen in control of the royal finances recognized to enforce strict obedience to the laws would bankrupt the colonies, ruin the English merchants and manufactures dependent on colonial business, and ultimately hurt themselves, since they would be thrown out of office for letting the colonies become a burden on the Exchequer. Consequently, there was an unwritten tolerance of illicit trade and tax evasion. The colonists quickly took advantage, and came to expect the leniency as their inherent right.

The exports from the colonies never quite equalled the value of the imports. There was a constant drain of currency, and a subsequent agitation for issues of paper currency to supply the commercial needs of exchange. For some reason, neither the English Governors, nor the colonists adopted a uniform monetary policy. Each colony issued a conglomeration of paper monies. In most cases, the currencies were issued at whimsical values, and redeemed for less. The early colonial initiation of the legacy of paper currency and coinage debasement fiascoes continued into this Century.[2]

The colonies were not producers of gold or silver, nor did they have an opportunity to plunder the treasuries and temples of civilizations without possession of gunpowder and immunity to smallpox. The colonists were not rich people with any ready credit line in England or Europe. They paid for most of their purchases with each other and the British merchants with vouchers, a type of high finance barter. Nobody had much faith in the colonial paper money floating around. Staple commodities were declared as legal tender, things like shells (wampum), corn, cattle, furs, tobacco, rice and buck skins[3]. When Daniel Applegate bought land in 1674 for duffel cloth and rum, he was not trying to be quaint; he dealt in the species of the

1. Jobs requiring little work and yielding fat incomes.

2. American currency was finally standardized in 1913 with the passage of the Federal Reserve Act. It mandated the United States Government to assume the sole monopoly on currency and coinage debasement.

3. The American dollar is still referred to as a *buck*, a term from the Seventeenth Century barter system.

time. What gold squeezed into the American economy was mostly from the West Indies. It was common to see tax bills, land purchases and shop orders paid for in Spanish Reales and Dutch Guilders.

Everyone knew successful merchants needed to establish a line of credit to be able to stock their shelves and warehouses, and keep their doors open until accounts receivable were reconciled. In colonial times, there were no banks or bankers; each merchant, ship owner and farmer undertook all the financial responsibilities now shared by several kinds of institutions. There was almost no credit, and transactions were for cash or goods up front. The individual relied on himself, careful not to go into debt, for the harsh English debtor laws were enforced. In colonial days, *Chapter 11* would have been a description of a debtor's jail term, or time due indentured to a West Indies sugar cane plantation. Banks didn't get started until around 1700 with the first crude loan banks, but they soon disappeared. Real banking didn't show up until the mid 1700's. The early colonists hadn't figured out how to peddle junk bonds, generate hostile takeovers, devise multilayered savings and loan associations, depositor's insurance fraud, nefarious bank mergers or corporate banking lawyers. Even though the colonial financial system was cumbersome and debilitating, it was the first wobbly step towards establishing an independent economic system.

Other than basic necessities, the colonists were obliged to buy colonial bureaucrats. Taxes and fees were levied to paid for that lot. In the early days, the Royal Governor's salary was probably the largest burden placed upon a colony. There were a few assistants and department heads, but they were paid very little. To augment the colonial bureaucracy, unpaid volunteers, councils and advisory committees were elected from the community. In many instances, the Governor and his staff were paid by extra fees, sometimes under-the-table considerations from grateful merchants and land agents, which had the effect of lessening the need for regular taxation. Those practices are now illegal, but occasionally a public official is caught exercising the old colonial prerequisite. There were special expenditures, such as an Indian uprising or a war with France, which called for a onetime tax. There were no federally funded projects and services to support; no welfare, Medicare, Social Security, public works projects or government pensions. There was no military to support; local volunteer militias raised their own money. The Royal Army was only a small detachment, paid for mostly by the entire Empire, with a few costs, like food and housing, levied on the colonists. There were no public works, other than a few bridges, roads or an occasional public building. They were usually paid for by the local communities with the greatest benefit of the service.

Colonial taxes were simple. There were Imperial taxes, imposed on imports and exports, mostly via the Navigation Laws, and there were local taxes, raised for specific needs. The latter were the most varied, ranging from taxes on persons and property, to indirect taxation on consumption (poll and user's fees). In New England, the favorites were a poll tax, and a tax on the gross product of the land or property taxes.

Most people were small farmers; their assets were visible either chewing its cud in the field, or stacked in sheaves in the barn, so property tax worked out as fair to most people. In the southern colonies, with their large plantations and class supremacy, land tax was unpopular, as were taxes on slaves. The Southerners favored import and export duties, which were a hardship on the poor southern farmers. The small farmers protested, and mob violence broke out. (See Bacon's Rebellion.) In the middle colonies, where the Appelgates lived, taxes were neither democratic, nor aristocratic. The trading class was Dutch-dominated, and favored an excise system (VAT, or sales tax) as developed in Holland years before. As the middlemen between goods moving north and south, the middle colonies made out taxing tobacco and rice from the Carolinas, and furs and shingles from New England. They selectively taxed local beer, rum, and a few other designated consumer goods.

No matter what the tax system, collection was a loosely organized affair, often under the auspices of a local sheriff. If a sheriff or his mandate were unpopular, he was ignored, and sometimes beaten up or tarred and feathered. The confused mess of different internal taxes made management difficult. The relatively simple Navigation Law taxes and duties were poorly administered, often collected for short periods, suspended, then replaced by a new tax. As to whether duties were collected according to the laws enacted, the answer is definitely not. First of all, there was open disregard of the English Navigation Laws, which in turn encouraged disobedience of local taxation. Revenue returns were never large, and very little of what was imposted was ever collected. If the English bureaucracy had been consistent in their taxation policies and enforcement, as they were in England, there would not have been all the loud resentment and open defiance of royal revenue collectors. If the English had immediately clamped down on the seditious complaints and open disrespect for the Crown, as they did in the British Isles, the American Revolutionary War would have had a very different character, if it would have occurred at all.

Although colonial expenditures were small, provincial assemblies early on showed a disposition, like the English House of Commons, to keep a grasp on possible appropriations, which in turn led to continual contests with the Governors. The Crown wanted the Governors granted permanent support, but the colonists invariably insisted upon limiting supplies for salaries for one year at a time, partly to encroach on the Governors's liberties, partly to prevent misapplication of funds. Such financial restrictions were very useful weapons against the Governors. So great was the dislike of executive control in matters involving taxation and expenditure, the colonists appointed special commissioners to supervise the accounts in an outright bid to minimize executive influence. The fear of a provincial Governor managing the colony's purse strings led to a system of managing public finances through committees and boards with a treasurer accountable to an assembly. So, don't ask whose bright idea it was to write into our Constitution a clause to allow a pack of self-seeking, pork barreling politicians to fiddle around with our Federal budget.

CHAPTER 3

# *LAND O'GOSHEN*

Now for a look at a less advertised part of Eighteenth Century American history, but first a short quiz:

1. Where and when did the American Revolution really start?
2. What was the French and Indian War called in Europe, and who instigated it?
3. Who won Dunmore's War?
4. Where exactly was a place called the Forks of the Ohio?
5. Describe the philanthropic deeds and humanitarian attitudes of the Iroquois Nation towards the English colonists, as well as their neighboring tribes. Credit for naming *one* decent deed or attitude towards *anyone*.
6. What did the words Detroit and Pontiac have in common in 1763? Points off for Skunk Stripes.

In 1750, the edge of civilization was Lancaster, Pennsylvania, a day's ride by donkey cart from Philadelphia. The thought of the distant Allegheny Mountains gave most people the shivers. There were wolves, cougars, bears, buffalos, forests so dense a person could hardly see ten feet, and those unspeakably fierce Indians. What fools would be willing to go out there, other than those half crazy fur traders?

The Quakers claimed most of the prime farm land west of Philadelphia in the Counties of Delaware, Montgomery and Bucks. After them came a wave of German immigrants, and the second and third generation colonists. They were obliged

to take outlying land near Lancaster and Carlisle. By the mid 1700's, a wave of Protestant Scotch and Ulster Irish came over, refugees from the English Penal Laws. They had to go farther west to the foot of the Allegheny and Appalachian Mountains, and beyond into the Ohio Valley and the Valley of Virginia (Shennendoah). Along with the late comers came scalawags, adventurers, opportunists, trappers, traders, penniless younger sons, religious fanatics, escaped bondsmen, indentured servants, slaves, felons, ship-jumpers, mutinous soldiers, soldiers collecting on unseen bounty land, and men running away from a disagreeable wife, family, or other personal concerns. Everybody sought a better life, or at least a life on their own terms on their own land. Most people in the eastern settlements thought the west was a means to skim off the scum and social misfits, and to a degree they were correct.

**The Forks of the Ohio:** *The Appelgates, members of the New Jersey Settlement, took up farms on the banks of the Monongahela in 1766, below Elizabeth at a place called Forward. Beckett's Ferry was at Elizabeth, and Thomas Appelgate surveyed and built a road from Beckett's Ferry along the west side of the river to Pittsburgh. Westmoreland, Allegheny and Washington Counties were called West Augusta when Virginia claimed the area. When Pennsylvania held the territory, they were Allegheny County, later broken up into the above counties.*

The earliest record of the Appelgates beyond the Alleghenys was Private Thomas Applegate of Captain Thomas Caton's Company of the Virginia militia. He was called up before a Court Martial in 1761 at Fort Pitt for missing one muster, and he was fined ten Shillings, or one half month's pay. Thomas was part of the English presence in western Virginia, or was it Pennsylvania?

Pittsburgh is on the convergence of the Ohio, Allegheny, Monongahela, and the nearby Youghiogheny Rivers. The place was called by the white traders the Forks of the Ohio, from the Iroquois word *O-Y-O*, meaning beautiful. The site was the crossroads of several Indian trade and war trails from the Great Lakes to the north, west into Illinois, south to Kentucky, and east into and over the Alleghenys. Years later, the Forks was a hub for English and American trade, later a jumping off place for migration west along the Ohio River.

Both the French and English knew about the Forks before the 1750's. The French used the site as a trade center with the Indians. The west side of the Allegheny Mountains was part of New France, not a friendly place for a British trader to do business. Living in the vicinity were the Iroquois tribes of the Mohawk and Seneca, also the Delaware, Mingo, Shawnee, Wyandot, Piankashaw and the Miami (of Illinois and Ohio, not Dade County, Florida). The tribes had complete control of the area; they outnumbered the whites, and made it clear it was only with their permission anyone lived and traded in their domain. Everyone recognized it was wise to stay in the good graces of the dominant tribe, which was the Imperial Iroquois.

By 1750, the French traders had over 100 years experience with the tribes; they were far more successful than the English and Dutch competition. The early French certainly had an underlaying superior attitude towards the native people, but they were able to subjoin their prejudices in favor of fur trade and the preservation of their hair. Samuel de Champlain, first Governor of New France, made some devastating blunders dealing with the five nations of the Iroquois. The result was a war in 1609. The mighty Iroquois almost wiped out every Frenchman in North America. If Champlain had treated the Iroquois decently, they might have allowed the French to set up posts throughout their lands, and free passage to territories beyond. The French could have claimed the Susquehanna and Delaware Rivers before the Dutch and Swedes, and firmly established themselves in the Ohio Valley. The later western forays by Washington and Braddock would have been futile, and probably scrubbed before the armies left Philadelphia. Due to Iroquois displeasure, the French were obliged to detour around Iroquois land, travel north of the Great Lakes, and approach the Mississippi River from the far side of Lake Superior (present day Minnesota). It took 145 years of French begging for forgiveness and grovelling before the Iroquois grudgingly allowed them into their Ohio Valley.

The French Black Robes (Jesuit missionaries) were also an annoyance, but nothing the tribes couldn't deal with in their own ways. The Indians knew they were the Great Spirit's chosen people, and they were amused the missionaries would approach them as lost souls in need of redemption. The French traders, soldiers and Jesuits learned to treat the Indians as human beings, at least to their faces, and sought their alliances on equal terms. The French made it clear to the Indians they had no intention to stay or take away tribal lands; their business in Indian territory was strictly for trade. The French made a decent effort to learn native lan-

guages and customs. Some traders married into Indian families, which made for favorable relationships with the tribes and amiable business transactions. When the English started to sniff around the Ohio Valley, they met with more than French resistance; they had to contend with committed French Indian allies. No matter, everybody in the colonies knew God, the King, and the Royal land companies were destined to take away the whole continent from the French and their savage friends.

The Ohio Company was founded by twelve influential Virginians. They saw the lands west of the Allegheny Mountains of a potential to rival the conquests of the East India Company. They lobbied key members of Parliament and court favorites to secure a royal grant for 200,000 acres, vaguely described as "somewhere on or near the covergence of the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers". The principal members of the Ohio Company dreamt of huge profits from the sales of land to new settlers. The key members were Thomas Lee, Augustine and Lawrence Washington.[1] The charter was made out to trade British goods with the Indians for fur, oust rival colony Pennsylvania from western trade and settlement, and to build posts and settlements against French encroachment. Nobody paid much attention to the long-standing French claim to the territory west of the Alleghenys, via Chevalier de la Salle (1682), nor the Iroquois claim to the entire Ohio Valley after they beat the resident tribes into submission in the early part of the 1700's.

In the spring of 1749, the French Governor General of Canada, Marquis de la Glassoniere, sent out an armed expedition to officially reinforce their claim along the Allegheny and Ohio Rivers. In 1752, the French began a campaign with Iroquois permission to eject English traders and settlers within their territory. All French forts from Fort Niagara, along Lake Erie and down the western side of the Allegheny Mountains of New York and Pennsylvania were tightened up with reinforcements. The Royal Governor of Virginia, Robert Dinwiddie[2], sent out a twenty-one year old Ohio Company surveyor. He was instructed to demand of the French an explanation of their nefarious activities, and order them to vacate the Allegheny and Ohio River Valleys. The English government used Virginia and the Ohio Company as a cat's paw to stir up the French to see if they would flinch. To give the young man clout, he was given a new set of epaulets, a commission of Major in the Virginia militia, and that made him Major George Washington.

October of 1753, Major Washington and an Ohio Company agent traveled to an Indian village on the Forks of the Ohio to bribe tribal support, and promise better deals for fur than the French. They brought a load of gifts and trinkets to make a favorable impression, and proof of their humble sincerity. The Indians appreciated the

1. Thomas Lee was of *the* Lee family of Virginia. Augustine and Lawrence were the famous older brothers of George.

2. I did *not* make up his name!

blankets and baubles, and they were always interested in better trade deals, but they didn't particularly like doing business with the English. The tribes only granted safe passage for the English expedition. Washington marched north on the Allegheny River along a chain of French forts to Venango, then to Le Boeuf (near present Union City, Pennsylvania), where he presented to a French commander his list of demands. The French probably thought the tall young Englishman[1] was a little crazy, considering his puny force out in the French-held wilderness. Nevertheless, Washington and his men were graciously received, given quarters and food while the commander passed the demands through channels to the Governor General of Canada. The message which came back was the English and their so called colonies needed a lesson in geography and history. They were trespassers, and ordered to immediately remove their *derrières Saxons* from *le terrain Imperial de France*. Washington returned to Alexandria. He reported to Governor Dinwiddie the French refused to heed his demands, and furthermore, they were fortifying the entire Ohio Valley. Washington's report was laced with the imminent peril to the British Empire should the French continue their occupation of the territory, which of course had nothing at all to do with the interests of the Ohio Company, or the loss of his and the Washington family's percentage if the Ohio Valley were not taken over by the English.[2]

Governor Dinwiddie was an energetic and ambitious man. To cover his personal interests in the Ohio Company, and to appear in the best light with the English Board of Trade and Prime Minister William Pitt, he immediately ordered a militia raised to assist the Ohio Company to forestall the French. Washington was chosen to command the undermanned, poorly supplied militia. He was ordered to build an English fort at the Forks of the Ohio. They arrived at the Forks without incident, and started building a stockade. Before it was finished, the French arrived, took it away from them, and ordered the English out of the territory. The French tore down the English fort, built their own, and called it Fort Duquesne. The Ohio Company screamed for help, but in the style of the times, no colony cared to spend money on a venture out in the boonies[3] which smelled of a profit-making venture by a few speculators from a rival colony. The Ohio Company had the gall to ask Pennsylvania for help, but Governor Hamilton refused. He cited the Ohio Company's charter as a Virginian es-

1. George Washington was 6'3" tall. The average English colonist was more like 5'7", and the French were shorter.

2. George Washington died in 1799, and in his will was a considerable estate of 80,000 acres. 40,000 acres were in the Ohio Valley; fifty miles were Ohio River frontage. As President, he proposed a canal on the Potomac to shorten the trade route, and steer business to Alexandria away from Philadelphia, i.e., Eighteenth Century pork barreling. In which State (colony then) was Alexandria? Where was George Washington's plantation, Mount Vernon?

3. Boonies: Slang for wilderness, coined in the Eighteenth Century after Daniel Boone, who spent most of his life exploring and developing the wilderness of Kentucky and points west.

tablishment. When King George ordered Pennsylvania to comply, the response was minuscule. The Quaker-dominated colony was not disposed to violence, and they were even less disposed to help out Virginia for any purpose in general.

George Washington returned to Alexandria with his reports, and was sent back into the wilderness with a fresh commission of Lieutenant Colonel and 300 militia men. As an incentive to join the expedition, the enlisted men were promised a royal grant (bounty) of 200,000 acres of land in the contested area to be divided according to service. The original arrangement was the officers were to serve out of honor, but colonial militia officers were not made out of such ethereal stuff to let ethics get in the way of the acquisition of personal assets. They demanded the largest share of the 200,000 acres, Colonel Washington included. Washington left Alexandria April of 1754, and was at Will's Creek (Cumberland, Maryland) fifteen days later. He made good time, considering the route was little more than a deer trail through forests and mountains. From Wills Creek, he marched to Redstone Creek (Brownsville, Pennsylvania) near the Monongahela River, an Ohio Company storehouse and his base against Fort Duquesne.[1] May 23, the expedition crossed the Youghiogheny River and marched to Gist's Station (near Farmington). Along the way, Washington enlisted a few Mingo Indian warriors. He took his fifty soldiers and the Mingos to engage a nearby French unit, which turned out to be a patrol unit of thirty four soldiers and a handful of Indian allies. Washington waited until after dark, ambushed the French in camp, and killed all but one French soldier. George won. George started the French and Indian War.

The French claimed Washington's attack was a dishonorable, blood thirsty ambush, and an heinous assassination of their commander. They said Washington ignored French envoys with a plea for surrender, and lastly, he knowingly allowed his Indians to scalp the dead French soldiers, and gruesomely torture to death the captives. Washington admitted to the scalpings in his journal to Governor Dinwiddie. The whole scene was a sloppy raid with confused and poorly directed orders, and lack of control when the Indians were allowed to take vengeance on the dead and injured. Under any other circumstance, Washington would have been court martialed, or severely reprimanded. Instead, the English publicly lauded Washington's actions, and accused the French of inciting the whole incident. The French and English were tired of arguing and posturing over the Ohio River Valley, and both welcomed a chance to settle it with muskets. Neither side figured an inept skirmish in the desolate wilderness of North America would roll into another major European confrontation, called the Seven Years War.

1. Washington's route is now a road out of Alexandria across the Potomac over State Route 270 to Cumberland, Maryland, then roughly along State Route 40 towards Pittsburgh. It was hardly a turnpike then, more like a poorly marked hiking trail.

The French ordered the Canadian Governor General to prepare for war. They massed nearly 1,000 men at Ft. Duquesne, and enlisted the assistance of a large contingent of Indian allies, including the Shawnee, Delawares and Mingos.Washington camped south of the French with his 250 men plus a few Indian warriors. His Indians astutely took note of the odds and deserted. The King ordered New York, Pennsylvania, North Carolina and New England to arms; all except New England were lethargic to comply. The scant militias sent west to help Washington were troublesome; they refused to take orders from any but their own commanders, who in turn had their own ideas of what should be done. Young Washington was not much of an organizer, and certainly was short on leadership qualities. He couldn't control the other officers, nor put together an organized plan. Washington had no way of taking Ft. Duquesne. He retreated south to Great Meadows, and feverishly lashed up a crude log fort he named Fort Necessity (southeast of Uniontown, near the West Virginia border). Within days, the French caught up with Washington and surrounded Fort Necessity. Washington's men ran out of food a couple days before, and they were low on ammunition and powder. On the morning of the battle, the only supplies left was rum, which the men swilled down instead of food. If it weren't for the bloodshed, the battle scene was pure Vaudeville. The English were rolling drunk. They hooted and jeered the French, and sang bawdy drinking songs. They affected absurd stands, and made wild shots as they reeled in and out of cover. The fight opened on July 3, and ironically, George Washington surrendered July 4, 1754.[1]

There were several terms to the surrender. Included was Washington's word and signature as an Officer and Gentleman the British would not enter French territory west of the Alleghenys for one year. The big issues were admitting to the assassination of French Commander Jumonville, and for the English to cede all rights to the Ohio River Valley forever. Once signed, Washington and his men were paroled to return home. Washington's greatest blunder was he didn't know what he was signing. No British officer would ever admit to the base crime of assassination, nor agree to the other degrading and impossible terms. Washington did not have a gentleman's educational background, like his older brothers, with the mandatory curriculum of learning French and other languages. He was obliged to rely on the vague translations of a shifty Frenchman in his employ, who glossed over the incriminating clauses and misrepresented others. Washington lusted after a Royal commission, a chance to attain official status as a gentleman. He considered his time spent in the Virginia militia as a term in purgatory, but if he could distinguish himself, he might get his appointment in the Royal Army and a legitimate command in the colonies. His treaty with the French certainly gained the attention of the Royal Command, clear to Lon-

1. After the French and Indian War, Washington bought 300 acres around and including Fort Necessity. It is now a national monument site with the U.S. Parks Service.

don. Washington's dream of becoming an English officer was history. The Royal Command was appalled by Washington's incompetent blunders, and they ignored the conditions of the treaty. In 1755, they sent west another invasion force. The French government was incensed at the open disregard for what they thought was a binding agreement, and they didn't forgive George Washington, even into our Revolution, for going back on his word as an Officer and a Gentleman.

So far, George Washington was not a blazing success as an officer. The British command stepped over him, and appointed General Edward Braddock to sail to the colonies to put an end to the French problem, and uphold the honor and glory of England in front of the world. Washington considered Braddock's appointment another slap in the face, especially since he was ordered to go along as an underling for his knowledge of the terrain. (George still didn't get the point.) As usual, the colonial expedition was undermanned and poorly supplied. General Braddock almost turned back, except for the assistance of two ardent land company agents, George Croghan and Benjamin Franklin. They personally supplied horses and wagons.[1] Along the way, the General enlisted the support of the Mingo Indians, a western offshoot of the Iroquois. They went along as warrior allies to settle an old score with the French allied Shawnee, rather than any interest supporting the English. Shortly before Braddock faced off with the French, he insulted the Mingo and lost all but eight warriors. While in camp, Braddock's men took an interest in the Mingo women he didn't approve. Indians almost always traveled with their wives and families on a major war expedition, since no men were left in the village to protect their families or hunt game for their food. General Braddock ordered the women away. The Mingo men were insulted, and they left in a huff with their families.

There were close to 3,000 men in Braddock's expedition; the French at Ft. Duquesne were barely 900. While a little over half the English soldiers hacked a road towards the fort to drag their wagons and cannons closer, Washington took 1,200 men and rushed the fort. The French almost bolted and ran, but one of their officers opted to make a heroic charge on the advancing British. It was either a bluff or suicide, but the few remaining Indians thought the French officer was an extremely valorous fellow, worthy of great coup. They joined him in his glorious defiance of death. The brave French officer and his few soldiers were slaughtered in their first charge outside the fort. The Indians melted into the nearby brush and trees, and picked off the advancing line of English soldiers from cover. Hardly an Indian was killed, but Washington's neat formation of exposed soldiers marching down the open

1. Croghan was an early Indian negotiator, land speculator, trader and key player on the frontier. Croghan to the west, William Johnson to the north, and John Stuart to the south, were influential traders and Indian agents who steered the fortunes of the American frontier, as well as their own.

road towards the fort suffered a loss of 75%. The whole fiasco occurred in plain view of the delirious French inside the fort. Washington retreated, and the French rushed reinforcements to Fort Duquesne. Within days, the French advanced and routed Braddock's army, which high-tailed it back to Alexandria.[1] Washington further enhanced his reputation with the British High Command by bungling the Battle of the Monongahela, July 8, 1755.

With the English beaten out of the territory, the French were in an excellent position, not only in the Ohio Valley, but also along the Great Lakes and the back doors of New York and New England. They held Fort Duquesne from 1754 to 1758, and staged raids on English settlers in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia. They gave their allied Indian tribes license to take revenge on the whites who moved onto tribal lands and destroyed their hunting grounds. The Indians blossomed a new respect for the French, and avidly pitched in to eliminate every English trader and family from their territories. The terrorism of the times was at the hands of the Indians more than the French. The few English survivors had bloody horror stories of Indians swooping down on farms, torturing and killing all they could catch. Most people in the eastern colonies had little interest in what was going on out west, 200 long miles away, until the Indians staged raids deep into New York, and on the outskirts of Philadelphia in Bucks and Montgomery Counties. Suddenly, everyone was interested, and howled for protection.

Prime Minister Pitt ordered out another Royal expedition. General George Forbes, stationed in Philadelphia, mobilized militias principally from Pennsylvania and Virginia. George Washington was ordered to go along. The expedition took the only improved road west to Lancaster. The term *road* was defined as traveled ruts and pot holes along a cleared path capable of accommodating a wagon's width. From Lancaster, the army crossed the Susquehanna River at Harris's Ferry (Harrisburg, Pennsylvania), and marched west to Fort Bedford and Fort Ligonier.[2] Once the British force was sighted near Fort Duquesne, the undermanned French garrison burned their fort and retreated north.

In the winter of 1758 to 1759, the British soldiers and militias rebuilt the fort. In the spring of 1760, the colonial militia occupied it with a force of 700; Private Th-

1. The General had been in poor health during the trek across the mountains, and died as his army turned to retreat home. He was buried in Pennsylvania, a couple miles from the ill-fated Fort Necessity.

2. This way came to be known as Forbes Trail, the prime route west for many years. Run your finger on a map a little south of the Pennsylvania Turnpike, closer to Route 30 to Lancaster. Then follow State route 230 to Harrisburg, and west to Carlisle. The Forbes Trail ran roughly along present Route 30 to Pittsburgh. Note the towns of Elizabethtown and Middlesex near Harrisburg, both New Jersey settlements. After Carlisle there were no towns, only the dense forests and mountains of central and western Pennsylvania.

**The Forbes and Braddock Roads** *were the main routes through the Allegheny Mountains to the Ohio Valley. The Forbes Road was the way out of Pennsylvania and New Jersey; the more southerly Braddock Road was out of Virginia. The trail down the Valley of Virginia was slightly later, but it was already an old trail used by the various Indian tribes to go to war with their distant foes. The people who set up settlements and farms along the trail were easy pickings for the Cherokee, Creek and Shawnee. Hezekiah Appelgate and his family lived on the war trail first near the Roanoke River, then south on the Wilderness Road near the arrow point for the Holston River.*

omas Appelgate was one of the 700 soldiers. They renamed the fort after their beloved Prime Minister, William Pitt.[1] With the French routed, the regions surrounding the Forks of the Ohio were reasonably secure. Traders and settlers came west on the Forbes and Braddock roads. By 1762, Pittsburgh was a collection of cabins outside the fort, with 221 men, seventy three women and thirty eight children. By 1790, Pittsburgh grew to all of 376. Pittsburgh was a lively trade town when the fur traders and Indians came to town to do business. There was the military garrison living at the fort, and the soldiers had to be fed and entertained. The town had six taverns, numerous squaw houses (more likely tents), a trading post, and not one church or school. On a Saturday night, or when a new shipment of trade goods and whiskey arrived, Pittsburgh was a raucous place. Traders and settlers outside the fort had to obtain permission from the post commandant to reside or conduct business. The regulation was partly to control the numbers moving in, partly to know how many had to be protected in the event of an Indian raid. The farmers raised cattle, hogs, corn, and they planted fruit trees and vegetable gardens. They sold mostly to the soldiers at the fort, but also traded for household items, ammunition and farm equipment. The real money-maker was beaver, bear and other animal skins and pelts, which the farmers trapped as a sideline, and traded with the post in town. Both the farmers and the local tribes dug coal from the nearby hills for fuel. Burning lumps of coal was much easier than splitting logs for the fireplace and blacksmith's forge. The development of coal mines and the Nineteenth Century addition of steel mills transformed Pittsburgh from a picturesque outpost into a large, filthy industrial city.

At no time were any of the Indians happy with the permanent English settlers. The French were wandering trappers and traders; only a few cared to build cabins and stay. The Jesuit missionaries came through, but they were few, and most of them had a short life among the tribes. The English built fences, chopped down the forests, and killed off the game. They had the nerve to order Indians off the land entrusted to their care by their own Great Spirit, and guaranteed as their own by the other whites, the French. For the most part, the English settlers and their soldiers were arrogant sods. The English devils had the effrontery to call the True Human Beings beggars and savages, and they openly treated Indians with disrespect and rudeness. To top off the outrages, the settlers brought with them deadly sicknesses, no doubt a product of their strange beliefs and disrespect for the land. The English didn't care to learn about the Indians, nor did they respect the treaties they made with the tribes. The English Long Hunters and traders were an exception. They tried to learn Indian languages and customs, since they traveled extensively within Indian territory, and their hair depended on good relations. The Delaware, Shawnee, Seneca, Ottowa, Mingo

1. All towns with Pitt in their names had nothing to do with the coal pits, rather with honoring two English Prime Ministers, William Pitt the Elder and William Pitt the Younger.

and the Iroquois became testy and unreliable. The tribes stored up their grievances for proper revenge.

The French and Indian War is usually described as two European powers at war over mastery of Canada and the American northeast. The main campaigns were against Niagara and the Lake Erie settlements, with sensational engagements at Fort Ticonderoga and Quebec. Everyone heard about Major-General James Wolfe's capture of Quebec in 1759, but few heard of General Braddock's assault on Fort Duquesne in 1755, which was understandable. He lost. Not much was said about the action in the Ohio Valley, possibly because it was not so glamorous and too far away. The Treaty of Paris supposedly ended the French and Indian War, at least as far as the English were concerned. It ended the French part, hardly the Indian part.

After the Treaty of Paris, everyone wondered what to do with the vast new territories taken away from the French in North America. The land speculators had big ideas, but the people who had to administer and patrol the area were overwhelmed. In 1763, the Board of Trade in London[1] issued a Royal Proclamation to prohibit colonial expansion beyond the Allegheny Mountains, and forbid surplus colonists from going west. On their side, they forbid Irish immigration to America in an effort to stem the exodus of mainly Ulster Protestant farmers, and contain the colonies for tighter control and dependence on England. They drew a line down the backbone of the Allegheny and Appalachian Mountains, and called it the Proclamation Line. (See page 42.) The east side was for the English colonists; the west belonged to the Indians forever. At the time, everyone thought the Proclamation Line was a fine idea. The English could corral the colonists, and the colonists could manage their boundaries. The Indians liked the idea of the whites staying on their own side, and the Spanish and French welcomed a buffer zone between the English and their own remaining territories to the west and deep south. The Proclamation Line seemed like a neat package, but not everyone minded the rules.

Hundreds of settlers, hunters and traders filtered west since 1761, and they were not the sorts who cared much about English laws, or a silly line drawn along a mountain chain. The Ohio River Valley and southwestern Virginia were goals for the more adventurous colonists and land speculators. They slipped west under the noses of the British soldiers and colonial administrators. The Indians noted the disregard for their sovereignty, and accused the English of broken promises and lies. The English arrogantly informed the Indians they were to consider themselves conquered enemies, therefore property of the distant King in England. The English included tribes loyal to the Crown, and those who assisted them against the French. Nobody asked the Indians if they wanted to become wards of an English King, and the tribes settled back

1. Those fellows were very powerful; they were in charge of just about everything in the colonies.

to mull over the new insults. So far, there had been squabbles and a few armed skirmishes between the Indians and the whites, but nothing serious enough to alarm the colonial Governors. The colonists living nearest to the Indians knew the tribes were on a slow boil, and trouble was about to break out on a grand scale. Their warnings were ignored.

## PONTIAC

Where and when Ottowa Chief Pontiac was born, or accounts of his early life are unknown. By the time he was in his late forties, he was already a war chief, and head of the Metai, a semi-religious secret society with ties to the distant Potawatomi and Chippewa of Wisconsin. He was known as an eloquent and forceful speaker, a trait greatly admired by Indians. He was charismatic; a brilliant leader and organizer with an ability to control the combined operations of several diverse tribal nations, even mortal enemies. Pontiac exacted loyalty and authority over eighteen tribes, and thousands of warriors. To the white men's bad luck, Pontiac was an intelligent tactican. He made keen observations of British military actions, defense works and supply routes. Pontiac planned his assaults to exploit English weaknesses, and for his sophisticated battle plans, British commanders dubbed him the Indian Hannibal. Pontiac could count on about 7,000 warriors, 15,000 if he could enlist the allied Iroquois and southern tribes of Creek, Chocktaw and Cherokee. Ammunition and muskets for his men were in short supply, and some of the warriors were needed to hunt for their villages. Pontiac's advantage was surprise and warfare in the dense forests.

The Indians had for years played off England, France and Spain against each other for trade. With the conclusion of the French and Indian War, the British took over French territories in Canada and the eastern territories of the Mississippi. The northern Indians were at the mercy of the English traders; the remaining French posts were far away across the Mississippi. The French traders were hesitant to do business within sight of the English garrisons. With competition stifled, the English tightened up the fur trade profit margins, and arrogantly treated the Indians with a take it or leave it attitude. The tribes reached a consensus; they recounted years of English insults and outrages, and they all agreed they had their fill. In April of 1763, Pontiac called an assembly of all western nations at the River Ecorse, eight miles below Detroit. He declared all nations at war with the English. Pontiac divided the arena of war between the chiefs, and took personal responsibility for taking Fort Detroit, an example of his personal commitment and vanguard for the allied tribes.

Fort Detroit was founded by Antoine de Mothe Cadillac in 1701. The fort became a metropolis of the wilderness, and attracted a sizeable settlement of French farmers and traders. Detroit experienced few altercations with the local tribes due to the favorable relations with the French traders. Detroit carried on a brisk trade business virtually unmolested. When the English took the fort, it was considered soft

duty despite its distance from civilization. In 1763, there were probably no more than 125 men garrisoned in the large fort, and about 1,200 French civilians lived outside. The French were friendly to the Indians, and secretly hoped the Indians would rise up and run off the English. Pontiac left the French settlers alone on the hope of resuming relations with the French government, which was poised to take back its losses from the English.

Pontiac planned to take Detroit by surprise. He had no artillery to blow apart the fort, nor was it Indian style to mass a fight where they could be mown down in an open assault. The Indians feigned entrance into the fort with a small band of celebrants; the excuse was to put on a show of dancing and singing for the English commandant. They planned to jump the guards and swing open the gates. Someone spotted the muskets under their blankets, and the soldiers were on guard. The warriors put on their show and left. Pontiac was forced to siege the fort and starve it out, if necessary. He massed about 1,600 warriors and surrounded the fort. The English he captured were brought to the clearing before the fort gates, and they were publicly tortured to wear down the inhabitants within the fort with terror. Chief Pontiac understood the psychology of war, and he employed several creative and gruesome techniques to make Torquemada's dungeons look like a garden fête.[1]

The longer Pontiac sieged Detroit, the more tribal support he gained. Fort after fort was attacked and taken by associate tribes: Ft. Sandusky, Ft. St. Joseph (near Niles, Michigan), Ft. Miami (Ft. Wayne, Indiana), Ft. Oistonon (Lafayette, Indiana), Ft. Mackinac, Ft. La Baye (Greenbay, Wisconsin), Ft. Presqu'Isle (Erie, Pennsylvania), Ft. Venango (Franklin, Pennsylvania) and Ft. Le Boeuf (Waterford, Pennsylvania). Forts Pitt and Niagara were sieged, but not taken. The headquarters and showcase for Pontiac's campaign was Detroit. Prisoners captured from other forts and surrounding settlements were taken there for the entertainment of the Indians, and horror of the besieged garrison. The nearby French kept a very low profile. Some terrified farmers and trappers turned over English people found in hiding for fear of Pontiac's wrath. Late in the summer of 1763, the only living Englishmen west of Pittsburgh and Niagara were those holed up at Detroit, or the few living and half-living captives. The entire region ceded to England by the Treaty of Paris belonged to Chief Pontiac.

Three thousand whites were killed. All western traders and settlers were either dead or scared off. Colonists east of the Alleghenys became alarmed; their buffer zone of western people was gone, and Easterners feared Indian raids in their own back yards. It was lucky for the colonists two astute traders and Indian negotiators

1. A less advertized fact was the tribes practiced cannibalism. The *haute cuisine* in front of the gates of Fort Detroit was an occasional poached Englishman.

were nearby. William Johnson, of northern New York, and John Stuart, of the Carolinas, were allowed to approach the Iroquois to the north, and the Creek and Cherokee to the south. They talked those tribes into neutrality, which was not as difficult as it seemed. The Creek and Iroquois had no love for Pontiac or his allied tribes, but mostly they were delighted someone else was doing the dirty work of slaughtering the interloping whites. Despite losing an alliance with the powerful Iroquois, Creek and Cherokee, Pontiac paralyzed the English presence along the Great Lakes and west of the Allegheny Mountains.

In the meantime, Parliament and King George's ministers were tired of the colonial wilderness troubles, bored hearing about hostile Indians, and fed up with complaints and whining from colonial leaders. They voted to cancel all colonial military and financial support. For the colonies, Pontiac's War was a financial fiasco for western trade, and a horrifying prospect of butchery at the hands of savages. In the midst of Pontiac's war, the English billed the colonists for the French and Indian War, which as far as everyone over here was concerned, was a war still in progress. The colonists developed uncharitable feelings for the Crown, and flatly told the King's colonial administrators where they could put their tax bills.

By the spring of 1764, many of Pontiac's supporters went home to hunt and take care of their own business. The allied chiefs were satisfied with the progress to date, and saw no reason to continue. His only avid supporters were a cadre of about 500 warriors and the Ohio tribes, who were still viciously taking apart the Pennsylvanian frontier. Pontiac was low on supplies and ammunition. He sent a delegation to the French at Fort Chartres on the Mississippi. As of 1761, the fort was officially British property, though still waiting for the new English commander, and the remaining French were obliged to decline assistance. Pontiac sent another delegation down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Governor D'Abbadie had been informed of the secret treaty of December 23, 1762, whereby in addition to the losses via the Treaty of Paris, France gave England everything southeast and due west of the Mississippi. In turn, England passed on all but New Orleans to Spain, as per another clandestine agreement.The despondent French commandant was more than sorry he couldn't oblige the Indians. Pontiac lost all his suppliers, and had to reconsider his strategy while besieging Forts Pitt, Niagara and Detroit.

The spring of 1765, George Croghan managed to talk the Shawnee and Delaware tribes into letting up on Fort Pitt. He promised them the Proclamation Line would be enforced, and all whites kept out except select traders. The Line didn't impress any Indian; they were confident they could take care of trespassers in their own way, but they were interested in promises of freer trade conducted by experienced and sympathetic traders, like Johnson, Croghan and Stuart. Having gained the western tribes's truce, the intrepid George Croghan set out on the Ohio River with only a small Shawnee escort to meet and pacify Chief Pontiac with gifts and promises.

Pontiac was as astute negotiating peace as he was waging war. He knew he no

longer had the support of the French garrisons, nor access to their trade. He recognized the English were his only available trade partners. He didn't trust Croghan, Proclamation Lines or Royal Governors, but he wanted resumption of free trade, and access to arms and ammunition for future wars on the English. In August of 1765, Croghan and Pontiac concluded a formal peace treaty at Detroit. Both sides walked away thinking each made the best deal. Pontiac had assurances of free trade under the direction of approved traders, and Croghan had assurances the tribes would return to their villages and relinquish their warfare on the whites. At no time did Pontiac cede ownership of land to the English, but neither did the English admit to any degree of Indian sovereignty to the land the tribes occupied. When English dominion gave way to the United States, their arrogant views of Indian autonomy were passed on. The rest is a dismal history of Indian wars, reprisals and Federal reservations.

## SOONERS

The year of 1766 was famous for a stampede west of merchants and traders anxious to resume their lucrative businesses to recoup their losses from the recent war. Pontiac predicted a frenzy of traders would come west, and the tribes would be glutted with anything they chose to trade. The prosperity was good for a few years after the war, but Pontiac warned the Indians to look after their future. He predicted they would become lazy, dependent on the unnecessary luxuries and comforts. They would forget the old ways, and lose their land and their souls to the white man. As trade resumed, Chief Pontiac's stature ebbed away; his allies were tired of thinking about war and treaties. They turned their attention to fur trade. With the invasion of traders came the new menace, frontiersmen and women willing to chance the wilderness and Indians, as well as the consequences of violating English law by crossing over the Proclamation Line. The unlawful influx of hunters and squatters were mostly Pennsylvanians and Virginians. They settled along the Cheat and Monongahelia Rivers, and vexed both Indians and Officers of the Crown. Distant grandfather, Richard Appelgate, and a couple of his brothers and cousins packed up their families and joined the 1766 illegal settlers on the Monongahela River, a mile south of Fort Pitt. As fast as the military drove away squatters and burned their cabins, they reappeared elsewhere, or snuck back onto their burned-out plot. At the same time, the Ohio Company lobbied Virginia legislators to improve the Braddock Road to make it easier for people to move out west. The Pennsylvanian land companies, several with representation of the Penn family, were not to be left behind. They lobbied their colonial assembly to improve the Forbes Road, and encouraged their people to head out west. The Appelgates were included in a group referred to as the New Jersey Settlement, and by the old land company claims, they settled on land claimed by George Washington and the Ohio Company. Both Virginia and Pennsylvania worked as fast

as they could to make sure they had enough of their own people to make an official claim to the area around Fort Pitt, even at the risk Royal censure and another Indian war.

The peace treaty signed in Detroit quickly fell apart mostly due to squatters invading the Ohio Valley, and for the lack of support for the western military and Indian agents to enforce compliance with the treaty. Colonies consistently refused to fund efforts in the west, and England was exasperated by American resistance to their new taxes imposted to defray their costs involved in the French and Indian War. As far as London was concerned, they set down the law years before. If the damned colonists crossed over the Line,[1] the consequences were their own.

Although the Indians were infuriated over the invasion of their land by hunters and settlers, it was the trading and land companies, along with the numerous war veterans promised land bounties, who gobbled up thousands of acres of tribal land. The land companies were the most nefarious; they had politicians in their pockets to alter agreements and slide through grants in their favor. A certain retired militia Colonel, who was managing his lucrative tobacco plantation at Mount Vernon, actively cashed in on bounty claim land in the Ohio Valley. It was no coincidence, with his talents as an Ohio Company surveyor, Colonel Washington marked off 20,000 acres of the best land for himself. Since he was familiar with the terrain, he instructed his Pittsburgh agent, William Crawford, to buy the choicest veteran bounty claims. George Washington wrote to William Crawford in 1767 regarding the Proclamation Line:

> "I can never look upon that proclamation in any other light (but this I say between ourselves) than as a temporary expedient to quiet the minds of the Indians... Any person therefore, who neglects the present opportunity of hunting out good lands, and in some measure marking and distinguishing them for his own, in order to keep others from settling them, will never regain it."[2]

Another luminary in the land business was the crafty Benjamin Franklin. He was deeply involved representing land companies in Philadelphia as well as in London. In Philadelphia, he was allied with the Quaker majority in agitation to obstruct and diminish Royal authority. In London, as a provincial land agent, he was a spokesman for land company designs, and unwaveringly sought augmentation of Royal authority to forward land interests. What a guy!

March 18, 1768, the Board of Trade adopted a new policy. The centralized In-

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1. The phrase *to cross over the line* came down from the 1760's in reference to squatters defying the law to cross over the Proclamation Line.

2. *Forth to the Wilderness* - Dale Van Every.

dian department was disbanded, and authority was reverted to each bickering colony. The English were incensed the colonists refused to pay their share of the French and Indian War costs, and to put the ungrateful louts in their place, they undermined a rather successful Indian policy. Next, they ordered the abandonment of all wilderness posts, with the exception of skeleton garrisons kept at Niagara, Detroit and Mackinac. Fort Pitt was ordered abandoned and dismantled. The frontier people were on their own, and they didn't have wonderful feelings for the British, nor did the eastern seaboard people have pleasant thoughts about having to shoulder the costs of more Indian wars. The punitive measures were meant to make the colonists more dependent and deferential. Instead, the British boiled up a revolution.

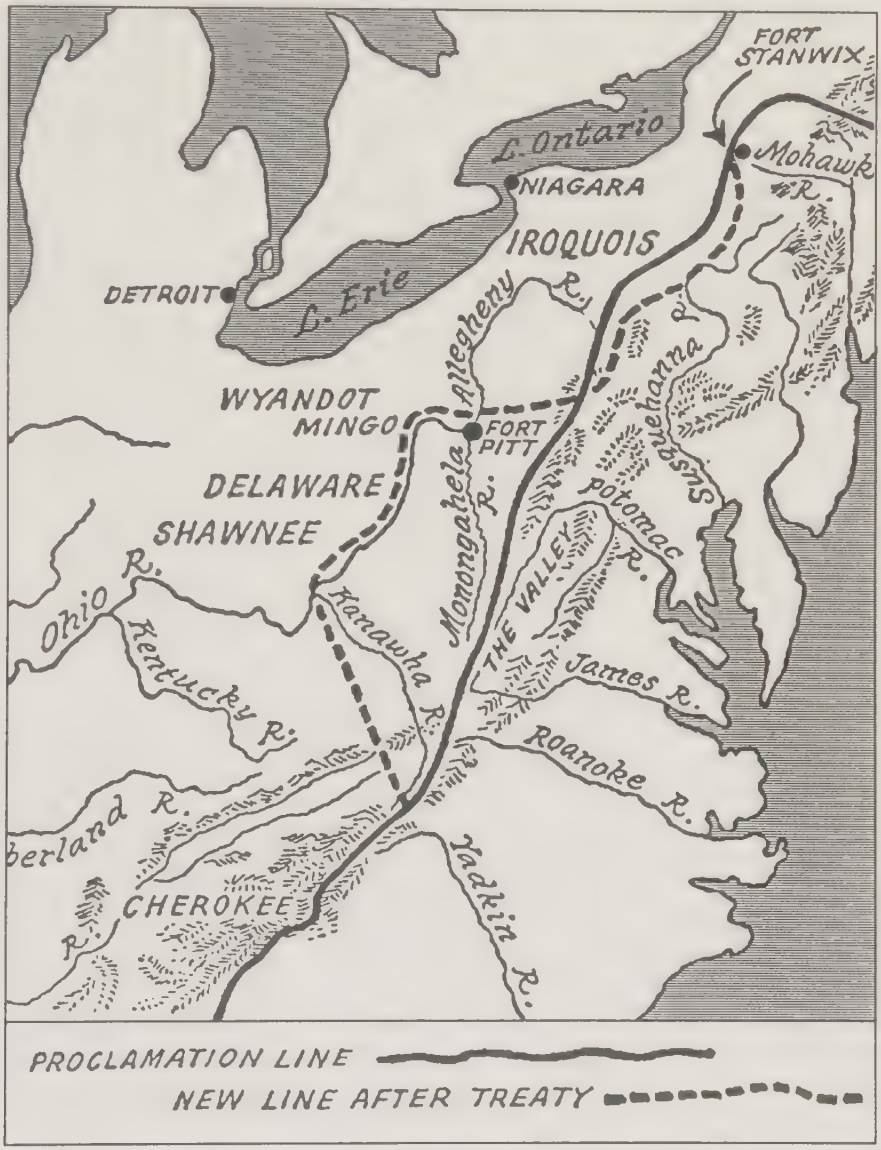
The 1768 Treaty of Fort Stanwix was a measure to check an impending Indian war by buying Indian land supposedly protected by the Proclamation Line. The aristocratic Iroquois, the landlords of the Ohio Valley, allowed other tribes to use it in exchange for tribute and loyalty. The Iroquois were contemptuous of other tribes, and imperious to their own designs. They got away with their arrogance because they were the toughest hombres in the woods, and everybody knew it and kept out of their way. The Iroquois sold an area which roughly included land west of the Allegheny Mountains to the Ohio River, from just above Pittsburgh, and south to the Kanawha River in Tennessee. The Proclamation Line was officially redefined by negotiations led by William Johnson, George Croghan, select Iroquois chiefs, and assisted by other traders and land speculators. The team graciously offered up their selfless compromise in the name of peace and prosperity. The Iroquois received a handsome price for selling out their vassals, principally the Shawnee and Delaware tribes. Croghan came away with Iroquois kickbacks of 100,000 acres in upper New York and 200,000 acres on the Ohio River. Johnson was rewarded with 100,000 acres in upper New York. A catch in the treaty was both Virginia and Pennsylvania signed for jurisdiction over the Ohio Valley, and they became rude with each other over possession.

The biggest operators in the aggressive quest for private fortunes in western lands were: George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, George Croghan and Samuel Wharton. Washington's terse instructions to his agent, William Crawford, summed up the sentiments of all parties:

> "My plan is to secure a good deal of land."[1]

Washington came to Pittsburgh in 1770 to personally oversee his objectives and develop a portage route along the Potomac River to the Ohio to siphon off western trade to Alexandria. (Check any U.S. map where Alexandria is in respect to Mount

1. Ibid.




**The Treaty of Fort Stanwix** *was an attempt to avoid further Indian reprisals on whites in the Ohio Valley. The treaty was an Iroquois sellout of their vassal tribes of the Ohio Valley and a land promoter's dream.*

Vernon.) Sharp buyers, like ex-commander Washington, bought as many veteran grants as they could for pence on the Pound. In 1772, several land promoters tried to set up a new colony, Vandalia, which extended from the Ohio River, east of the Kanawha River to western Kentucky. Vandalia was an attempt to liberate land sales from obnoxious colonial paperwork and the meddling politics of Virginia and Penn-

sylvania, but the project failed. Other land promotion schemes tried to carve off their own jurisdictions. The State of Franklin[1] was proposed in 1787, and the people of the Cumberland and Holston River Valleys tried to secede from Virginia and North Carolina. The Counties of Kentucky and Tennessee did pull away; Kentucky was formed from Virginia in 1792, and Tennessee from North Carolina in 1796.

The Treaty of Fort Stanwix created bickering and confusion among the colonies, so the English passed the Quebec Act of 1774. They put supervision of the western wilderness under the control of the Governor-General of Canada. Nobody liked the idea. The speculators were afraid the lands they had swindled and paid off politicians for would become invalid. People already residents in the west didn't know what kind of protection or legal rigmarole they would have to abide if they were administered from Quebec, and the colonial assemblies were incensed their jurisdictions had been upsurped. The result was everyone ignored the Quebec Act and carried on as before.

By 1773, there were about 30,000 people in the Ohio Valley, but jurisdiction to the area hadn't been cleared up between Virginia and Pennsylvania. The squabbles became serious. People who failed to gain land title from one colony applied to the other. Communities were plagued with rival codes, taxes, courts and bureaucrats. The militias ordered raised in a community by Virginia were not likely to conscript neighbors who claimed they were Pennsylvanians. With all the confusion, everybody ignored both sides knowing no colony would keep them from moving in and doing as they pleased on their own land.

Most western people were not the genteel and refined sorts found living comfortably in eastern cities. The specific group of colonists followed in this book were members of the thirty nine English families allowed to settle Gravesend, Long Island, in the 1640's.[2] They were not unlike other pioneering family clusters living in the wilds of emerging colonies, such as the late Seventeenth Century New Jersey coast, western New Jersey, and by the mid Eighteenth Century, across the Allegheny Mountains. From the earliest days of Massachusetts Bay, those particularly independent people freely chose, or were obliged by others, to move out on their own far from restrictive bureaucracies and official churches. Over the years of solitude, and living in danger of their lives from the elements and Indian slaughter, they developed an irascible nature. They hated all Indians, government meddling, snooty Easterners, and they were suspect of their distant neighbors. They were the buckskin-clad, coonskin-capped, long rifle frontiersmen of the Eighteenth Century American west. In-

1. Not named after Benjamin Franklin, though he would have liked to have been in on the scheme. It was a shortening of Frankland, meaning free land.

2. Several Gravesend families were found moving west with the Appelgates to New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Indiana, Illinois and to Story County, Iowa.

cluded were the Appelgates of the Monongahela River. The comic book clichés of scruffy characters, who bushwhacked revenue agents for snooping around a clandestine still in the woods, or backwoods families, who carried on feuds at rifle point, were close to truth. Westerners didn't have time to haggle an effrontery in court, even if they could find a courthouse nearby. What earned the more abrasive elements in the Appelgate clan a day in court in New York and New Jersey was settled in western Pennsylvania behind the barn or at rifle point.[1] The Whiskey Rebellion started in the wilderness south Pittsburgh, and it was no accident of geography, rather a western example of contempt for meddlesome Easterners and their onerous taxes.[2]

Families didn't suddenly appear on the Monongahela River banks, mark off a plot and plant a few acres of corn. The first out into the wilderness were men, either as soldiers, like Private Thomas Appelgate stationed at Fort Pitt 1761, or hunters and traders. If they liked an area, they returned east to fetch their families, livestock and whatever supplies they could carry on their backs or pack horse. About one third of the new people died in their first year of starvation and exposure, another third became discouraged and returned east. Of the last third, less than half survived the next year for the same reasons. Those estimates didn't cover diseases and Indian raids. The first order was to lash up a stockade for protection against the elements, Indians and wild animals. Usually, protection was only a few fallen logs with pine boughs for thatching overhead. Over night a new settler had to learn how to identify forest noises, track wild animals, build a fire in the rain, treat the ailments of his family and animals, but mostly to cope with Indians in their native woods. A farmer had to quickly clear a plot to plant his corn for a meager harvest before their first winter. Hopefully, there was enough seed left over for the next spring. They had to make all home furniture, tools, dishes, shoes, clothes (made out of buckskin or cloth spun from the fibers of nettle plants), soap, tap maple tree for sugar, put up salt pork, tan hides and make barrels for whiskey, if enough corn were left over for the still. The next spring they had to clear more land for the next crop; all the while on alert for bears, wolves and marauding Indians. Those lucky to have survived the first winter, and still had a cow, a few hogs, and a little corn left over to plant in the spring, were considered prosperous. The Appelgates were prosperous; they lived.

Families and friends usually traveled in clusters, and if they didn't live next door to each other, they kept a tight association. Once their plots were picked out, they elected among themselves a leader to serve as sheriff, judge and military commander. Men were organized into a local militia, and divided up to patrol for Indians and

1. Does this mean we are descendants of a line of Allegheny and Appalachian hillbillies? You bet! The next time a rerun of *The Beverly Hillbillies* comes on television, try not to snigger.

2. See Appendix 4.

wild animals. Wolves, bears, foxes and cougars found a chicken pen and a tethered calf easy pickings. There was no time to fool around with internal politics, cumbersome eastern regulations or some distant army garrison. Frontier people developed a strong sense of immediacy in their local government, a characteristic faintly seen in modern politics of the American west.

A sizeable number of frontier people were Eighteenth Century arrivals from Ulster, and they gave America a major cultural shift. The reason Americans don't speak a variation of Cockney, like the early colonists and the modern Australians, was due to the accents of thousands of Ulster immigrants. Should anyone travel to isolated areas of Northern Ireland, or to villages along the Fork of Clyde in Scotland where most of the Ulster Scots originated, you will hear a familiar drawl and flat vowels. Along with their accent, they brought their music. American Blue Grass music and its modern relatives, Country and Western, are straight out of the Eighteenth Century frontier. If anyone has traveled to the British Isles, including Ireland, and was surprised at the thirst for American western music, it is only a form of their own returning home after 200 years in America. (Egad!)

## DUNMORE

In Alexandria the last Royal Governor of Virginia, Lord Dunmore (Dinwiddie's successor) took office in 1773. Like all colonial Governors before him, he accepted the post in hopes of improving his personal fortune. Other than for some embarrassing indiscretion, why else would a titled bureaucrat leave cozy London for the uncivilized and quarrelsome colonies? The colonies were seething with rebellion, no profits to made on insurrection, but there were many Virginians sensible enough to avoid dangerous politics, and directed their interests to land in the west. The new prize was Kentucky. Dunmore proceeded to violate British and colonial directives in the west; he squashed the Vandalia project for interfering with Virginian interests, and he took on Pennsylvania over jurisdiction in the Ohio Valley.

Dunmore's first order of business was to settle the old Ohio Valley dispute with Pennsylvania. In 1773, he personally rode to Pittsburgh and proclaimed the entire territory Virginia's property, and called the Ohio Valley the District of West Augusta. Richard Appelgate's deed of 1770 on Mill Creek near Elizabeth was listed in Yohogahania County, Pennsylvania. Later Appelgate deeds, filed in 1775 for adjoining parcels, were listed in West Augusta, Virginia. Dunmore appointed his own justices and sheriffs, and named George Croghan's nephew, John Connolly, to enforce Virginia's claim by force. To win friends, Dunmore offered supporters land grants anywhere in the west including Kentucky, which was nowhere within his authority as a colonial Governor. No matter, by the time London heard about what he was doing, it would be old history. Besides, who paid attention to Royal edicts, especially those which

forbade people from moving into Indian territory?

By 1775, Virginians spread down the Valley of Virginia (Shennendoah) towards the Cumberland Gap, and along the Holston and Clinch Rivers to Tennessee. Southwestern Virginia was the bottom point of a migration crescent pointed at Kentucky; the upper point was from the Ohio River. The Proclamation Line along the southern Appalachian Mountains was illegally broached by surveyors and settlers. The Virginian County of Fincastle was mapped out with borders expanded west indefinitely, which according to Dunmore, meant Kentucky. Land promoters moved fast knowing Dunmore would be recalled to London for that one. The Cherokee and Shawnee were both outraged at their broken treaties and prepared for war.

The Pennsylvanians sent out surveyors, also knowing their activities were completely illegal and any land titles invalid. They figured occupation by their people would turn into possession. The surveyors selected choice tracts for themselves, their employers and associates. Various benefactors of the land rush came to light: George Washington, Patrick Henry, John Connolly and Daniel Boone. The first three sponsored surveyors to choose land for them; Daniel Boone did his own surveying, and personally selected what he wanted. Boone knew no surveyed land was truly valid until someone was living on it. In 1774, he led forty settlers across the Cumberland Gap into Kentucky. The Shawnee ambushed them, and the party turned back to Virginia. The next year, Boone successfully brought another group into Kentucky.

The western frontier people were determined to grab huge tracts of Indian land at any cost. During the winter of 1774, there were numerous incidents between the whites and Indians, with raids, ambushes, burned settlements and Indian villages, and a few killings on both sides. The whites purposely incited the tribes into a war to win their tribal lands, but the frontiersmen picked a fight with no colonial or Royal soldiers to back them up. The Cherokee and Shawnee of Kentucky and Tennessee were particularly beset, and they solicited other tribes to join them in scattering the intruders. Nothing came of their pleas; the northern Iroquois, Miami and Wyandot flatly refused to go to war with the whites. After all, it was quiet in the Ohio Valley, and the ruckus to the south wasn't their concern, at the moment. The exasperated Shawnee sent a delegation to Pittsburgh to remind the Deputy Superintendent the whites violated the treaty and moved onto land below the Kanawha River. All they received were condolences and hand-wringing. The bureaucracy and military had no means to enforce local tax collection, nor funds to force the whites off distant Indian lands.

The spring of 1774, Connolly announced he was commissioned by Governor Dunmore to call up the Ohio Valley settlers for the Virginia militia. He ordered the disbanded Fort Pitt rebuilt, and renamed it Fort Dunmore. Three Appelgates, Ezekiel, Robert, and a teenager, Hezekiah, enlisted with Major Connolly at Fort Dunmore. Of all the illegal activities perpetrated by Governor Dunmore, the English were the most incensed over his reactivating a post they officially closed.

As soon as Connolly announced Virginian jurisdiction over the Ohio Valley, backed with his militia, rival Pennsylvanian officials placed him under arrest. Within a few days, the Virginian militia forced his release, then the Pennsylvanian officials were arrested and jailed. There were ugly feelings in the countryside. Rival factions lined up against each other, and there were fist fights, barn-burning, tar and feathering, arrests and angry scenes in the taverns. For the most part, it was sabre-rattling, but potentially a situation for civil war in the west. Since the Virginia militia was the only armed force in the region, they were able to enforce Virginia's claim. Dunmore ordered Connolly to circulate false reports the Indians were poised to attack the entire frontier. He wanted to stir up the settlers in defense against the Shawnee instead of focusing their attention on Connolly's illegal activities. The Shawnee were already angry over white intrusion onto their land, but they had no intention of getting into a war. They knew they were out-gunned, without allies, and would only lose their land to a white victory, which was exactly what Dunmore had in mind. It was a sweet setup.

Near present day Steubenville, Ohio, lived a small village of Mingo Indians. They had been friendly with the nearby whites for years, and were listed as allies of Virginia, Pennsylvania and England. They also enjoyed the protection of their cousins, the Iroquois, and mediated with neighboring tribes in arguments with the whites. Connolly's warnings along the frontier made everyone edgy, and incited settlers who were too quick to think the worst of Indians. No Indian, friendly or not, was safe near the whites. The Mingo were an easy target for trusting their white neighbors. One day thirteen Mingo men, women and children were lured into town and murdered. The tribe was dismayed, and Mingo Chief Logan took revenge with the assistance of a number of ardent anti-settler Shawnee. They attacked isolated farms from the Allegheny River to the Cumberland Gap, and terrorized 800 miles of frontier. Thousands of refugees ran to their nearest stockades, and abandoned their farms to arm for a fight. Dunmore had his war.

The English Parliament was smug over the troubles on the colonial frontier, though they were officially furious with Governor Dunmore for his flagrant and irresponsible disregard of English interests. The colonists were distracted from their seditious activities, and the western war was just deserts for disobeying Royal edicts and the Proclamation Line. In the eastern colonies, most people accused the frontier people of inciting another Indian war. They agreed with England to let the frontier stew in its own juice. Only Pennsylvania grudgingly raised money to hire 100 mounted rangers to patrol its more exposed settlements. Most people were suspect of the whole situation. They denounced Governor Dunmore and his cohort, Connolly, for using the Indian troubles to take away Pennsylvania's west, and annex it to Virginia for personal profit. For once public opinion was correct. They accused Dunmore of fomenting a Royalist plot to embroil the colonies in an Indian war, and draw away attention from their quarrel with George III and his ministers. They were cor-

rect again. Dunmore set up an clandestine plot to enlist the Indians and western Canadians, backed by British war ships on the east coast, to trounce the colonies. For his services, Dunmore hoped to be the humble recipient of Royal gratitude and vast western land grants. His idea didn't get too far. Dunmore was not trusted by the Court in England any more than he was in the colonies. His plot leaked out, and the colonists came looking for him. Lord Dunmore was not long in his office as Governor.

From the Valley of Virginia to the Cumberland Gap, and along the Ohio River, the frontier was beset by Cherokee, Shawnee, Delaware and Mingo. By the summer of 1774, there was not one white person left in Kentucky. Dunmore was determined to carry on the war using frontiersmen. He ordered the construction of a fort on the Ohio at Zane's Station. He called it Fort Fincastle (near Wheeling, West Virginia). He ordered the militia of southern Virginia frontiersmen to march north along the Kanawha River to construct a fort at the mouth of the river on the Ohio. The southern march was especially perilous. There were daily ambushes as the men passed through the home territories of the Shawnee and Cherokee.

Raising a militia of local hunters and farmers was no small feat. The best an officer could do was to make the suggestion a man might *feel like* volunteering. Frontiersmen had little respect for the opinion of an officer sent by some distant colonial bureaucrat, but they decided volunteering was a good idea. When militia units formed up, they were not likely to be commanded by its officers, rather the officers were commanded by the opinion of the men. The lines between obedience, mutiny and desertion were fuzzy. The English and colonial regulars had nothing good to say about the militias. The following quote was written by George Washington to Governor Dinwiddie in 1756 from his command post on the Virginia frontier, and the opinion still applied in 1775:

> "The Militia, you will find, Sir, will never answer your expectation; no dependence is to be placed on them... Ordered to certain posts for the protection of the inhabitants, they will on a sudden resolve to leave them and the united vigilance of their officers cannot prevent them... Out of four hundred received at this place, 114 have deserted... I have a gallows near forty feet high erected."

The rural militias were a collection of men who fought at their own whims on their own fields of action. They moved in disordered and straggled lines, poked into and out of the forest at will to catch a rabbit for dinner, or to take a shortcut. They were accustomed to fighting in the forests and thickets, and used similar methods of stealth and ambush as the Indians. They were not the spit and polish, disciplined regular army, rather motley raiding parties. From a distance, they looked and acted like the Indians they were sent out to fight. They were better at their job than they looked, and a great deal more likely to survive in the western forests than eastern regiments.

Governor Dunmore personally led the Ohio Valley contingent. On October 9 and 10, 1774, in a battle involving 900 militiamen against 800 Shawnee outside the

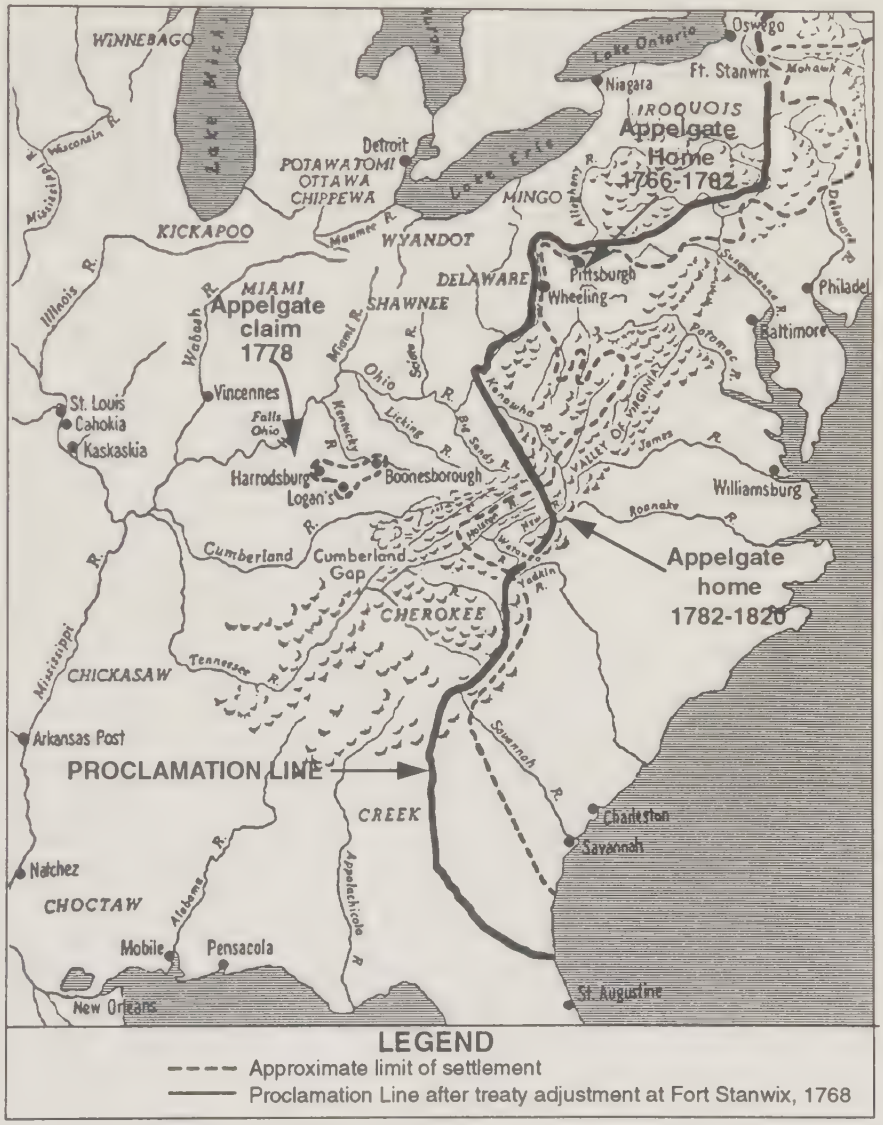
Shawnee main towns on the Scioto River (near Portsmouth, Ohio), the Shawnee lost the war, and signed with Lord Dunmore the Treaty of Camp Charlotte. The Indians were stripped of Kentucky. There was little support for the war from eastern colonies, and the west felt estranged and isolated. The war was scarcely over, when in the spring of 1775, the surveyors and settlers returned to Kentucky. As far as England was concerned, treaty or not, the activities in the west were still a violation of their edicts. England officially accused Dunmore of negotiating treaties for his own personal gain, and demanded a formal explanation.

What Lord Dunmore didn't count on was the Kentucky crowd was not disposed to become one of his Virginians. March of 1775, Richard Henderson, a North Carolinan lawyer, and a select group of land speculators, met with the Kentucky Cherokees in council on the Watauga River. They signed a separate treaty with the Indians for the purchase of all territory south of the Ohio River, and between the Kentucky and Cumberland Rivers, in other words, most of Kentucky and a slice of Tennessee. They proudly named their new venture Transylvania. It is doubtful Henderson heard of his Romanian counterpart, but he was certainly of a kindred profession. Henderson's key promoter, Daniel Boone, founded the first settlement and colony headquarters at Boonesborough. The new American Governor of Virginia, Patrick Henry, was not pleased with Henderson sliding in first, grabbing Kentucky from the Indians, and spoiling all the plans made in Alexandria for exploiting Kentucky. In 1778, Patrick Henry acted on Virginia's old claim to its boarders extending *forever*, and declared Henderson's title to Transylvania void. The ruling could have made for messy politics, but Henderson magnanimously backed out, and ceded his interests over to Virginia. Henderson and his associates made an out-of-court settlement for 200,000 acres of Kentucky for their trouble, and signed over the title without litigation. Besides, Henderson and his associates raised land prices so high people didn't want to buy in, or those who did moved off their claims for cheaper land elsewhere.

The land hucksters were not the only ones to cash in on the demise of Transylvania. Several small investors made out on their claims by merit of their occupation, or alleged occupation of Kentucky land. According to land office records of Kentucky:

> "Hezekiah Applegate by Ben'n Lynn this day claimed a settlement & pre-emption to a tract of land in the districk of Kentucky on Acc't of residing 12 months before the year 1778 lying on Plumb Creek a branch of Salt River,[1] about 4 miles from the mouth of the SD (?) Creek to improve his improvement. Satisfactory proof being made to the Court they are of Opinion that the s'd Applegate has a right to a settlem't of 400 Acres of land to include the above Location & the preempt of 1000 Acres adjoining & that a Cert. issued accordingly"

1. Spencer County, near Waterford on Route 44, about fifteen miles south of Louisville.




**Routes west in 1775:** *Included is the redrawn boundary for the Colonies, but people moving west paid little attention to the Line. The Transylvania Land Company garnered a piece of land from between the Kentucky, Cumberland, Tennessee and Ohio Rivers. Note Boonesborough, the projected capitol of the new Colony of Transylvania. Hezekiah Appelgate had a spot marked off close to the Falls of Ohio outside the limit of settlement, but he didn't live there (near present day Bardstown). There was a formidable waterfall on the Ohio; everyone passing down the river had to disembark and go around, hence the development of a convenient trading post called Louisville.*

In a November 26, 1787 Virginia land record, Hezekiah was still listed as a land owner in Jefferson County, Kentucky. His claim was the same #A-1, Grant 14 for 400 acres on Plumb Creek. (Kentucky was a County of Virginia until 1792.) The disposition of Hezekiah's 1,000 acres is unknown. They could have been sold, or Hezekiah never took possession when the prices were raised. It is also possible Hezekiah agreed (for a small fee) to act as a front for the Transylvania Company as

one of several poor farmers entitled to compensation from the State of Virginia for the loss of their Transylvanian claims. At any rate, it is unlikely Hezekiah lived on the property. Benjamin Lynn may have been a Transylvanian land agent and registered the plot in Hezekiah's name, a common practice when settlers were in the process of moving. It is also possible Benjamin Lynn was an associate of Hezekiah's father, Richard, who moved his family to a nearby development sponsored by Captain Beckett, his old Westmoreland County militia commander.

There is a 1778 record of Hezekiah serving as a Ranger in Philip Rogers's Company of Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, which included Elizabeth and Foreward townships.[1] Hezekiah bought land from Andrew McMeans on the Monongahela River, recorded September 24, 1778. Hezekiah was at the time married, the name of his wife is unknown. She died within a year or two, and they had a son, Aaron, born in Pennsylvania in 1779. Between 1789 and 1782, after his wife died, Hezekiah sold out and moved on to southwestern Virginia. He did not float down the Ohio River to Louisville, stop by his land and continue southeast to the Wilderness Road and Cumberland Gap into southwestern Virginia. Despite Mr. Henderson's treaty with the Cherokee, it didn't count with all the Cherokee, or any of the Shawnee. In 1779, it was unhealthy to pass through the Indian lands of central and southeastern Kentucky. The safest route was by way of the Braddock Road east, then south down the Valley of Virginia via the not so old Indian War Trail.

By late May, 1775, both the English and the colonists were looking for Dunmore and Connolly. In June, they both fled the Governor's mansion just ahead of a mob, but were caught and arrested by pro-colonial magistrates. Both were accused as British conspirators. The English also wanted Dunmore and Connolly for their own inquiries, mainly to answer for their activities subverting the west, and ignoring Imperial orders. Connolly and Dunmore managed to escape their confinement, and made it to an English frigate anchored off Alexandria. Connolly later disembarked and was captured; he spent the duration of the Revolution in jail. Dunmore remained on board ship, and was transported back to England to do some fast talking. He should have hanged, but was only reprimanded. In 1787, he showed up as Governor of the Bahamas, a lovely spot to live and conduct a lively business in plantations, slaves, land grants and interfering with international alliances.

Virginia and Pennsylvania were left feuding over the Ohio Valley. Virginia occupied Fort Dunmore until June, 1777, when General Washington ordered the fort returned to Pennsylvania. It was promptly renamed Fort Pitt. In 1779, commissioners of both States met to fix western boundaries, and each side sent out its own surveyors. There was some wonderful creative surveying. Straight lines were bent, and boundary lines wobbled all over the map to the advantage of one State or the other.

1. *Pennsylvania Archives 3rd Series Vol. 23, Pages 285 and 317.*

After a great deal of haggling, the lines were tentatively set to await the approval of disgruntled landowners. It wasn't until 1786 the boundaries were settled, looking like they do today with a jagged finger running north along Pennsylvania's far western border to give Virginia (now West Virginia) a better slice of the Ohio River.

It was beastly *fun* researching records from Eighteenth Century western Pennsylvania. Military and civil records bounced back and forth between Virginia and Pennsylvania, and later filtered into West Virginia, Ohio and Illinois archives. It is amazing any records survived the shuffle. The following is a brief summary of Appelgate finds, and please remember they were all closely related.

First of all, the earliest military record of Appelgates in Pennsylvania was a 1756 notice of Hezekiah's father, twenty-three year old Private Richard Appelgate who served in the campaign against the Indians. [1] There was no mention where he enlisted, nor where he fought. In 1756, it was unlikely he was on the western side of the Allegeny Mountains; until 1758, the French controlled the entire region. He probably fought in Bucks or Northumberland Counties in eastern Pennsylvania near Trenton and the Delaware River. The Indians raided settlements near Philadelphia in 1756, and the Appelgates lived only a few miles on the other side of the Delaware River in Nottingham, New Jersey. It is unknown when Richard first married, but around 1756 he had a son, Hezekiah, our distant grandfather.

The first record of an Appelgate in western Pennsylvania was the 1761 AWOL court martial hearing involving Thomas Applegate, possibly Richard's older brother. On a listing of Virginian militia soldiers of 1775-1776, were Ezekial, Hezekiah, and Robert, participants in Dunmore's War. Like most other militia men, they immediately reenlisted in the Revolution. Other western Revolutionary War Applegates listed in the Virginian/Pennsylvanian archives were Garret, Samuel, James, Robert, Stacy, William and Thomas.[2] From the muster rolls and company assignments, those fellows patrolled the Ohio River, and fought English-incited Indians.

The Appelgates were in court records of western Pennsylvania between 1770 and 1780. Included were deeds, civil litigation, and court orders for a number of community activities. Hezekiah's father, Richard, had a deed to property in 1770 on Mill Creek near what is now Elizabeth. He was probably there in 1766, but nobody had legal title to land until after the Treaty of Fort Stanwix in 1768. By 1770, there were hundreds of men in western Pennsylvania collecting their military bounty land. Richard qualified for land for his service in the militia of eastern Pennsylvania.

In 1775, Daniel Applegate was ordered to set aside a road on the river opposite

1. *Pennsylvania Archives, Fifth Series, Vol 1.*

2. Most of those fellows and their families moved on to Kentucky near Louisville. Most of them, and their grown sons, participated in the Indian Wars of the 1790's in Kentucky. Garret was mentioned in Chapter 1 with thirteen slaves. They were all Richard's nephews, possibly two were his sons.

a Mingo village. The description of the proposed road put Daniel's farm on the east side of the Monongahela River near the town of Elizabeth. (Note the New Jersey namesake). Daniel served as a juror, which meant he was a landowner over twenty-one years of age. Hezekiah came into Pittsburgh, September 27, 1779, to register a deed transfer to Thomas Spencer, and was grabbed for jury duty. Hezekiah was at least twenty one years of age, which put his birthdate at 1758 at the latest. He was impaneled September 29 and 30, and heard four cases. He lived near Daniel, but he was not asked to participate in any public projects, possibly because he was already a Ranger in the Westmoreland militia. The third Applegate in the immediate neighborhood was Thomas. He was a big name in the area, one of the oldest residents, possibly Richard's brother and Hezekiah's uncle. He may have been the soldier stationed at Fort Pitt in 1761. He was in charge of road surveying, building and maintenance. One road ran from Pittsburgh to Heath's Ferry on the Monongahela River, and east to Beckett's Fort. Beckett was Richard Appelgate's Captain in the Virginia militia, Westmoreland Rangers. Heath, sometimes spelled Heth, was an officer in the Revolution and a prominent man in the area.[1] Thomas officially registered his cattle, and was involved in several civil law suits. He posted bail for friends; one was caught passing counterfeit Continental Currency, which probably cost more to forge than to spend. On another occasion, Thomas sued a Pittsburgh man for the return of a baby belonging to Thomas's servant girl. There is probably an interesting story connected to the incident, but no details were recorded. Thomas served as a juror many times, once with Hezekiah.

The U.S. Geological Survey maps for various parts of the country pertaining to this work were useful for an idea where the families landed, which routes they traveled west, and what kind of landscape attracted them to set up farms. The maps for the Forward and Elizabeth area on the Monongahela River cover where the Eighteenth Century Appelgates lived. It looks like it was once lovely country, with rolling hills and good bottom land along the Monongahela River and nearby creeks. There was plenty of timber on the hills, and pockets of meadow between the hills. Now, the Monongahela has the look of any commercial waterway, an industrial sewer straightened out with a cemented shore, with quays and docks to service recently closed steel mills, warehouses and vacant shipyards. The shore is peppered with tank farms, power plants and ribbons of railroad tracks. The once lovely hills are gouged open by huge strip mines. The Monongahela River is spanned by a shipping lock on the south side of Elizabeth, a steel and cement legacy to Captain Heath and his ferry.

1. On the 1820 Indiana Census, several ex-western Pennsylvanian Applegates lived in a town called Heth, which could mean Captain Heth moved to Indiana and founded a settlement, or his children did.

CHAPTER 4

# A TEA PARTY

The Revolutionary War was not the result of a gang of hotheads who decided one evening, after belting down a couple flagons of rum, to throw off British rule by dumping £10,000 worth of taxable tea into Boston Harbor. It took more like four or five flagons of rum. Besides the feisty, resentful colonists and a collection of bossy fat heads in England, the American Revolution was the result of the failure of the British colonial system, abetted by indecisive and uninformed Parliamentary politics, and the fortunes of six Anglo-French wars which ricocheted over to North America.

The Anglo-French rivalry in the New World had a long history beginning in the late 1490's over the fishing grounds off Newfoundland and Acadia (Nova Scotia). Both countries wanted to corner the fish market for sales in the Mediterranean. By the late 1500's, fur trade attracted both countries. It was the Englishmen's overriding desire for land which led to conflict with the French. Add on the quality known as glory, sought by monarchs and explorers, and there were the elements for war.

The French roamed up and down the Mississippi and St. Lawrence Rivers of North America. They claimed vast territories west of the Allegheny Mountains and all of Canada as their own. Spain took the west side of the Mississippi River to the Pacific coast, Texas, and a large band east from the Mississippi along the Gulf of Mexico to the Atlantic Coast. They called the area the Floridas. Texas didn't offer much more than prickly pears and greasewood, but it connected Spanish claims to Mexico. The far west was no more than Spain's imperial claim to nowhere in particular, useless wilderness for the time being. The gold they found on the California Indians was only a few nuggets set in crude trinkets. The Spanish mistakenly thought

the Californian Indians traded their gold with their Mexican cousins. The Conquistadors weren't about to get their hands dirty prospecting for gold. Spain spent most of its energy in Central and South America spreading the Word Of God and smallpox in exchange for silver, gold and slaves to work their new plantations. Their foothold in the Floridas was a border consolidation against the French and English. St. Augustine provided a garrisoned port for their Caribbean and Central American trade. For the most part, nobody paid much attention to the Spanish in the Floridas. Disney World was crawling with rattlesnakes and alligators, and Florida's chief exports were trench foot and malaria[1]. Since England was late in the colonization game, it was parked on the eastern edge of North America, boxed in and unable to expand without offending primarily the French. The English didn't mind; provoking the French was an old and patriotic duty. Before long the French allied with native Indian tribes, and started picking off English settlers. The English reciprocated the gesture. The subsequent wars ultimately ended with the British annexation of most of North America.

The bickering in Europe from the mid 1600's to 1815 spilled over to North America. In one case, North America was the excuse for a European war. The wars were fought for Divine Right, glory of empire, conversion of the ignorant heathens, Christian or otherwise, and for settling past affronteries and border disputes. The bottom line was spoils of empire and trade domination. The War of the League of Augsburg (1689-1697) was fought over a piece of Germany. William of Orange (later William III of England), led a campaign to correct European borders and loyalties. During the years of 1702-1713, there was the War of the Spanish Succession fought over the French royal family, the Bourbons, taking over the vacant throne of Spain.[2] Nobody in Europe cared for the idea; they all had equally qualified shirt tail relatives willing to take the job. France and Spain lost the war and their vast global empires. The Treaty of Utrecht ceded to England French territory in the New World, notably Newfoundland, Acadia and Hudson's Bay. The English occupation of French conquests left ugly feelings, and once again the French took on England. Britain won, and took away more French territories in North America. There were a total of six French-English wars. The second to the last was during the American Revolution; the last was 1793-1815 against the French Republic and Napoleon. The United States jumped into the fray against England late in the final war. We called it the War of 1812. In between the wars, there were political posturing and armed skirmishes between the North American French and English, and some especially gruesome

1. Malaria was another delight imported from Europe. The infected mosquitoes were transported in the bilges of the ships of the earliest Spanish explorers.

2. The Bourbons kept the throne of Spain. King Juan Carlos of Spain is a Bourbon.

scenes involving both sides using native Indian tribes for allies.

The fourth of the Anglo-French conflicts was pivotal for America. The cause was the westward movement of English settlers from Pennsylvania and Virginia across the Allegheny Mountains into the French territory of the Ohio Valley. The ensuing scuffle between the French and English troops spread to Canada, and then to Europe. We called the war the French and Indian War, in Europe it was called the Seven Years War. England won again, took all of Canada and French property east of the Mississippi River, with the exception of New Orleans. (See Chapter 3.)

The French and Indian War war was especially costly for England; they had to transport supplies and troops far from home, and police the newly acquired territories, which most people felt was useless wilderness. Parliament decided the whole ordeal was the colonists's idea to begin with, so they billed the colonies £137 million for war debts and garrison costs. Up until then, taxes and duties were leniently imposed and collected, but in the mid 1760's, the English put the squeeze on the colonial administrators. The Sugar Act of 1764 impacted the molasses and rum business, and closer supervision of shipping taxes added steep duties to the English coffers. The Stamp Act of 1765 was from one half pence to twenty shillings on letters, legal documents, newspapers, almanacs, anything flat they could think of. There was such a furor in the colonies, and the rest of the Empire, the Stamp Act was repealed the next year. The English were clever at inventing taxes; they enacted the Revenue Act to levy taxes on paint, paper, tea and Madeira wine. The colonist responded with a campaign to boycott imported English goods. Prominent men like Ben Franklin publicly forsook their brocaded waistcoats for homespun, but privately shuffled around the house in their Persian carpet slippers and silk smoking jackets. Home-manufactured rum and whiskey replaced tea and Madeira, and people started to buy from West Indies traders the beans of a Middle Eastern shrub, which they ground up and boiled to make a hot dark beverage.

The colonial snarling and sniveling over taxes amazed people in England. The Royal Exchequer wasn't asking the colonists to pay more than everyone else. There were scuffles with tax collectors, sheriffs and British soldiers, and various colonists were jailed, or transported to the West Indies for their recalcitrance. The first serious incident was December 16, 1773, in Boston, over a three pence per pound tax on tea. The tax was minuscule; it hardly dented the war debt, but it was the British idea of showing the colonists who was boss. The American reaction of dressing up like Indians, and tossing several ship-loads of tea into Boston Harbor, was more for the principle of the whole thing. The English never asked if we wanted to pay sales taxes. (Now that we have our own government, they always ask if we want to pay taxes, and we always say certainly, we'd be delighted!) Dumping the tea into Boston Harbor spoiled the tea. Boston Harbor was much cleaner than it is today, but not *that* clean, and when it came to the loss of private property, the British never could take a joke. They rounded up several prominent men suspected of nefarious and seditious

activities, like John Adams, and questioned them where they were, and why they had strange ink stains on their faces. Naturally, everybody had good alibis; most were out of town that night, and the rest had plenty of witnesses to attest they attended pious services in the neighborhood church. The English passed the Intolerable Acts, closed Boston Harbor and publicly threatened to flog every living soul in town. Antagonism kept on the boil until April 19, 1775, when two mobs of colonists confronted the Royal Army at Lexington and Concord.[1] Someone fired off a musket, and started the shoot-out to officially open the American Revolution. The war started years before, but the two bloody incidents were sensationalized in the newspapers, and public opinion finally galvanized.

On the British side, the government was assailed by critics of the war led by William Pitt the Elder, who found King George III's pretensions intolerable. Monarchy in England had once again hit a low spot. The king surrounded himself with flatterers for advisors, and he showed poor judgement in international and domestic affairs. William Pitt had several hard-line ideas about managing the colonies, and he found the King's vague policies especially vexing. Besides, King George had some quirky personal characteristics, which left many people wondering if he were really sane.[2] William Pitt had sufficient support in Parliament to force the government into weak strategies and tactics in the war with the colonists. All major battle decisions were made in London by politicians; the field commanders in America were left to flounder around waiting for orders, an Eighteenth Century Viet Nam style of war. If the colonies weren't enough of a distraction, war with France broke out and diluted the American effort. Make no mistake; the English were good at putting down rebellious subjects, *very* good. If the British were able to turn their full attention on the rebellious colonies, despite their meddling politicians and dotty king, our glorious Revolution would have been suppressed with full force in a similar style as the Irish rebellions. The instigators and signees of the Declaration of Independence would have been names on a British execution docket, and the colonial system would have been punitively tightened up to prevent further uprisings.

On the American side, there was little unity or action. Americans were so divided in loyalties, the venerable John Adams, later second President of the United States, made a well-known statement that everything was in thirds: a third of the country was ardent for war, another third favored the British and the remainder were

1. Where Paul Revere's famous horse was captured by English soldiers the night before, and he was obliged to walk home in the rain.

2. An article in *Scientific American* some years ago had an a piece on congenitally transmitted disorders which affected behavior. They mentioned King George III suffered from a form of porphyria. A few symptoms were hallucinations and manic-depressive behavior. A curious metabolic side-effect was King George's urine was phosphorescent, an unnerving phenomena for someone who was convinced he ruled by a mandate from God.

indifferent. Almost everyone thought we could work out a deal with England if we only sat down and talked sensibly. If it weren't for a core of adamant intellectuals, like John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, we might still be an extension of Greater Canada, drinking milk in our tea, and watching interminable cricket matches.

There are several patriotic myths of the colonists rallying behind noble George Washington; the women sewed flags and cheerfully minded the farm, while the men marched off to war in their natty indigo blue uniforms, three-cornered hats and flintlock muskets.[1] George Washington came out of retirement on his vast tobacco plantation in Virginia to form up what he generously called the *uncouth rabble* into some kind of resistance force. He wasn't chosen as commander of the Revolutionary forces for his brilliance in managing military campaigns; everyone knew about his blunders in the French and Indian War. He was far from the first choice, but the others declined the offer knowing it was a thankless job offered by a collection of chintzy, bickering politicians. The general consensus at the Continental Congress was Washington was not a very good military man. He was only moderately intelligent, but he was incredibly wealthy, and exerted considerable influence in Virginia. Washington had an insatiable ambition to make a name for himself; to be considered a member of the inner circle of influential gentlemen. He sat quietly in the back of the room, tall and dashing in his new homemade blue uniform. Washington looked the part, and he seemed to be the only man willing to take the job. Everyone enthusiastically elected him Commanding General before he changed his mind. Washington's selection didn't allay their dubious expectations; the Continental Congress was relieved to find a live one to take the job.

After Lexington and Concord, the renegade Continental Congress took command of the colonial military of 14,500 volunteers, and ordered out several thousand to besiege Boston. They were lucky to surprise the English garrison. The English commander thought the noisy mob of men milling around outside of town was another protest group. If he had taken the colonists half seriously, he could have rounded them up, and arrested them on the spot. Instead, the English were routed out of Boston, temporarily. November 4, 1775, the Continental Army was officially established. The total force was 20,372 men. Each regiment consisted of 728 men divided into eight companies, with one captain, two lieutenants, one ensign, four sergeants, four corporals, seventy six privates and two fifers or drummers. You can't possibly go to war without a fifer![2]

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1. The famous seamstress, Betsy Ross, was credited with stitching the first flag of stripes and stars for the Continental Army. The term *seamstress* was often a polite term for another oldest profession, but Betsy managed to take time out to make up a flag for the fellows.

2. Over forty Applegate men, mostly privates, mostly from New Jersey and all related, enlisted in the regular forces of the Revolutionary War. Daniel, a boy of ten or eleven years, served as a fifer and drummer.

Hitches were for whatever the commander could get away with, and for the most part it wasn't much, often only months or weeks. Desertion was rampant, especially in winter, sowing and harvest times. It was common to see men with sturdy sticks along side those with muskets, and as for uniforms, most soldiers wore what they had on when they left their fields. Military training was only a few weeks, if at all, which made a joke out of close-order drill or a tidy line of march. The Continental Army must have scared hell out of the well-armed, disciplined and neatly uniformed British Royal Army.

For their efforts, the Continental Army and State militia soldiers were to be paid. Upon scanning muster cards, it seems £1 and six shillings was the average monthly pay for a private. Early in the war, soldiers were paid in Pounds Stirling, later in Spanish Reales, Dutch Guilders and Continental Currency. The latter was a bad joke. The American enthusiasm for funding a war effort and paying for an army matched their zeal paying English excise taxes. George Washington spent most of his time begging the Continental Congress for supplies. The Continental Congress rarely came forth with timely payroll. Many soldiers served without pay, and had to sue for their wages after the war. After the surrender of Cornwallis, Washington removed his forces to the Hudson River to await the formalities of the treaty. His exasperated officers voted to march on Congress, and hold the members at gunpoint for their wages. They offered Washington the position of king if he would lead them. The United States almost was taken over by a *coup d'etat* before the ink was dry on the treaty with England, all over a pack of deadbeats. If George Washington hadn't seen the broader picture, and had accepted the monarchy, the fledgling country would have collapsed before it started.

On July 2, 1776, henceforth to be known as the Fourth Of July, we formally announced we were independent forever. The pronouncement was such awesome news in England, the *London Morning Post* gave it six lines below a theatrical notice. Parliament decided a jolly good show of power would put the ungrateful colonists in their place, and found themselves embroiled in an unpopular six year war. The Royal Command transferred soldiers to the colonies from other hot spots, like Ireland and Flanders. The English people were alarmed, and protested being left unprotected against the French across the Channel. To top off the whole mess, the French allied with the Americans, the same bunch who goaded France fifteen years before, and were sitting on what was once French property. It was not a good time to be King of England.

Something else was going on with the English soldiers, which didn't happen in places like Ireland, and it had to do with morale. In Ireland the English army came through with little thought of destroying people, their lands and their culture. The British attitude was they were subjugating papist, rebel savages, most who didn't speak English. When the same soldiers were shipped over to suppress the colonists, they saw people much like themselves; common English people, mostly Protestant,

who had a dislike for monarchy, and wanted to be left alone to get on with their lives. The soldiers quietly admired the bold and outspoken colonists. They were willing to take on the Empire to be rid of a self-appointed ruling class of bloodsucking parasites, so they could have the right to be governed by their own popularly elected ruling class of bloodsucking parasites. The soldiers noticed people with liberties and individual freedoms unheard of in England. An average person could own land, or a business, which was nearly impossible back home. Many English soldiers had family and friends living in the colonies, and it was difficult for them to think of the colonists as enemies. The British soldiers became reluctant to fight, morale plummeted, and the Royal Army became unreliable. To solve the problem, and to keep from transferring units from other posts, the English hired mercenaries from the German province of Hesse.[1] The Hessians looked around, and became unenthusiastic fighting the colonists, especially in Pennsylvania and New York, where there was a sizeable contingent of German people.

The British managed to garrison the major cities, and wrecked havoc throughout New York and New Jersey by outsmarting General Washington. They couldn't touch the wilderness interior, which at the time was just beyond the Hudson and Delaware Rivers. However ill-equipped, short term enlistments, desertion, and dismal defeats in combat, the Americans were elusive. Their style of fighting was not guerrilla warfare, like with the Indians in the western wilderness; more like volunteers fighting in their own neighborhoods, then going home for dinner when the British soldiers marched on to the next community. The fellow hiding behind a hedge row taking potshots at a British line of soldiers the following day could be innocently hoeing his field when the next company of soldiers passed by. The Americans were hard to pin down. They had the wrong attitudes about accepted European rules of warfare; they were ill-disciplined and unorganized. The Americans were not cricket.

There was one exception to the devastating colonial war performance. On Christmas Day, 1776, Washington begged and threatened a small force to join him in a raid on the English at Trenton, New Jersey. They crossed the Delaware River, circled around Trenton, and snuck up on the British garrisons after dark. Washington waited until the English soldiers were asleep, or passed out from the drinking and festivities of the day. When all was quiet, the Continental Army pounced on the English in their beds. Washington's frontier experience paid off with a victory by stealth, dishonorable by European military standards, but a smashing public relations victory in the colonies after a long string of defeats. The English were accustomed to set-piece battles waged in formation in open fields against an identifiable foe, and Washington's sneak-attack enraged British command into vicious reprisals

1. The Germans have been interconnected by marriage to the English royal family since the Seventeenth Century. The English royal family is more German than English.

on the nearby population. They went into the countryside, hauled hundreds of random civilians out their homes into the snow, beat them up, hanged a few, then proceeded to burn homes, barns, crops and kill livestock. Nice work, George.

The Americans were never burdened with a dazzling list of victories. The armed insurrection looked marginal before it started. A diplomatic legation was sent over to France to talk Louis XVI into backing the American cause. The astute Benjamin Franklin led the negotiation team, and charmed everyone from the French Queen on down through her ladies-in-waiting, while he played a crafty hand of diplomatic poker with the French government.[1] He convinced France to back America, not in support of our *Liberté, Fraternité et Egalité*, but to put arrogant England in its place in revenge for the harsh treaty forced on the French for loosing the Seven Years War (the one started by the Americans). The French still hadn't forgiven George Washington for reneging on the treaty he signed in 1754, and they were not happy about his appointment as Commander. Franklin convinced them Washington was not such a bad fellow; it was the shifty English who broke the treaty, not George, and if France would only join in, the Continental Congress would direct Washington to defer to the expert advice and direction of distinguished French commanders. Franklin's diplomacy with the French was extremely sensitive, since the radical concept of common people forcibly rejecting the Divine Rule of their monarch, and declaring their own independence and sovereignty, was scary business with the kings of Europe. Franklin had a keen eye on his adversary's weaknesses, and he worked Louis XVI's greed and glory, knowing Louis had an idea about retaking old French possessions in North America.[2] Louis agreed to underwrite the American cause. If it weren't for French supplies, troops, navy and several brilliant French officers, we would have been in sorry straits. From the beginning, the general war effort revolved around French financial and military aid. After 1778, Washington's every strategic move was keyed to his necessary adaptation to the movement of the French fleet and expeditionary forces.

When the English politicians had enough of the Americans making their political life difficult by culling French favors, they decided to hit the colonies hard. Wil-

1. See Ben Franklin's *Autobiography*. Franklin was a great statesman, scientist, philosopher, diplomat, legislator, politician, inventor, editor, author, sage, wit, businessman and lady's man. He was totally liberated from the chains and anchors of self-abasement.

2. Louis XVI lost his head in 1793 as a result of his own Revolution. The new French government immediately declared war on England, and asked us to join them in their glorious purge of monarchies and oppression. They thought we owed them a large favor. We did. We loudly applauded their sentiments, but respectfully declined to join in. Many over here thought the French were too messy. They severed heads and burnt people who should have been dealt with a good tar and feathering. Besides, we were tired and broke, and our western frontier blew up in an Indian war, our own Reign of Terror.

liam Pitt's successor, the Second Earl of Guilford, Lord Frederick North, ordered his commanders to isolate New England. The plan was to push down from Lake Champlain, from the upper Hudson River, and from Oswego in upper New York, to take out the hotbed of rebellion, Philadelphia. They bungled the expedition from Oswego by starting the campaign late in the fall in poor weather. Most of all, the British commanders had no idea of the problems moving an army through the American wilderness. Upper New York and western New Jersey were not the manicured battlefields of Europe, interrupted by tidy villages and towns, complete with conveniences like roads, bridges, food and shelter. The brightly colored, very red uniforms, and noisy baggage trains made wonderful targets in the dense forests. Washington managed to bluff out Cornwallis at Princeton, New Jersey. He claimed a tenuous victory, and gave the British an embarrassing defeat. October 17,1777, at Saratoga, New York (now called Schuylerville), Washington earned his first bona fide victory.

The French government waited to see if the Americans could score a victory on the British, and finally came out in the open with full support of the Americans. No doubt, King Louis wanted to be sure he was backing a winning situation before getting into a serious confrontation with England, which had a successful history of kicking French tail. The French were resourceful, and to cover their bet they arranged an alliance with their Bourbon cousins in Spain. It took Spain until 1779 to openly join in, since they were still holding out negotiations with England to get back Gibraltar. (Dreamers!) The Franco-American Treaty of Alliance of February 6, 1778 recognized the independence of the United States of America. With France and Spain came Prussia and Austria; they had affronteries to address with England over past wars, and it seemed like a good time to join in. England was virtually alone in another European war, with a major colony in rebellion, and bothersome Ireland at its back door rumbled and made secret overtures to France. The English people clamored to stop the war in the colonies. Many had relatives in North America; the war cost them a fortune in taxes, and ruined their trade and businesses. Besides, the French menace was nearer than the wilds of America.

The decisive battle of the Revolution was October 9, 1781, when General Cornwallis was trapped outside Yorktown and surrendered. Forty thousand men of the American and French armies and navy faced off against Cornwallis. Of the 40,000 soldiers, 9,000 were of the regular Continental Army; 3,500 were local militiamen, considered by Washington and the French as less than useless. The British navy made an error not challenging the French fleet when they were sighted approaching the mouth of Chesapeake Bay. They gave the French time to form up into a battle line. By the time the English fleet sailed out to meet the French, the wind died down and half the fleet was becalmed, unable to pursue the battle. Yorktown was a brilliant French naval victory over the English off Norfolk, Virginia. They allowed Generals Washington and de Rochambeau to flank Cornwallis on shore at Yorktown. Cornwallis overestimated Washington's troops; he thought he was surrounded, when he

could have marched his men anywhere through the weak American lines. It was a bloodless engagement for the Americans; Cornwallis surrendered before there was a fight.[1]

The British people were dismayed over Corwallis's failure, and demanded an election. The government under Lord North fell early in 1782. March 4, 1782, the new government formally cut loose the colonies from the British Empire, though it took until 1815 to make it stick. The Treaty was more than a compromise; it saved face. Everybody was tired of the war. The Americans were worn out and broke. The French didn't care to keep fighting England in America, and possibly lose. They wanted to be in a position to redeem on American promises of western lands made for their assistance.[2] The Austrians and Prussians went along with France, rather than get left out alone. Spain still wanted to go after England, mostly over Gibraltar, but the French talked them out of it. They argued Spain would only be dismally embarrassed for holding out. Politicians in England were convinced a collection of bickering, jealous States would soon fall apart anyway, and the whole lot would be on their knees begging England to take them back. It almost happened. The English people were tired of dingy King George, and sparked off a new era of Parliamentary dominance. Besides, Great Britain had more important matters to attend, like subjugating India, trouncing seditions Ireland, and getting on with the business of the day: spoils of empire and trade dominance.

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1. Cornwallis lost in the Colonies, but was appointed Governor General of Ireland 1798, where he did a much better job putting down another rebellion with French complicity. He routed the insurrectionists, executed the leaders and jailed the ringleader, Wolfe Tone, who committed suicide in jail, rather than hang as a traitor to the British Empire.

2. Benjamin Franklin led our negotiation team at the peace table. The French were co-participants, and they were openly arrogant over defeating the English on American soil, and for shepherding their näive colonial allies through their difficulties. The French had been hustled throughout the war by our best diplomatic scam artists. They didn't get what they expected in North American real estate, nor did they get a very good commitment for repayment of monies borrowed to fund the Revolution. If they weren't so intense about their Imperial attitudes, uncompromising egos and hatred of England, they would have seen what Franklin was doing, and left America to twist in the wind. They could have turned their full attention on England, and utilized their brilliant generals and naval commanders sent to America, such as Marie Joseph Paul Yves Roch Gilbert du Motier, Marquis de Lafayette.

CHAPTER 5

# THE WESTERN FRONT

The highly publicized revolt in the Eastern cities and Hudson Valley left the territory west of the Alleghenys and Appalachians almost forgotten. Neither the English, nor the Americans cared to expend the time, energy, or resources in such a sparsely populated region. Nobody looked forward to a campaign in the wilderness, but it was in the wilderness the fate of the American Revolution was decided.

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Charleston and Savannah were briefly occupied by the British; the Hudson Valley was the main theater of war. Both the armies of Great Britain and America crisscrossed New Jersey, and campaigned up and down the coasts of Rhode Island, Connecticut and Virginia. Late in the war, the Southern colonies were hit hard by the British in a series of brutal campaigns meant to encircle the central colonies. The Eastern campaigns were not constant engagements. There were long intervals between major battles, with no serious action between the Battle of Monmouth, June 1, 1778, and the siege of Yorktown, September of 1781. There were sporadic skirmishes and short forays into the countryside and towns from fortified positions. Boston and Philadelphia were occupied by the English only nine months, and the campaigns in the South didn't begin until 1780. On the western frontier, there were no breaks in warfare. In 1775, the British embarked on a campaign directed from their Great Lakes forts. They planned to herd the frontier people east of the Alleghenys, provoke panic in the colonies, and cause the Continental Army to dilute its forces to protect the West. The English didn't have spare troops to invade the West, so they engaged the services of the most experienced applicants for the job, the Indians. For the war's duration, and the next twenty years, the frontier people hardly knew a day without war. They paid a terrible price for protecting the back

door of the Revolution.

The west was easy pickings for the English. First of all, there were disputes within the colonies over jurisdiction. Connecticut claimed Wyoming (Wilkes-Barre and Scranton, not Yellowstone Park), and Pennsylvania and Virginia squabbled over the Ohio Valley. South along the Valley of Virginia (Shennendoah Valley), Virginian settlers moved along the Holston River and stirred up North Carolina. Those who crossed the Cumberland Gap on the Wilderness Road into Kentucky were technically Virginians, but they weren't sure who had jurisdiction, so they ignored everybody.

To the north, in upper New York and along the Great Lakes, Mohawk Chief Joseph Brant allied with the English. They were pleased to supply Brant and all tribes who cared to engage in war on the rebellious Americans. Nearly every tribe from Illinois to Georgia signed up with the English. To add to the Indian menace, Tories, displaced Loyalists avid for revenge for being kicked out of their towns and off their land by the Patriots, joined the Indians and English troops.

Indians have always been pragmatists at heart. They sought out the most expedient alliances and tactics to gain their objectives, which for the last 170 years was to keep the whites off their property. In 1775, the tribes chose a white ally they thought would assist their ends, even though the same ally warred on them and sold them out in previous treaties. On the other hand, the American settlers had little to offer the Indians; they encroached on every treaty made, aggressively settled on Indian land, openly hated every Indian, and resented any trade or concessions with the tribes. The frontiersmen bushwhacked pack trains carrying trade goods to the Indians, beat up peace makers, and ambushed Indian ambassadors on their way to peace conferences. The English promised the Indians the return of their land, assured them the Proclamation Line would be honored, and white settlers removed if they were found beyond the Line. They lavished trade goods, guns and ammunition on the tribes, promised protection of their Lake forts, and if necessary, English troops for assistance. The latter was not too honest, but what promises to the Indians ever were? The best the Americans could do was to convince the Indians to stay neutral; the Revolution was between the whites, and none of their concern.

At first the Iroquois were content to sit back and watch the whites fight it out. To buy their neutrality, the Americans promised to stay on the eastern side of the Ohio River as per the Treaty of Fort Stanwix, but it was a feeble promise. Other tribes, like the Cherokee and Mingo, didn't buy the deal. They lived in the Ohio Valley, and had firsthand experience with the wretched promises made by white settlers. They welcomed a chance to go to war. The promise of neutrality among the Iroquois and other major tribes was shaky, but 1775 remained a relatively quiet year.

September of 1775, an American militia and small regular army force marched north, closed off the St. Lawrence River and took Montreal. The grand scheme was to make Canada a fourteenth State, but the invasion lasted only until the summer of 1776, when the English took it all back. Unknown to the American command, the

entire English army of Canada numbered slightly under 800. They were spread out over a thousand miles of scattered forts, and the Canadian settlers were mostly disinterested French. The Americans could have taken Forts Niagara, Detroit and Mackinac, and secured the frontier against years of disastrous Indian wars. Everyone would have been spared the uproar over the Forty-ninth Parallel, and the annoying lines at the Ambassador Bridge at Detroit.

Every able bodied man on the frontier who could hold a rifle and shoot was on the militia roles for their respective districts. Included were boys of fourteen or fifteen and old men with good enough eyesight and a steady hand for a good shot. There were no exceptions, other than a major physical disability, and those who professed some nonviolent philosophy, like the Quakers and Moravians, were still on the militia lists. They had a choice of either moving away, or fighting for their land and the lives of their families. Noble philosophies and pious religious tenets had a way of evaporating with the first howl of a Shawnee war party.

Every adult Appelgate man enlisted in either their local militias, or with the Continental Army. Eighteenth Century militia records were poorly kept, and many Appelgate soldiers remain unknown. The militia lists were usually taken from the local tax rolls, the handiest population records available. The best kept records of Appelgate soldiers were of the regular army, predominantly in New Jersey. There were over forty on the enlistment rosters. An entire microfilm roll at the National Archives is dedicated solely to Appelgate Revolutionary War pensions, yet there were many who were ineligible, didn't bother to apply or weren't listed.[1] Each veteran applicant for a pension and bounty land was required to describe in his own words his career, the action he saw, and provide corroborating letters from commanders, friends, family and public servants. The Appelgates were all literate, and several had a good hand relaying exciting action. Zebulon Applegate, Hezekiah's first cousin, enlisted and reenlisted in New Jersey during the entire war. He lived through battles at Staten Island, Perth Amboy, Spotswood, Philadelphia, Princeton, Brunswick and Trenton, most all dismal losses and retreats. He eloquently described the privations and bitter conditions of a foot soldier on the line, yet he didn't desert along with a large percentage of his compatriots. William Appelgate, another of Hezekiah's first cousins, fought the English incited Indians on the Pennsylvania frontier along the Ohio River and south to Fort Redstone. Both veterans ended up in Ohio, and later moved to Indiana to collect on bounty land claims.[2]

Our distant grandfather, Hezekiah Appelgate, fought in 1776 with the Virginia

1. Microfilm M804, roll #70.

2. I'm not going to divert to the Appelgate cousins. By the late 1700's, there were too many of them, and I had no intention of turning this work into a convoluted Russian novel. I have records of most of them if anyone is interested.

militia of the Monongahela under Captain Richard Johnson, based out of Fort Pitt. Records say Hezekiah served previously in the Virginia militia raised by Lord Dunmore and John Connolly in the fracas over jurisdiction of western Pennsylvania. Between 1778 and 1783, Hezekiah was a Ranger in Philip Rogers's Company of Westmoreland County (the east side of the Monongahela River).[1] Hezekiah's records were little more than a mention of him on muster lists. There were no notations of his applying for, or receiving a pension or bounty land, but it could also mean no record was kept. His land near Louisville, Kentucky, could have been a bounty claim. There are no detailed records of the movements and engagements of either Captain Richard Johnson's Company or Philip Rogers's Company. Both companies patrolled the Ohio River and adjacent wilderness for Indians and Tories, not a particularly healthy pastime.[2]

The Indian threat to the Ohio Valley took until 1776 to materialize. The tribes had to work through their own tribal councils for a consensus, and the English supply lines and arms deliveries were interrupted by the American invasion of Montreal. The fall of 1776, the frontiersmen on the Holston and Clinch Rivers of southwestern Virginia and above Knoxville, Tennessee, banded together to get a jump on the Cherokee. They devastated Cherokee land and towns, and chased the tribe north of the Ohio River, or so they thought. Their ill-advised foray stirred up the Indians of the Ohio Valley, and made them determined to wipe out all white settlements. The Cherokee were particularly livid, and returned south to their burned out homes with a vengeance.

By 1777, the Indians made up their minds to side with the British, who lavishly supplied arms, advisors, vengeful Tories and provisions. From 1777 until 1794, there was unending warfare on the frontier from the northern Allegheny Mountains south to the Holston River, and west into Kentucky. The entire western frontier was reduced to a bloody Reign of Terror. To appear less villainous in world opinion, the British officially admonished the Indians to spare women, children and the aged from torture and death. (Come *on*, guys!) To stress their saintly intentions, they offered a slightly higher bounty for captives than for scalps; a little more for men's scalps than those of women, children and the old. Their policy looked good in the *London Times*, but it didn't mean anything on the western frontier. People were slaughtered whenever caught. Scalps of all sizes and colors were proudly dangled from Indian lodge poles.

The bad news was the neutral Iroquois decided to join the English, and leading

1. *Pennsylvania Archives, 3d Series, Vol. 23.*

2. I know everyone is *burning* to know if we are eligible for membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution, or their counterpart, the Sons of the American Revolution. The answer is yes. What a thrill!

them was Mohawk Chief Joseph Brant.[1] The Iroquois attacked the Mohawk Valley in upper New York State, the bread basket for the Continental Army. The Battle of Fort Stanwix (1777) was the bloodiest engagement of the entire Revolutionary War. Two hundred soldiers were killed, and as many captured or wounded. The fort was not taken, but Brant and his Tory followers had free rein to scour the New York frontier for the next four years. 1777 was the year the Kentucky frontier was almost completely wiped out by the Cherokee and Shawnee. By year's end, there were less than 200 people left alive; most of them were trapped in their cramped stockades. Dozens of people starved waiting for relief as they sat out the interminable sieges.

The English plan to paralyze the western frontier, and threaten the back-door of the seaboard States, was successful. By 1778, foodstuffs and crops were ruined, western militias and new enlistments were siphoned off for home protection, and terrified farmers ran for cover. Brant attacked nearer to the seaboard settlements, as close as the outskirts of Trenton and Newark, New Jersey. Eastern people, totally unused to hostile Indians and surprise raids, howled for protection.

The Indians were kind and gentle at home, but they were vicious and maniacal at war. A warrior's object was to make an enemy fear him. Sudden death was not enough to prove his prowess; it was the prospect of lingering death overlaid with terror which empowered his spirit and tribal status. Frontier raids were nightmares; outright battles with the taking of captives were brutal. Settlers on the frontier were few. They generally lived apart from each other, or in small family groups. It was impossible to know how many died, or packed up and returned east to safety. So common was death by the hands of Indians, the victims were hardly noted in journals and reports, or at best mentioned nonchalantly as a number in passing. What attracted attention on the frontier was when someone died of old age or natural causes, events reported with awe and solemnity.

Brant made an effort to hold his tribes in check, since he was more visible to the attending Tory and English soldiers. Very few New Yorkers were slaughtered and tortured compared to the settlers in Kentucky and the Ohio Valley. There were one or two incidents which got out of hand, and they made headlines clear to London. Parliament was shocked at the reports of Indian brutalities on whites, and pressured British command to discharge the services of Brant. The Westerners of the Ohio Valley and Kentucky were never afforded such headlines and public outrage. Those who stayed on the frontier developed a hatred for Indians, all of them, and advocated total extermination irrespective of their friendliness or not. When captured, an Indian usually suffered similar fates at the hands of the whites as they had extended to white captives, redoubling the cycle of revenge, retribution and terrorism.

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1. An equally formidable chief was Creek Chief Alexander McGillivray. Both kept the frontier in turmoil, and both were keen negotiators. They bounced around Spain, France, England and the Americans for their own ends.

Although George Washington understood and sympathized with the New Yorkers and far western frontiersmen, he refused to send an expedition to their aid. He knew if the eastern seaboard were not won, and its cities secured, there was no use saving the west. The British plan to suck off Washington's forces into the west failed, but they were not discouraged. They virtually controlled west of the Allegheny Mountains and south of the Great Lakes. The Royal Command was confident they could close the vice on the eastern colonies at their convenience. What they didn't count on were the stubborn and feisty people who refused to run, and had the audacity to pose an armed resistance.

1779 was relatively quiet in the east. Washington dispatched troops to assist the western militias to go after the Tories and Iroquois in the Mohawk Valley. A family of Appelgates (Hezekiah's second cousins) lived near Albany, and several fought for the Montgomery County Militia in the Mohawk Valley. At the same time, a militia contingent marched out of Fort Pitt into the upper Allegheny Valley to rout the Mingo and Seneca tribes. They cleaned out Indian towns, burned stores and crops, and forced Brant and the Seneca to retreat north into Canada. The Pittsburgh troops turned around and went home, and lost a first rate advantage by not joining up with Washington's troops in nearby upper New York. The combined forces could have easily taken the virtually unprotected Fort Niagara. The next spring, the Indians were back under redoubled British protection, and the tribes were furious. The frontier reeled from their vengeance.

During the war, people still moved west. Between 1779 and 1780, there was a surge into Kentucky from along Ohio and Cumberland Rivers, and across the Wilderness Road and Cumberland Gap from the Valley of Virginia.[1] In the first six months of 1779, 20,000 people poured into Kentucky, including Hezekiah's father, Richard, and several brothers and sisters. They settled near Louisville, close to Hezekiah's plot outside Bardstown. By 1779, there were enough people in Kentucky to make a decent stand at the stockades and provide cover to get in a few crops. The down side was the influx of families meant more women and children to feed and protect. The bloody Indian raids accelerated in proportion to the new people.

> "Elijah Applegate died May 24, 1874 at the age of 93, the first white child born in Blount County."[2]

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1. The name Cumberland was/is all over the colonies and frontier territories: cities, counties, mountains, rivers, a gap in the mountains and type of wagon. The Duke of Cumberland was King George II's second son, and Captain-General in France during the French and Indian War (Seven Years War). He had ties with the Ohio Company, and slid their business past the king and Parliament. The Duke never set foot in the colonies.

2. Obituary notice in the *Nashville Union and American*, June of 1874. Blount County included Louisville, Kentucky. Elijah was Hezekiah's younger half brother.

In the spring of 1780, General Cornwallis took Charleston, and sacked southern settlements and plantations north into Maryland. Along the way, he set loose vengeful Tories, and supplied the Creek and Cherokee for their vendettas against encroaching white settlers. Cornwallis planned to finish off his campaign in the Carolinas, then go after the Holston settlements west of the Appalachian Mountains. In his confidence, he didn't mind if everyone knew he was coming. Fifteen hundred buckskinned-clad, Holston riflemen massed near Roanoke, and crossed the mountains into South Carolina. At Kings Mountain, about thirty miles west of Charlotte, they beat the English troops and their Tory allies. To the frightened locals, the mob of shaggy-looking wild men looked like savages, but after the battle the frontiersmen were widely publicized heroes. They ruined Corwallis's day, and pushed back his invasion plans for almost a year. The frontiersmen gave Washington a crucial breather to consolidate for Yorktown. They proved themselves as serious fighters, and morale in the west soared. Unfortunately, Chief Brant was not impressed. He and his Iroquois renewed their vigorous campaign in the Mohawk Valley, and pressed south to Ulster on the Hudson River, not too far from Trenton.

If morale were high in the west, it certainly was not in the east. Washington's forces were stretched especially thin. He was plagued with bankruptcy, due to the plummeting devaluation of Continental currency, and almost all commerce and shipments of supplies halted. His men were in tatters, starving, and without ammunition. His trusted friend and valuable assistant, General Benedict Arnold, switched sides to work for the English, which had a terrible demoralizing effect on the Continental Army. Washington's soldiers deserted in droves; there was defiance and open mutiny in the ranks. To add to his worries, Washington was sweating out the late arrival of the French fleet. They were supposed to bring him supplies and reinforcements, but detoured to fool around in the Caribbean to retake several of their old possessions and loot English ports. It made sense to the French to pick up a little extra booty to justify sending their expensive fleet over to North America to help out a pack of losers and bankrupts.

The two regiments stationed at Fort Pitt were enfeebled with starvation, desertion and lack of supplies. The Pennsylvania/Virginia jealousies still raged, and both States accused each other of treason. A good percentage of the original settlers left for Kentucky, and created a void for eastern newcomers, many of them Tories. To add to the misery, the army hadn't been paid, and what they had was eaten up with the rampant inflation of the Continental Dollar. England was poised to sweep the west in a campaign from Forts Detroit and Mackinac south through Illinois, Kentucky, and along the Mississippi River to New Orleans. They assembled their troops, local French militias[1], Tories and thousands of Indian warriors. New faces appeared

1. Hey, they were supposed to be on our side!

for the kill: the Sioux, Chippewas and Winnebagos. Luckily, the powerful Cherokee declined to join in; they felt they could handle the whites on their own, and they had an old grudge to settle with the Shawnee before anything else. They marched off to the Ohio River after the Shawnee, and left Kentucky a short respite.

1781 was another bad year on the frontier. The English garrison at Detroit stepped up its activities with the Indians. The frontier people were blockaded from getting supplies from the east and from down the Mississippi River. Washington spared a small army to relieve Fort Pitt. The newly commissioned English Brigadier General Benedict Arnold captured Richmond, Virginia, and joined up with Cornwallis in Petersburg.[1] The French were nowhere to be seen, and Washington was jittery. The English were confident of a final victory, and took time out to loot the countryside. They ransacked Jefferson's home at Montecello, let their horses trample Mrs. Jefferson's flower garden, and made a mess out of Mr. Jefferson's study.

On the Ohio River, the Delaware Indians tried for years to be peaceful with the Indian-hating frontier people, but they finally became exasperated and allied with the English.[2] Ohio Valley militias melted away; nobody dared to leave their homes undefended. There was little protection available for the Valley of Virginia, and the unopposed English marched into eastern Virginia. The only men gathered for defense in the west were 400 volunteers at Wheeling (now West Virginia) on the Ohio River. Their adversary was Chief Joseph Brant. He finished cleaning out upper New York, and came west to take on the Ohio Valley. General John Clark[3] led the militia to destroy Brant, and swept through Illinois and northeast to Fort Detroit. A Westmoreland (Pennsylvania) militia, which included a couple Elizabeth area Appelgates, came to assist, but they were ambushed by Brant. The entire company was slaughtered. Colonel Gibson, formerly a neighbor of the Appelgates on the Monongahela River (and moved with them to Louisville) joined General Clark. He was avid to go to Detroit at any cost. William Appelgate served with Colonel Gibson and miraculously lived. By the fall of 1781, Brant's allies were eager to go home; they saw

1. While teaching in England some years back, I was informed by our drama teacher the Arnolds were a highly respected family in England, descendants of a famous hero of the *Colonial Insurrection*. Benedict Arnold is revered in America somewhat less than an outbreak of cholera. The English never completely accepted Benedict Arnold despite his elevation to Brigadier General. A turncoat, even for a just cause, was not considered a *gentleman*.

2. The Delaware moved west when they were hustled off their land along the Delaware River in New York and New Jersey. The Cherokee, of Kentucky and Tennessee, were kicked off their land along the Susquehanna River in Virginia.

3. The General was William Clark's big brother (as in the Lewis and Clark Expedition). The Clarks were big names in western history for over a century. One of the Missouri Appelgate women married into the Clark family in the 1820's. William Clark is indeed a shirt-tail relative, but for goodness sakes don't ask me his exact place in our family.

little threat from the shabby American force. The Indians also heard the Americans beat the English at Yorktown; not a good omen.

The victory at Yorktown was a scene of great rejoicing in the east, but hardly so in the west where the Indian wars still raged. The following is a letter from militia Commander Floyd at Louisville, Kentucky, to Governor Nelson of Virginia. (Kentucky was not yet a State):

> "On account of the unsettled and dispersed situation of the Inhabitants it is our of my power to send you an exact Return of the Number of Militia in their Country, but by the last returns made me by the Captains we had 327 including Officers, and I believe at this time we have about 300, and near one third of these are preparing to into the Interior parts of the State and many others would follow the Example but are unable to remove by Land having lost most of their Horses already by the Savages & the Ohio runs the wrong way. The Frontier of the Country along the Ohio River is 277 miles by computation, and the Inhabitants greatly dispersed & cooped up in small Forts without any ammunition. Eighty four of the Inhabitants of the Country have been killed & Captured since last spring & many more wounded. We are so weakened in the most exposed parts of the Country, by having so many Men killed & others removing to Lincoln for safety, that when any murder is done we can not pursue the Enemy without leaving the little Garrisons quite defenceless. The most distressed Widows & Orphans perhaps in the world make up a great part of our Inhabitants."[1]

The Spanish recognized American independence along with the French, but only grudgingly allowed a few traders down the Mississippi River. Spain was never happy with the aggressive Westerners, and for good reason. They were afraid Americans would move onto Spanish land and take over trade on the Mississippi River. Spain was horrified at democracy, a dangerous concept their shaky monarchy feared, but at the time what was bad for England was good for Spain. They eased up a little on the Westerners, and allowed a few expeditions down river to (Spanish) New Orleans to buy desperately needed supplies and ammunition.

Both Spain and France were out to re-claim lost territories in North America. They hoped to take away the west from the United States, and force the eastern States to become submissive and dependent. First, they had to eliminate English competition under the guise of supporting America's glorious and completely justified revolution against the onerous English Imperialists. Spain captured British posts on the Mississippi River north to St. Joseph (Michigan), and took over western Flor-

1. From *A Company of Heroes* by Dale Van Every. I couldn't find Lincoln, unless he meant Lincoln County, which is about 50 miles south of Lexington, not an especially safe place then. I believe Lincoln County was named after Abraham Lincoln's family, who lived in Kentucky in the late 1700's to the early 1800's, before they moved on to Illinois. Distant grandfather, Richard Appelgate and family, were holed up in Kentucky at Louisville in 1781.

ida, which is the bottom quarter of the present States of Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi. For Spain's thoughtful assistance, Congress acceded to Spain's claim to the entire Mississippi River and possession of the Floridas. Virginia was the only State to object; General Clark had some successes in Illinois, and they didn't like the idea of giving his conquests over to Spain.

Our good friends, the French and Spanish, were already in the process of making their presence known as future landlords. French agents were sent to Pittsburgh to incited French inhabitants to refuse support to the local militias and army. Lafayette proposed an insurrection of the French populace in Quebec, not in support of the United States, but for France. Spain put the squeeze on the frontiersmen with endless regulations and paperwork for clearances to land and trade along the length of Mississippi River to New Orleans. Spain let on to the Creek and Cherokee Indians they had no love for their Americans allies, and would be willing to look the other way should raids or other incidents occur on their territory. Our wonderful allies openly promoted each other's claims; Spain recognized France's claim to the north and northwest, and France recognized Spain's claim to the deep south and far west. Congress went along with Spain and France; they would have agreed to almost anything to keep their allies happy and interested in supporting the war. Congress in effect made American citizens in the west squatters on foreign claims, but Congress was hardly näive. Everyone was aware of the type of people who moved west; Spain and France would never subjugate them.

After Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown, a truce was called to negotiate peace, not the end of the war. Congress sent over to Europe our best horse-traders led by Benjamin Franklin. He juggled Spain and France throughout the war, and had connections with the English prior to the war as a colonial political lobbyist. During the negotiations, Franklin was obliged to consult Spain and France at every step, which bogged down the process in posturing and resentment beyond the colonies. Both Spain and France insisted on their sovereignty in America's west, and Franklin's abstruse reply to them was:

> "That to give up our west was like being asked to give up the street door to the house."[1]

Franklin understood the importance of the west, but he knew the new United States was at the mercy of Spain and France. There was no way the United States could hold out against the English should the talks break down and the war resume. Franklin outwardly sacrifice the west to keep the French and Spanish interested. At the same time, Franklin placated the American anti-treaty factions by promising to

1. *The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin* - Benjamin Franklin.

uphold American western claims, and encouraged people to move west. Franklin steered the talks, told everyone what they wanted to hear, and hammered away at the treaty concessions. Franklin was slick, intelligent, impeccably focused, and wonderfully charming. In short, he pulled our cookies out of the fire.

It took until September, 1782, for the treaty to be agreed upon and signed. It would have taken longer if Franklin hadn't stopped consulting with Spain and France, and took to negotiating directly with England. The Proclamation Line was tossed out without discussion. The United States was ceded the entire west to the Mississippi River, and everything from the Floridas to the Great Lakes. England was not at all troubled giving away territory Spain and France thought they were regaining, even more pleased the agreement would anger both Spain and France when they discovered the United States walked out on its promises to them. As far as most British were concerned, they unloaded a highly troublesome, costly to patrol piece of wilderness from their empire. They figured they dropped a rabid dog in America's lap. The vast western territories were boggling, and the new American government had no idea how to control the new acquisitions. At the time, most people viewed expansion as a national burden. England smugly stepped back and waited for the United States to implode. They planned to slide back in and retake the whole mess on their own terms at their own convenience. Spain and France were livid over the agreements made behind their backs. Spain closed off the Mississippi to all American trade, and aggressively prosecuted traders and settlers found in their territory. France, which had the greatest investment in the Revolutionary War, made demands for payment for the services and supplies they extended during the war. Congress humbly offered to pay in installments in Continental Dollars, which cooled off France. They settled to regulate our trade in their Caribbean possessions, and their other foreign ports, and they opted to take payment in trade instead of our funny-money.

Although we were at peace with England, the west dubbed 1782 the Year of Sorrow. England hadn't relinquished its strategic Great Lakes forts, as promised, and Brant still scoured the Mohawk Valley. There was trouble with the Creek in the South, and with the Cherokee, Chickamauga, Mingo and Shawnee in the West. The vigorous business of killing and plundering settlers had nothing to do with a peace treaty with England, and western Pennsylvania was viciously beset by the Indians, with no help from Congress in sight. The Fort Pitt garrison was less than wretched; the remnants of the 8th Pennsylvania and 7th Virginia regiments were in shambles. They were unpaid for two years, ragged, without fuel, food or ammunition, and wracked with disease and scurvy. The new commander in 1782, Brigadier General William Irving, wrote to George Washington:

> "I never saw troops cut so truly a deplorable, and at the same time despicable, a figure. Indeed, when I arrived, no man would believe from their appearance that they were soldiers; nay, it would be difficult whether they were *White Men*.".[1]

**Western Frontier, early 1780's:** *Defenses on the Upper Ohio, also the site of Crawford's defeat near the Sandusky River.*

Irving had no way to improve morale or appearances, but he spruced up discipline by frequent applications of the hundred lashes and an occasional hanging. By his pension records, William Appelgate belonged to Uriah Springer's Foot (infantry) of the 7th Virginia Regiment. He served with the miserable outfit until mid 1783.[1] With the almost nonexistent protection of Fort Pitt, people were appalled over the free rein of the Indians to kill and raid within sight of Pittsburgh. The inhabitants of Washington County formed their own militia,[2] and went after the Delaware on their own. On the way, they attacked several easy marks, including Moravian mission towns of Christianized and peaceful Delawares. The pacifist German Moravians set up their western missions as early as the French-Indian War. Sadly, the Indian converts were outcasts to their own people, as well as to the Indian-hating whites. The

1. *A Company of Heroes* - Dale Van Every.

1. William (Hezekiah's first cousin) married in 1790. He lived in Washington County, south of Pittsburgh across the Monongahela River from Elizabeth near another of Hezekiah's Baptist cousins, Obediah Appelgate. William died March 10, 1842 on his bounty land in the township of Heath, Harrison County, Indiana.

2. There was a fine line between the words *militia* and *vigilante*.

militia raided their towns, burned their crops and stores, then murdered and scalped every Indian they could find. They also killed a few of the white missionaries, sympathizers by the militia's view. Easterners loudly condemned the incident as cold-blooded murder; the Westerners lauded the militia as shining heroes.

Another militia foray was commanded by George Washington's land agent, William Crawford. By the time he set out from Pittsburgh, the Moravian Delaware slaughter was well known among the tribes. Crawford planned to destroy the Indian villages on the Sandusky River, and clean out the Mingo, non-Christian Delaware, Wyandot and Shawnee. The Indians ambushed Crawford's party, killed most the soldiers, and took the rest captive, including William Crawford. John Knight, Crawford's surgeon, was allowed to live. He wrote in his journal an account of Crawford's capture, and meticulously described his torture and lingering death. The account is definitely not for the weak-hearted, but if anyone has to look at it, or is curious how Indians augmented their personal valor and tribal status at the expense of captives, Knight's account is in Mary Jemison's personal narrative of the incident. Her Indian husband was the chief in charge of the festivities.[1]

Just before the treaty with England was finalized, another name from the past floated to the surface. John Connolly, of Dunmore's War fame, was released from jail. He organized a pro-English expedition from Fort Niagara to march on Pittsburgh. He managed to destroy Hannastown, thirty miles from Pittsburgh, before he was stopped by the Pittsburgh garrison and local militias. The English traders and English command at Fort Niagara unofficially backed the Indians in their offensive against white settlers in western Pennsylvania. Chief Brant returned to the Ohio Valley, and went after Wheeling. He failed to take the fort, but raged all over the upper Ohio Valley. Kentucky and Tennessee had only about 1,000 men left to fight off the Indians, and most of them were not about to leave their exposed families to join an army. There was no help from the new United States, and once again the frontier people had to look after themselves.

Brant was angry the British sold him out to the United States after the Revolution, but not for long. By 1783, the English had second thoughts about giving over the rich fur trading territories near the Great Lakes, and continued to occupy the Lake forts they promised to cede over. (They kept them until 1794.) England used a clause in the peace treaty of reimbursing Loyalists for lost property (Congress refused) to justify keeping the Lake posts. They convinced Brant the Proclamation Line was still in effect, and promised supplies and support for Indian wars on the Americans. The Indians wanted to believe the English, and they launched the most devastating war to date. Brant organized a confederation of thirty five tribes on a scale Chief Pontiac never envisioned. The Westerners knew they could rely on noth-

1. *A Narrative of the Life of Mrs. Mary Jemison* - written up by James E. Seaver.

ing from the new government, and were fed up being asked to observe national and State laws while getting nothing in return. They made moves to separate from the new United States to seek their own fortunes with their own allies for defense and trade, which was exactly what England, France and Spain wanted to hear. In 1883, the United States came closest to becoming an Atlantic seafaring nation reliant on oceanic trade, like Holland and Portugal, with a collection of weak nation-States to the west under the sway of European powers in the style of Central and South America.

CHAPTER 6

# *FLINT LOCK*

The American colonists didn't ask the English if they could please leave the Empire, get into a scuffle when they were denied, then after thinking they won the brawl go skipping off into destiny in the glow of unlimited visions and a united government. After independence, the United States went through devastating social and economic convulsions. The new country started off with a ruined and bankrupt economy. The war- ravaged countryside barely existed above subsistence level, and several major cities were destroyed. Commerce was almost at a stand still, especially when the Continental dollar debased beyond recognition. The medium of exchange reverted to a barter system and dependence on foreign currencies. International credit evaporated, and creditors clamored for payment on war debts. The major European powers sniffed around, waiting to pick off the new country's assets, mostly in the vast and unmanageable western territories. Open warfare broke out with the Indians beyond the western mountains, and there was no means to stop it. Everyone distrusted a standing military force, and the centralized army was disbanded. In 1784, the United States of America had a dysfunctional central government, and a multiplicity of jealous, bickering States teetering on secession, just as the English predicted.

There were several influential and sympathetic promoters of the western frontier. Thomas Jefferson proposed letting the west become independent of the United States. He distrusted a centralized government, and fervently believed everybody should select their own style of government. Since the west was going to be part of the United States anyhow, Jefferson proposed another plan, the Ordinance of 1784. He envisioned ten new States from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. The Ordinance was a radical idea; Jefferson was ridiculed and accused of smoking strange tobacco.[1] Jef-

ferson was forty years ahead of his time; eventually the area became States, though the names and some of the boundaries were different. Jefferson tried to sort out the western policies of the new American government by providing a structure for western governance, and a uniform policy for managing the rights of both the new settlers and Indians. In a blaze of stupidity, Congress overrode Jefferson's ideas. They decided to solve the western problems by proclaiming all Indians conquered subjects with their lands forfeited to the United States government. The tribes were ordered to remove themselves beyond the Miami River in Illinois. The eastern politicians, who sat in their warm, safe offices, dropped enforcement of their new rules on the western militias, and set up the frontier for Indian reprisals. The eastern politicians earned the energetic hatred of the frontiersmen.

The new Federal government and individual States passed laws to prevent people from moving west, but everyone ignored their boundaries, edicts and treaties. Mohawk Chief Brant, ardent ally of the English during the Revolution, stepped forward to protect tribal interests. In a flash of astute thinking, of which he was famous, he saw the end of tribal existence unless the Indians adapted to white ways. He proposed the tribes band together as a united confederation, and negotiate as one voice. He lobbied for the Indians to learn farming and skills as artisans, and he asked them to fence off their property like the whites, so nobody could come by and claim their land had no ownership. The tribes considered his ideas radical, and Brant knew it would take at least a generation for the new ways to settle in. Sadly, the whites moved west faster than anyone could forestall, and Brant ran out of time. Of all Indian leaders, Brant came closest to uniting all tribes into a political confederation.

On October 22, 1784, the haughty Iroquois cut out on their own and sold their remaining lands in the Ohio Valley and New York State. Within months, the whites ran off the remaining Iroquois into Canada; the few left behind were reduced to destitute beggars. January of 1785, the other Ohio tribes signed away their lands, which was most of present State of Ohio. They retained a small area on the Sandusky River, and Congress ordered out a feeble army to rout the Indians from their last Ohio stronghold. Congress voted a whopping $1,000 to outfit and pay the 1st, and only U.S. Regiment. General Josiah Harmar enlisted volunteers mostly from western Pennsylvania, and there were records of several Appelgate men signed on as privates. A couple Appelgates were subsequently listed as deserters, not an uncommon event in the miserable outfit.

In the meantime, Brant traveled to England and France, where he made a huge success in the press and social circles. He was invited to banquets and outings by the Prince of Wales and the socially elite of both countries. He entertained the public and

1. OK, Trivia fans, the proposed States were: Sylvania (a name stolen 150 years later by an electric company), Michigania, Chersonesus, Assenisipa, Metropotamia, Illinoia, Saratoga, Polypotamia, Pelispia and Washington. Now, you name the capitols. (Gotcha!)

royalty in tribal regalia, and amazed everyone with his performances of traditional songs and dances. In the chambers of Parliament and the French court, he arrived in frock coat and top hat, then sat down for serious lobbying for assistance. England declined to openly back Brant, but unofficially they promised arms and supplies. France had serious internal problems, and declined aid completely. The age of the so-called ignorant heathen was over; several tribal leaders figured out the white man's political systems, and they were able to address issues on a sophisticated level. Upon his return, Brant declared all treaties not signed by his confederation void, and he included the arrangements made with the Iroquois and Ohio tribes.

By the end of 1786, raids increased along the Ohio River. To the south the Chickamaugas and Creek stirred into action. Once again, the west was at war, but not in pitched battles, rather in the door yards of thousands of settlers and on the currents of the Ohio River. Between 1780 and 1790, it was estimated 3,600 people were killed in Kentucky alone, which is not a great number by modern standards, but in the Eighteenth Century it was a significant percentage of the entire western population. From Ohio south, an average of 450 per year died in Indian raids, an era of the most vicious and costly Indian fighting in the entire history of the United States.

A typical raid involved five or six warriors, rarely more than ten. They set out from a distant Indian town, sometimes up to 200 miles away. The aim was to collect spoils and prove their valor in battle. The last three days of the approach to a white settlement, the warriors fasted and prayed. They practiced self-denial to purify their souls, and sharpen their skills and courage, like sleeping naked on the cold ground or running ahead of the horses. On the last day, they lay in hiding and studied their victims. They dressed for battle, stripped to moccasins, breach clout, weapons and war paint. During the night, they crept to the edge of the settler's clearing. The next morning, when everyone rose to take care of chores, they let out a hideous howl, and leaped out of the forest. The first rush was to pick off the men, who usually had rifles with them, then they attacked the cabin. Within seconds everyone who could scrambled for the cabin and barred the door; those left outside died. There are stories of Indians who broke down the door, or crawled down the mud and stone chimney, only to face an enraged wife swinging a wood axe. The western ladies acquired quite a reputation. Typically, everyone was killed within the first ten or fifteen minutes, then scalps were taken, children included, the cabin looted, and the livestock run off or killed. The exception was horses; they were considered prizes and taken away. Indians had a preference for women's dresses; the more ruffles, ribbons and colorful the better. They looted trunks, or stripped the dead women, and proudly wore their new clothes in front of the tribe.[1] Occasionally, captives were taken, usually teenagers

1. See Appendix D. The photograph of Chief Little Crow was taken around 1860. He was dressed up in his finest apparel, a lady's dress and ribbons. Little Crow was no sissy boy.

able to keep up on the fast march back to the distant Indian town. If the captives became an encumbrance, or the Indians lost interest in taking them home, they were killed and scalped. The status of a captive was rarely pleasant. If they were adopted into an Indian family to replace a family member killed by a white, they were lucky, and usually accepted as family. More commonly a captive was given to a family as a slave, or worse, tortured and killed for the entertainment of the tribe, and revenge on the whites.[1]

Each morning frontier families awoke to listen for an ominous silence in the forest, or the nervous pacing of their horse, and they wondered if the new day was their last. If neighbors saw smoke from a burning cabin and came to the rescue, the Indians were almost always far away, and rarely chased down. Sometimes the raid failed when the settler was not surprised, or his officious dog and startled livestock warned the family. In such cases there was usually a prolonged resistance, and Indians rarely persisted if it might cost them lives or time. There were easier pickings nearby, or if not, there was always another time. Neighbors were sorry to know someone nearby was dead, but relieved they were spared for one more day.

Western people developed an ability to cope with the terrors of living on the edge of life and death. Men were able to sleep soundly at night knowing the dawn might find Indians breaking down the cabin door. Women saw their husbands and children tomahawked in the door yard, and the next day moved in with another frontiersman to begin raising another family. Frontier children learned how to rip off the scalp of a dead Indian at an age eastern children learned to read. Western people were toughened by hazards and horrors unknown to the rest of the country. The survivors became fierce Indian fighters, stubborn adversaries of eastern politicians and their restrictive laws.

The main defense on the frontier was a sturdy cabin, a strong door, a good rifle and better marksmanship. Shot and gun powder were scarce, rarely expended on anything less than a sure shot at serious game or Indians. The frontiersmen became known for their acute marksmanship. As late as World War II, Tennessee, Virginian and Kentucky hillbilly detachments were assigned as snipers for their reputation for marksmanship. The frontier rifle required twenty three distinctive and successive movements of lips, teeth and both hands to reload. If a man were quick, he needed only twenty to thirty seconds, but during the interval he was defenseless. The Indians gauged their timing to jump him. To reload and shoot involved a powder horn, wrapped charge, wadding, ramrod, lead shot and flint. Several particularly tough frontiersmen learned to reload on the run, turn and shoot, and live to tell the tale. By the late 1780's, the Appelgates were into their second generation on the frontier, and most of them survived.

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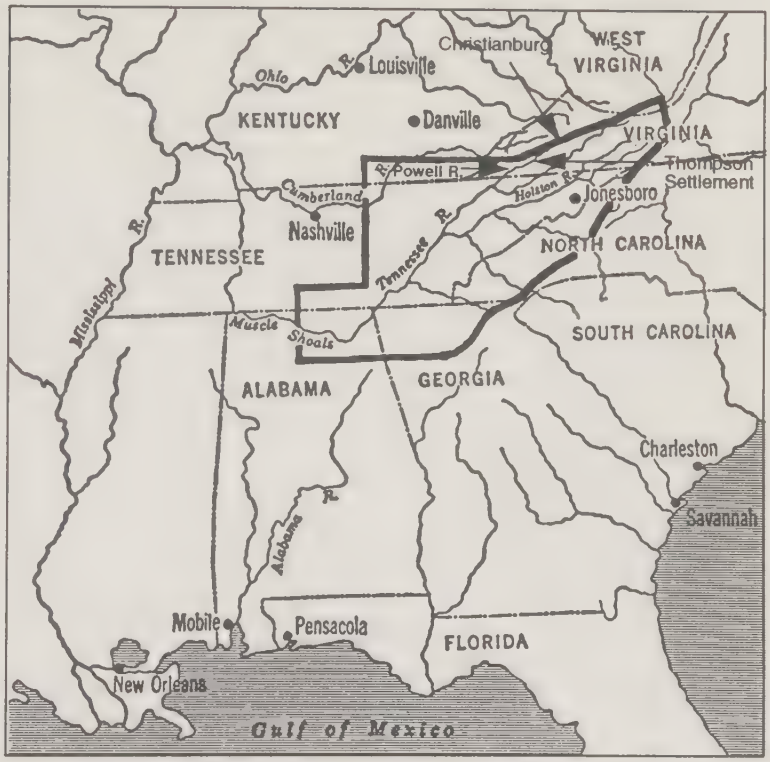
1. *A Narrative of the Life of Mrs. Mary Jemison* - James E. Seaver.

After the Revolution, with the new Indian evictions, land companies went crazy. They gobbled up huge grants with the stroke of a goose quill by convenient politicians in eastern cities. The State of Franklin was founded in 1786 by Holston settlers, and run by land speculators. In 1789, Georgia sold 25,000,000 acres at five sixths of a cent per acre to the Tennessee and Virginia Companies; nobody paid attention to the Spanish and Cherokee claims. South Carolina sold hundreds of miles to the west Georgia border, including Creek Indian lands, to the Yazoo Company.




**The lost State of Franklin, including boundaries of present States:** *Virginia Governor Patrick Henry squelched Franklin in 1787 by withdrawing his support for Franklin's petition for Statehood. If Franklin became a State, Hezekiah Appelgate would have lived in Franklin. His first home was near Christiansburg, Virginia. His later home, near Thompson Settlement in Lee County, was in the corner of Virginia on the Powell River.*

The post war era sprouted other shifty characters. James O'Fallon almost singly started another world war by inciting Kentucky people to succeed from the United States, while he made secret deals with Spain and England to deliver up the west. George Washington barely kept Kentucky from splitting off on its own. He lobbied key Kentucky leaders, and undermined O'Fallon's intrigues by officially steering Congress in a neutral course between Spain and England. It was a particularly critical time for the United States. The European powers knew the American government was broke, too weak to influence international politics, and easy prey if someone

cared to step forward and take over. It was a lucky chance neither Spain, nor England wanted to support a private citizen of a country officially neutral in world affairs

In 1787, the United States was a shaky coalition of jealous new States. They kept power to themselves, suspicious of their neighbors, and they were hostile to the central government. The States enacted a jumble of independent trade laws, currencies and regulations. The dynamic leaders, the framers of the Declaration of Independence, declined to participate in the new federal government. They viewed it as an obnoxious debating society without power. They chose to serve their individual States, the real power.

The new federal government was a failure on the verge of collapse. Many people thought the whole idea was a mistake and needed a new approach. Some wanted a constitutional monarchy with a younger English prince on the throne. The Kentucky leadership reflected western sentiments, and made a bid to align with Spain or England. They didn't much care which one, as long as someone opened up the Mississippi River or the Great lakes and St. Lawrence Rivers for their trade. The new country was headed for disintegration, a more serious schism than between the northern and southern States in 1860. America was as lucky to have in 1786 the Virginian Congressional delegate, George Washington, as it was to have President Abraham Lincoln in 1860. Like Lincoln, Washington stood almost alone in his commitment to keep the federal union intact. The newspapers, politicians, and fellow citizens accused him of incompetence and daydreaming.

Washington's leadership skills improved markedly since his early days in western Pennsylvania. He embarked on a campaign to lobby every important man he could find to put together a plan to save the country from collapse. Nobody had an immediate solution, but they agreed to work on the problem together. The exception was Virginia's Governor, Patrick Henry. He thought the whole mess needed cleaning out, and to start over from scratch. Patrick Henry was a dedicated and ardent republican, but he was considered a hotheaded and doctrinaire radical.[1] George Washington assembled a collection of astute men, most of the signatories of the Declaration of Independence, and they worked out a plan to straighten out the government. First of all, they proposed to restrict all interstate regulations, amended the 1781 Articles of Confederation, and tighten up the Union by guaranteeing equality among all States, even pissant Rhode Island. They met at Philadelphia May of 1787, and after a great deal of bellowing and whining, the delegates signed on September 17, 1787, a new document called the Constitution of the United States. Passage took another

1. Anyone who would leap to his feet at a clandestine meeting for the framing of a seditious document called the Declaration of Independence, and start shouting something like, "Yes! Go for it!", when Thomas Paine yelled out, "Give me liberty or give me death", had to be eccentric or foolhardy. If the British heard the ruckus, the meeting would have been raided, and all of them hauled off to jail and hanged.

year, since a majority of States had to approve it, after they had their turns at bellowing and whining over giving up several of their jurisdictions to a central government.

**1776 to 1800:** *The Mississippi, Indiana, Northwest and Southwest of the Ohio River Territories. Included are the new States of Kentucky and Tennessee. Everything west of the Mississippi River belonged to Spain, England and France. Russia claimed a sliver of the northern Pacific and Alaskan coasts. *Dates Constitution was ratified.*

After the States were granted specific guarantees and restrictions, it was time to organize the west, and generate capital for the Treasury. The Northwest Ordinance of 1787 was adopted to settle the national debt by selling land west of the Ohio River (present day Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin). The Ordinance vested authority in a territorial Governor, a Secretary and three Federal judges. It dictated when a frontier district had 5,000 people, it was authorized to elect a territorial assembly, and entitled to send a nonvoting delegate to Congress. With 60,000 people, a territory could organize as a State and apply for admission to the Union. The Ordinance guaranteed the Bill of Rights and freedoms, voter qualifications, the conveyance of property, a big issue in the west, and it directed land to be set aside for

public education.[1] There was an anti-slavery clause for new territories, which was messed with in the 1820's. Western settlers became fully vested citizens of the United States, members of the first national governmental system in the wilderness. The assorted western separation movements and foreign intrigues virtually evaporated. The nifty document was largely the work of Rufus King of Massachusetts, and Richard Henry Lee of Virginia.[2]

The Northwest Ordinance was a land bonanza for speculators. They bought in at eight cents to sixty six and two thirds cents per acre, and the United States Government sold 6,500,000 acres. There was no regard for Indian rights, nor any kind of repatriation or payments. Once again the enraged tribes reacted and went on the war path. Most Westerners were not impressed with the Ordinance; too few of them were able to get in on the choice land, nor were they happy to find themselves at war with the Indians. Thousands of the more intrepid settlers disregarded the Ordinance and land companies, and moved into the new territories. They figured possession was nine tenths of the law, and the land companies and government be damned. Some of the new people were more law abiding. They paid for their patents (deeds), and made the land speculators wealthy.

By 1788, Kentucky was the leading power on the frontier with over 60,000 people. They put in for Statehood, but were held up by Congress until 1792. Tennessee spun off from North Carolina, and was granted Statehood 1796. A more prosperous crowd came to Kentucky; people who afforded huge tracts of land, and brought with them slaves to work the plantations. By 1788, 20% of Kentucky's population was slaves. Slavery was always an issue with small farmers, but it was more for economic concerns than the morality of the institution. Small, family operated farms could not survive when they had to compete with wealthy plantation owners able to cultivate huge tracts of land at the extremely low cost of slave labor.

1788 was a year when 6,320 people were counted floating west down the Ohio River on flatboats. They landed in Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, and the far reaches of Mississippi River territories. In 1788, Benjamin Appelgate, one of the original settlers of the Monongahela River, sold out, loaded up his family and possessions onto a flat boat, and poled down the Ohio. He joined his brother, Richard (Hezekiah's father), in Louisville,[3] the furthermost outpost of white settlement on

1. For anyone living in what was once a territory, take a look at the old deeds of the main campus of your State University. You will likely find a large hunk of land, say 120,000 acres, perhaps sold off or leased out, but still a large outline on the State land plat map.

2. *The* Lee family of Virginia.

3. Louisville, pronounced *Lowvol* by the natives, was named after Louis XVI for supporting our Revolution. It was previously called Pain Court, a French settlement founded by Pierre La Clade in 1764, a village consisting of three streets and about eighty residents. When formally surveyed in 1818, it was still only three streets.

the Ohio River. Several of Benjamin's and Richard's sons showed up on the Kentucky militia and army rosters into the 1790's. Louisville was particularly exposed and isolated, a perfect Indian target. Every white man was on the militia rosters. Similar population surges occurred through the Cumberland Gap onto the Wilderness Road of southeastern Kentucky. With all the new white intrusions, Brant stirred into action along the Ohio River. The Chickamauga, Creek and Cherokee, under the guidance of Chief Alexander McGillvray, liven up Tennessee, southwestern Virginia, Georgia, Kentucky and the Carolinas.

April of 1789, George Washington was summoned by Congress to New York City to take office as the First President of the United States. He was elected by the Electoral College, a collection of leading citizens chosen for their learning and understanding of the political structure of the new country. Nobody trusted the rabble to such an important decision. The theory was the Electoral College insured the most competent man was elected, not the one who looked the prettiest on posters, or roused up the crowd with catchy slogans and wild promises. Of the list of men considered for the job of President, George Washington seemed to be the logical choice. He was willing to take the job, he was the wealthiest man in the United States, he had connections in all parts of the country, and he was immensely popular as the victorious leader of the Revolution. If nothing else, he seemed to be able drift along with dignity in the messy politics of the day. George Washington finally attained his deepest ambition. At the age of fifty-seven, he was formally recognized as one of the elite gentleman-movers of the country.

What awaited the new President was an empty treasury, and the west embroiled in a massive Indian war. Spain and England danced around on the new country's boarders, blockaded the west, incited the Indians and other anti-Federal government factions. The total United States army consisted of seventy six men in two companies stationed at West Point and Springfield, Massachusetts, plus 596 men assigned to various posts on the Ohio and Wabash Rivers. A standing army was unpopular, but under the new Constitution Washington had the power to call out State militias. His best option was to haggle with angry Indian tribes to avoid conflict.

In 1790, the Southwest Territory was established in style of the Northwest Territory, and it included Holston, Cumberland and all points south to the Floridas. (See page 93.) The boundaries were a bit assumptive, since Spain and the Indians owned a piece of the property. Washington negotiated a treaty with Creek Chief McGillvray in an attempt to outsmart the Spanish for southern trade and land. McGillvray steered the terms and conditions to his liking, and wound up with Creek boundaries and sovereignty guaranteed in exchange for nothing more than the good will of the Creek. The Spanish heard about the treaty, and became nervous over their claims to the Floridas, which extended west to the Mississippi River. They came up with their own treaty with McGillvray, and offered him concessions, trade and arms to favor Spain's blockade of the Mississippi to keep Americans out of the Floridas.

McGillvray accepted Spain's agreement as well. He cleverly made fools out of both Spain and the United States, while strenghtening his tribe's position in respect to both powers.

To secure the Ohio River and adjacent territories, Washington ordered General Arthur St. Clair to gather up 1,500 Kentucky and Pennsylvania militiamen to put an end to the Indian war. The plan was to take out the core Indian towns on the Miami River (near Ft. Wayne, Indiana), and scatter the tribes farther west. As usual, government contractors didn't deliver supplies on time. When the contractors finally showed up, shipments were shorted, and the supplies were poor quality. The militia quota was low, and many of the enlistees were from the second wave of western settlers, softer and less experienced in the wilderness. Bickering broke out between the militias and the regular army personnel, mostly over who cleared the roads or packed supplies, menial jobs the Federal army thought was not for them. The arguing cost the campaign valuable time. The Miami Indians hesitated, then pulled back. They thought the American force was larger than it was, but they did not retreat empty-handed. They stole most of St. Clair's horses, which were not such grand prizes, considering the shabby mounts the contractors sold the army. St. Clair was stuck without horses, and it didn't take long for the Indians to figure out how feeble the army was, especially without horses. The Miami attacked and St. Clair retreated. England jumped in from their forts on the Great Lakes, and backed the Indians with supplies and guns. They promised their forts for protection, should the Miami need cover, but demurely declined to supply soldiers. After all, England was a disinterested party officially at peace with the United States. Washington was voted another regiment to back up St. Clair, but before he could send them west, the damn fool Kentuckians sent out their own independent expedition. They completely upset St. Clair's campaign by inciting neutral tribes. The arrival of the new Federal regiment was another disaster. It was composed of men from eastern slums, jails, and a good percentage of the enlistees were six month levies (hitches), which expired in camp. The winter of 1791, 100 miles from the Ohio River, the British-armed Miami wiped out St. Clair's camp. Nine hundred and thirteen enlisted men and sixty eight officers were lost out of the total force of 1,400. Private James Appelgate, from the Monongahela River area of western Pennsylvania, was wounded during the retreat, but he managed to get out alive.[1] The Indians were ecstatic with their victory. They rampaged from the Allegheny Mountains to Savannah, 2,000 miles of the western frontier. England and Spain were delighted; they saw an enticing chance to jump on the beleaguered United States, and carve off the west for themselves.

In 1793, a series of events heated up American as well as world events. Creek

1. James was Hezekiah's nephew. He was granted an army pension and bounty land of 100 acres. He died of old age on his bounty land in Flemingsburg, Kentucky.

Chief Alexander McGillvray died. His confederation of tribes immediately eroded, and the confusion within the tribes took some of the heat off the southern front. In 1793, France blew apart in its own glorious revolution, then turned around and declared war on England. Spain closed off all diplomatic relations with France, and allied with England, of all things. France appealed to the United States to join their noble cause of republicanism to wipe out all monarchies and entrenched bureaucrats, which sounded good to a lot of people in America, especially in the west. The French wanted back their old territories in North America, partly as collection on old American promises for their assistance in our Revolution, partially to exorcize the evil oppressors of humanity, who were the imperialist English and Spanish. The western Pennsylvanians and Kentuckians liked the French republican ideas, and they instigated heated arguments in the streets and on the floor of Congress. By 1794, a full-blown war with the Spanish/English alliance seemed imminent. Spain and England's position on the outskirts of the United States meant the inevitable loss of the west, and encirclement of the eastern seaboard. Once again the United States was on the cusp of becoming an odd page in European history. When the security of the new nation seemed the most vulnerable, the Pennsylvanians of the Monongahela River declared they were fed up with the Federal government taxing their livelihood (whiskey), and giving nothing in return, not even protection from Indian raids. They declared themselves independent of the United States.[1] It was not a good time to be President of the United States.

America had two western fronts besieged with Indian wars; the anti-government west was just short of insurrection, the Iroquois in Canada were arming for an invasion, and Spain and England were poised to declare war. Easterners were scared, and Congress voted to raise 80,000 militia and 25,000 regulars. Washington immediately diverted 15,000 soldiers to Pittsburgh to intimidate the Whiskey Rebellion participants into submission. The rest of the army was sent to garrison forts and positions opposite the English and Spanish. Both sides stared down each other in a full-blown Eighteenth Century cold war. Within a few weeks, the British stepped over the line; they took over Fort Miami, south of Fort Detroit, to test the Americans. Washington didn't flinch. He ordered General Anthony Wayne (as in Fort Wayne, Indiana) to reclaim Fort Miami, and to clean out the Indians and English, if they got in the way.

The Battle of Fallen Timbers, outside Fort Miami (Toledo, Ohio), was the last Indian war which could have toppled the United States. The Miami Indians were routed back to Fort Miami. The English soldiers inside balked, hesitant to get into an armed confrontation with the American army. They refused to open the gates to save the Indians, and nervously watched while the Indians were slaughtered in front

1. See Appendix B.

of the gates by the American soldiers. There were records of four Appelgate brothers, Privates in the Kentucky militia cavalry; they fought in the campaign at Fallen Timbers. One was listed as a spy, the Eighteenth Century term for scout. There were dozens of eligible Appelgates, but records for the Kentucky militia were the only ones found to date.[1] Hezekiah Appelgate was on the Montgomery County militia list of southwestern Virginia. Every man from eighteen to fifty-five was signed up, and

**War in the west:** *Major forts in 1790 to 1794. The English held Forts Mackinac, Detroit, and briefly, Fort Miami. They turned over Mackinac, Detroit and Miami in 1795.*

the list of officers for Hezekiah's district included one of the Crockett men. Davy Crockett was born a few miles from where the Appelgates lived, and the militia officer was a member of the large Crockett family

Once again, the English sold out their Indian allies. The Indians were in disarray, deprived of supplies and weapons, and in no mood for further wars. February

1. General Wayne's muster lists are probably available, but I haven't found them in the National Archives. The Ohio State Historical Society probably has a listings of soldiers.

22, 1795, a treaty was signed. All Indian hostilities ceased along the entire western frontier, a deafening silence after years of war and terror. The entire length of the Mississippi River was opened to American commerce and travel. The English finally relinquished the forts on the American side of the Great Lakes, as promised in the peace treaty of 1782. The magnanimous generosity on the parts of Spain and England had nothing to do with complying with the terms of any treaty, or recognition of American sovereignty; their attention and resources were diverted to the escalating war with France in Europe.

In the summer of 1796, the Wilderness Road connected the Cumberland Gap to central Kentucky, and was widened to accommodate wagons. Within two months, 26,000 people crossed the Cumberland Gap into Kentucky, and others journeyed south along the Holston, Clinch and Powell Rivers of southwestern Virginia into Tennessee. Thousands of sinners poured through southwestern Virginia, and the Reverend Hezekiah Appelgate was there to save their wicked souls.

Hezekiah Appelgate sold his Monongahela land to Thomas Spencer, September of 1779. It is possible Hezekiah and his baby son, Aaron, moved away as early as the spring of 1780. Hezekiah returned east along the Braddock Road, and turned south along the Valley of Virginia. He was listed on the 1782 Virginia tax records in Christiansburg, Montgomery County.[1] The road, or to the Indians, the war trail, ran down the Valley of Virginia, and passed along the low lands and river frontages. When the whites arrived, they set up their homes and towns on or near the war trail, which may seem like a foolish place to set up housekeeping. The narrow river frontages were almost the only places in the Appalachian mountains where there was decent bottom land to carve out a corn patch and graze a few head of cattle.

In 1782, Hezekiah Appelgate was married by the Reverend Whitt, Pastor of the Walker Baptist Church, to Sarah Britton. Hezekiah migrated from the Monongahela River area of western Pennsylvania to Virginia with other families, and many were friends and relatives for generations. The Brittons came to the colonies about the same time as the Appelgates, and they were on the earliest records of New York and New Jersey along side the Appelgates. Included on the tax rolls for the early southwestern Virginia settlements were other familiar names and in-laws from Dutch colonial Gravesend and eastern New Jersey: the Perrines, Fletchers, Combs, Voohees, Tiltons, Imlays, Cowards, Wiggins, Heuts, Lindays, Walls, Gibbons and others.

Several Appelgate children were born in Montgomery County, then around 1789 or 1790, Hezekiah moved down the road to Wyeth County. His son, Hezekiah

1. Christiansburg is the County Seat of Montgomery County, just off Highway 81 below Roanoke. Highway 81 runs from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, down the Shennendoah, or Valley of Virginia, then southwest to Knoxville, Tennessee. It was no invention of a highway department engineer, rather a paved over route in existence long before the whites. It was the main war trail used by the Cherokee and Iroquois.

Jr., was born there 1790 or 1791. On May 19, 1792, our next grandfather, Nathaniel, was born on the Wyeth County farm. February 25, 1793, Hezekiah and several other families moved about forty miles farther down the road on the Powell River. The Appelgates took up farming on 175 acres of land grant property in Lee County on the north side of Wallens Ridge adjacent to the Powell River. The place was called Thompson Settlement, probably after the nearby Thompson family. The rest of Hezekiah's and Sarah's children were born in Lee County. From the few records found, they had a total of twelve living children.

Hezekiah's property was a combination of arable flat land near the road (war trail) along the shores of the Powell River, and the steep, wooded hills of Wallens Ridge. From the Geological Survey map of Lee County, Hezekiah's hill property had little use other than lumber, unless he grazed his animals in the small clearings along a creek on his property. His creek was probably a fine place to set up a whiskey still. He sold forty acres of his ridge to Stephen Thompson, and on the Geological map there is a site called Thompson Mill on Hezekiah's creek atop Wallen's Ridge. Everyone referred to the southern Virginian Appalachian ridges as mountains, but nothing is over 500 or 600 feet in height. The early 1800's mountain men of the Rocky Mountains, many who were born in the Appalachian and Allegheny Mountains, referred in disdain to their native hills as *picnic mountains*.

Thompson Settlement was on the main road south to Tennessee near the junction and entrance to the Cumberland Gap.[1] Hezekiah may have planned to move on to Kentucky or Tennessee, but he found land to his liking on the Powell River. Thompson Settlement was a stop for passing pilgrims; where they might rest and buy a few supplies, and refresh their wicked souls at the new Baptist church. In 1792, records appear of Hezekiah Appelgate acting as a leading member of the southwestern Virginia Baptist community. His congregation, the Thompson Baptist Church, were First Day Baptists. They celebrated services on Sunday. They hailed from Upper Freehold (north of Trenton in New Jersey), previously Freehold (near Cranbury, New Jersey), and Middletown on the New Jersey coast.[2] Following the Middletown Baptist congregation coincided with our Appelgate family's movements.

At this point, it is unknown when the Baptists crept into the Church of England

1. On the current Geological Survey Map of Lee County, the southwest end of Virginia is literally peppered with little churches, many out in the middle of nowhere along obscure dirt roads. There is a splendid golf course across the Powell River from Thompson Settlement Church, about six or seven miles below Jonesville. It is curious the Baptists allowed a golf course in their valley; a place to abet the sinners to fritter away their Sundays smacking golf balls across the coon hollows instead of praising the Lord at the meeting hall.

2. If I found a Baptist church in the mid 1700's on the Monongahela River, it would have been a link between Middletown and the Thompson Settlement congregation. The only one I found was a later congregation at Redstone, a good fifty miles south of Elizabeth.

Appelgate family, but a guess says it was with Hezekiah's great grandfather, Thomas, through his wife's family, the Quaker-Baptist Gibbons.Within Thomas's lifetime, the sect collapsed and most of the membership either rejoined the mainline Quakers, or associate Baptist churches. Thomas was in land partnerships with his wife's father, a staunch Quaker-Baptist, and it is doubtful Thomas would have been such a beloved son-in-law if he didn't share the family's religious ideas. It is a guess the Thompson Settlement Baptists were descendants of the restored Quaker-Baptists, plus a few of the old Rhode Island mainline Baptists. At any rate, the Thompson Settlement Baptist Church was formally recognized by the Baptist Association in 1800. In 1801, Hezekiah was elected Clerk for the church, and there were records church meetings were held:

> "On Saturdays at the house of Brother Hezekiah Applegate, and on Sundays at the meeting House."[1]

May of 1809, Hezekiah Appelgate and James Fletcher were recommended to Virginia Governor John Tyler[2] for coroners in the Room of Charles Noe (a judge). By 1816, Brother Hezekiah was chosen to have Pastoral care of the church, and after a few months he requested and received a letter of commendation for a:

> "traveling excursion with his ministerial gift."[3]

There was no mention where he went, or if he took anyone with him. The Cumberland Gap was nearby, so were settlements in Tennessee south on the Clinch, Powell and Holston Rivers. Plenty of new pilgrims passed through, and all were in need of The Word and a good dunking in an Appalachian baptismal creek. If Hezekiah traveled near relatives, to the southwest were two of his younger sons, Nathaniel and Samuel. Nathaniel lived near Knoxville in Kingston, Roane County, Tennessee, a place probably underwater today due to the Tennessee Valley Authority hydroelectric dams. Samuel lived in the next county, Rhea.[4] Both Samuel and Nathaniel took up the ministry, though there is no mention either of them were sent to Highstown,

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1. *Early Settlers of Lee County, Virginia and Adjacent Counties, Vol. II.*, by Hattie Byrd Muncy Bales.

2. Father of the Tenth President of the United States.

3. *Early Settlers of Lee County, Virginia and Adjacent Counties, Vol. II.*, by Hattie Byrd Muncy Bales.Yes, folks, we are descendants of a Baptist circuit preacher!

4. Rhea County is best remembered as the site of the 1925 trial of an infidel school teacher, Scopes, who dared to teach Darwin's Theory of Evolution in his classroom. The trial was a wry joke everywhere but in the fundamentalist States, where the defending attorney, Clarence Darrow, was portrayed as the Beast as described in Revelations XIII, and the notorious prosecuting attorney, William Jennings Bryant, as the Righteous Savior of God's teachings.

New Jersey, to the Baptist pastoral school. Out on the frontier, it didn't much matter where they acquired their gift. As long as their words sounded like scripture, and they put on a good show of passionate exhortation of hellfire and damnation, they were sure to gather a crowd.

Wherever Brother Hezekiah went with his gift to the sinners, he was back home within several months to harvest his crops. In 1817, he was chosen Moderator, and then Delegate to the Baptist Association. In 1817, he was appointed by Lee County court to:

> "solemnize the rights of marriage in this County in the room of Benjamin Sharp, deceased, on his complying with the provisions of the law in that case made and provided at this or the next Court."[1]

Hezekiah's wife, Sarah, was granted a letter of dismission from the church, October of 1806. There was no record why she left, or if she ever rejoined. Hezekiah requested a letter of dismission in the late spring of 1820, which was when he sold out and moved to Scott County, Indiana, to be near several of his grown children who preceded him to Indiana. Hezekiah was on both the 1820 Virginia and Indiana Census, the former taken in June, the later taken in October. He was missing from the 1830 Indiana Census. Presumably, he died; no doubt in The Arms of Jesus and Everlasting Glory. Praise the Lord.

1. *Early Settlers of Lee County and Adjacent Counties, Vol. II.* - Hattie Byrd Muncy Bales.

CHAPTER 7

# 1812

The early Nineteenth Century was a nervous time, especially with a major European war in progress, and the ascendancy of a phenomenal French Corporal. The United States tried not to become sucked into the vortex, and held its breath hoping the war would not spread across the Atlantic. Nobody wanted to become one of Napoleon's or King George's success stories. President Thomas Jefferson was credited with the dictum, *beware of foreign entanglements*, a phrase parroted down the years by isolationists. What Jefferson had in mind was to proceed with caution entering into foreign agreements which could turn into political and economic hell.

By 1803, there were rumblings of involvement with Napoleon from the French farmers and trappers along the Mississippi River, as well as the anti-government Kentucky crowd. Napoleon sent over agents to abet their sentiments in prelude to the prosecution of his plans for North America. So far, Napoleon was doing quite well developing his empire; he went after Egypt and the Near East, retook old possessions in India, consolidated, and intimidated the empires in Europe. Napoleon was interested in retaking the Caribbean and the former French possessions in North America. He bullied Spain into ceding to France Louisiana and New Orleans, but let them keep the fetid cypress swamps and water moccasin pits of Florida.

The English were stretched thin fortifying their positions in the Caribbean and Canada, and recalled home thousands of troops to protect England. All the while, Napoleon's war ships openly attacked and boarded not only English, but also American trading ships on the open seas. Napoleon ordered the closure of the Mississippi River to Americans in preparation for his invasion of the entire Mississippi Valley. It took until 1812 before the United States had to nerve and resources to officially

challenge a foreign power for such aggressive actions, and England won the honor. In 1803, Thomas Jefferson knew there was no way to challenge the French, but he formally complained of their actions. When the French ignored Jefferson, he officially ordered Napoleon to stay away from New Orleans, or else America would be obliged to ally with England, then France would *really* be in trouble. Napoleon was so impressed he launched an invasion fleet to sail for New Orleans.[1]

Before the French fleet reached New Orleans, Napoleon came up with a better idea. He was farsighted enough to know the French would not be able to manage their North American possessions. War in faraway America would stretch his resources, and dilute his campaign in Europe, where there were better returns of empire and spoils. May 2, 1803, he sold Louisiana and New Orleans to the United States for $15,000,000. Napoleon unloaded a large piece of potentially troublesome wilderness, and came away with a bankroll to finance his war on England and Spain. The United States took a deep breath of relief for avoiding a devastating war with France, or at best see the western half of the country severed off. England's opinion of the sale was another matter, but lucky for the Americans they were too busy with the French and their newly-bought (American) munitions and supplies. England officially registered outrage for funding their enemy, and for challenging their claims in North America. They bluntly ordered Jefferson to keep out of their way, and announced when they were done with the Gallic pip-squeak they would settle up with the United States for meddling in their Imperial affairs. If England weren't so preoccupied with Napoleon's successes, the next American war would have been called the War of 1803. The ill-prepared United States would have had the stuffing kicked out of it, and left to rot on the Eastern Seaboard.

French Louisiana was far more than the present State. It was 828,000 square miles of what was to become thirteen States, roughly doubling the size of the United States. Figure 640 acres to the square mile times 828,000, and divide by $15,000,000. It works out we bought in at three cents an acre, a pretty good deal even if we had to take Nebraska and Kansas. The new territory went from New Orleans north along the entire Mississippi River into present Minnesota, west to the Red River basin in the Dakotas, then up a little above the 49th parallel over to about Glacier National Park in Montana. From there the line ran south along the Continental Divide, the backbone of the Rocky Mountains, to just above Santa Fe, New Mexico, then southeast to the Red River in Texas, overland south-southeast above Dallas, and south to Vermilion Bay west of New Orleans.

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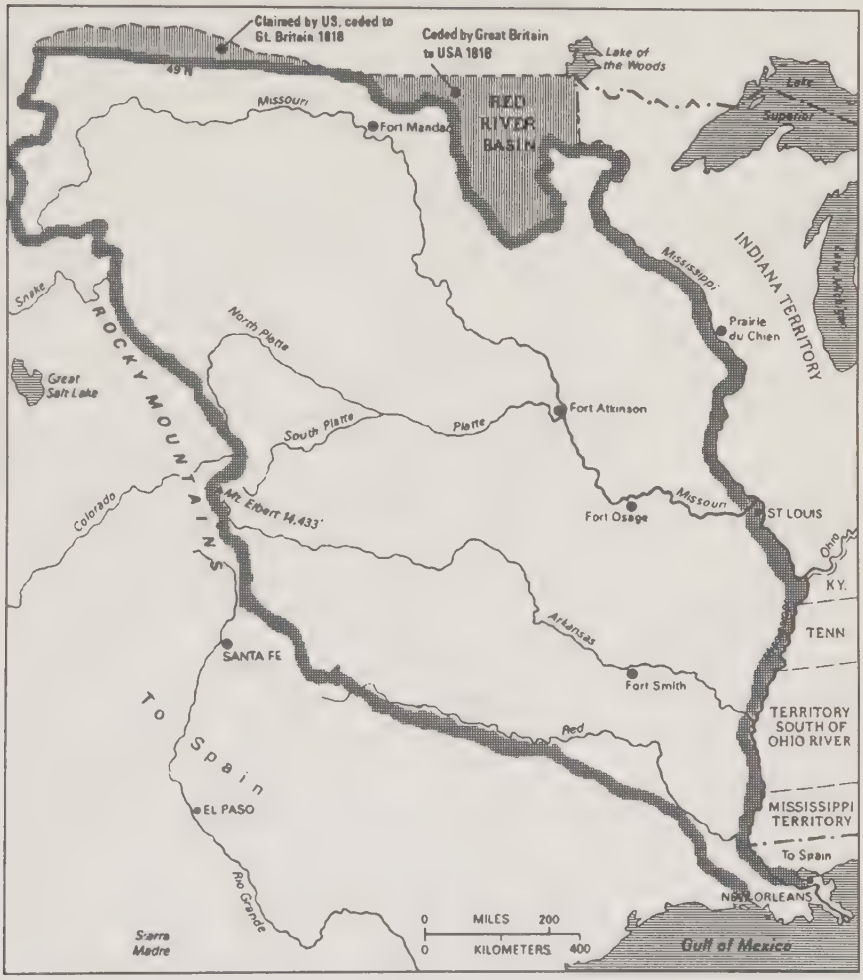
1. Thomas Jefferson was an intellectual democrat. He liked to emphasize the simplicity of his republican principles by receiving gold-braided foreign dignitaries in a frayed dressing gown and carpet slippers, which may be where America received the reputation of being run by hayseeds. In some cases, the label was true, but with Jefferson it was a front. He was a hard-driving and astute leader, with an intellect matched by few in the world.

While on the Louisiana Purchase, how could the United States, a country on the verge of complete financial collapse, come up with $15,000,000? President Jefferson reduced the civil service, nearly abolished the executive machinery and patronages, slashed Navy expenditures (the biggest spenders), and abolished all excise taxes, the




**Map: The Louisiana Purchase of 1803.** *The Senate confirmed the Purchase, even though that kind of territorial acquisition was and is unconstitutional.*

only means of internal revenue. John Randolph, chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means in 1802, declared the system of internal duties:

> "Vexatious, oppressive, and obnoxious, hostile to the genius of free people, and tended to multiply officers and increase the burdens of the people." [1]

By repealing excise taxes, the Treasury was out $600,000 in revenues mostly derived from tax on distilled liquors ($500,000). By today's standards, $600,000 barely covers a year's supply of toilet paper in the Pentagon, but in 1802, $600,000 was a large chunk of the total expenditures of the United States Government, which was less than $4,000,000. Despite the recent Whiskey Rebellion, the prestigious genius of the Treasury Department, Alexander Hamilton,[1] developed a well organized tax-collection system. By 1800, there were 22,000 stills and 13,000 distributors (those the government knew about), with operations spread over the entire territory of the country. In 1802, Jefferson disbanded Hamilton's internal revenue system.

In 1803, the French presented to Jefferson a bill of $15,000,000 for Louisiana. Treasury Secretary Albert Gallatin proposed an issue of $11,250,000 of new 6% stock, redeemable after fifteen years in four annual installments. Two million dollars was to be paid down from surpluses in the treasury, and the remainder to be met by a temporary loan. The Purchase came at a good time; customs netted $12,400,000 a year on lucrative overseas trade, which rode along on American neutrality in the European war. January 1, 1803, the Treasury Department showed a balance of $5,000,000 in the black. With abundant revenue on hand, and low expenditures, the Purchase was bankrolled by the new stock plus ready cash without recourse to new taxes or to the temporary loan. Gallatin was a slick fiscal manager. Under Jefferson's administration, with the good luck of prosperous overseas business, the United States maintained its surplus in the Treasury despite abandonment of internal taxes, payment on old debts, and assumption of the huge bill for the Louisiana Purchase.

Overnight, the Louisiana Purchase became a hot political issue. The edge of the United States leaped over to the Rocky Mountains to crowd Spanish possessions in the far and southwest, and British claims to the north and northwest. Thomas Jefferson and the entire western population looked upon the Louisiana Purchase as another large step towards taking American borders to the Pacific Ocean. The prevalent view of Manifest Destiny was the impetus for the mid Nineteenth Century stampede west of thousands of settlers, which is why many of us live near the Pacific Ocean beaches, or enjoy the toasty sunshine of the southwest.

By 1804, there was a new State, Ohio, plus 120,000 people living along the Ohio River corridor. Kentucky had 300,000 people, and Tennessee 170,000. The northern pattern of expansion was into Illinois and the Wabash River Valley. In 1804, Indiana was declared a Territory, and in 1816 became a State; Illinois followed as a State in 1818. All new States and Territories were settled by the same sorts of independent, crusty frontier people, like those who moved into eastern New Jersey in the 1660's, and to the Monongahela River, Kentucky and Tennessee a century later.

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1. *Financial History of the United States* - Davis R. Dewey.

1. Alexander Hamilton was President George Washington's first Secretary of the Treasury.

Thousands poured through the mountain gaps and along the river valleys. The most common migration routes were from western Virginia and Pennsylvania to Kentucky, Indiana and into Illinois, which was how the Appelgates migrated.

Before the frontier people moved in, the northern Great Lakes area was occupied by the old French families, who settled there in the 1750's to become farmers and traders. The influx of rowdy Americans was quite a jolt to the more gentile locals. Father Pierre Gibault, who supported William Clark's older brother, George, in taking Illinois from the Indians, wrote a telling commentary on the newcomers:

> "There is no distinction from the greatest to the least except that by force; of the tongue, pernicious, calumniating and slanderous; of crying out very loud, and giving forth all sorts of insults and oaths. Everybody is in poverty, which engenders theft and rapine. Wantonness and drunkenness pass here as elegance and amusements quite in style. Breaking of limbs, murder by means of a dagger, sabre or sword (for he who wills carries one) are common, and pistols and guns are by toys in these regions"[1]

The Louisiana Purchase made the exploitation of the west diplomatically feasible. Even though the new tract of land was officially American, its boundaries didn't stop adventurous people from wandering into forbidden lands. Spain was furious, and accused the United States of encouraging people to trespass into Spanish territories. Spain made it clear their boundaries extended to the Platte River in the Dakotas, Nebraska, Wyoming, west to the Pacific Ocean to Alta California and Oregon Territory, which included Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Nevada, Utah and parts of Montana. England claimed they owned everything west of the Louisiana Purchase to the north and northwest, including some of what Spain figured they owned. The Russians claimed parts of the Pacific coast everyone else claimed, but their presence was tenuous. The Americans headed west despite what everyone else thought. To get to the west by ship around Cape Horn was time consuming and perilous. A decent passage overland had to be found.[2]

Thomas Jefferson had an overland expedition in mind before the Louisiana Purchase, but he worried about ruffling the Europeans by trespassing on their claims. With the Purchase, a good part of the way became American property. Jefferson had to placate the English; he assured them the expedition was purely scientific, and to a large extent it was. The English were not stupid, but they were too involved with their war with France to make an issue. Jefferson hired his secretary, Meriwether Lewis, and General George Clark's little brother, William, to put together a team.

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1. *The Final Challenge* - Dale Van Every.

2. *Two Years Before the Mast* - Richard H. Dana. The book is a good account of the sea voyage to coastal California, and the hide trade with the Alta California ranchos and missions.

Congress allotted $2,500 for the outfitting and incidentals of the expedition. Thomas Jefferson gave Meriwether Lewis an unusual letter of credit; a carte blanche for Lewis to apply to, and draw upon any foreign or domestic entity for supplies, passage, or any other miscellaneous need. The letter promised reimbursement by the Treasury of the United States, signed by the President himself. Never before has anyone had such a wide-open opportunity to swindle the United States Treasury, but Meriwether kept an honest accounting of his expenditures.

Jefferson had an inquisitive mind, and he was truly interested in science and exploration. Each man who could write was required to keep a detailed diary of everything he saw or experienced, from geology, weather, flora, fauna, to Indian customs and religions.[1] Unofficially, the expedition was meant to survey and chart a usable route west for use by American traders and settlers. While en route, Lewis and Clark were ordered to inform the indigenous Indians they were to consider themselves wards[2] of the United States. It would have been interesting to know what the Imperial Mandan, and their noble neighbors, the Sioux, thought of such a blatant announcement made by a handful of shaggy-looking white men and one Shoshone squaw. It was Sacajawea, the Shoshone wife of one of the French interpreters, who was responsible for getting the whole outfit out of some dangerous situations with hostile tribes, and for convincing others to direct the expedition to passes through the Rocky Mountains. More than her useless French-Canadian husband, she served as interpreter, trail blazer and negotiator throughout the trip.[3]

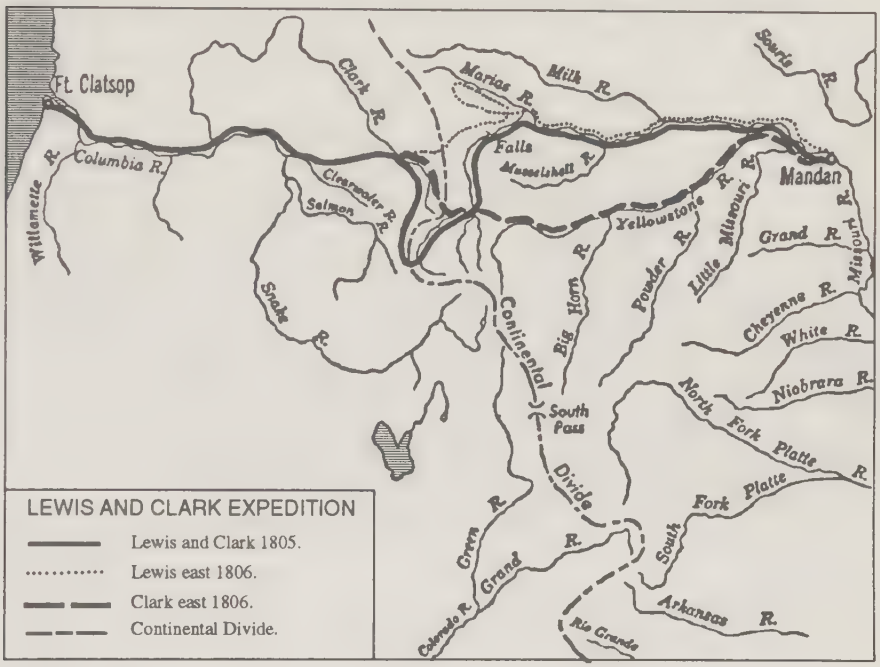
The expedition assembled late in the summer of 1804 on the Mississippi River near the mouth of the Missouri River outside Camp Dubois (present day St. Louis). They traveled north on the Missouri by canoe to the middle of the Dakotas, where they set up camp to wait out the winter. The spot was called Fort Clark, and was a little above present Bismark, South Dakota. The next spring, when the ice on the river and ensuing floods abated, they set out by canoe. They passed the mouth of the Yellowstone River in Montana, and continued west to the headwaters of the Missouri (below present day Helena, near Logan, Montana). They abandoned their canoes, and crossed the Continental Divide near what is now Missoula, then hiked west across Idaho to the Snake River, where they once again built canoes at what is now Lewiston and Clarkston. (Funny about those names.) They ran white water rapids, vicious currents, and carried their canoes around waterfalls in the descent of the

1. *Original Journal of the Lewis and Clark Expedition* was put together by Reuben G. Thwaites. It is eight volumes of interesting stuff, if you have time to read it all. Otherwise, try *The History of the Lewis and Clark Expedition* - edited by Elliot Coues. It is reduced to three volumes, including background material.

2. Native Americans were not given full United States citizenship until 1921.

3. *Sacajawea* - Grace R. Hebard.

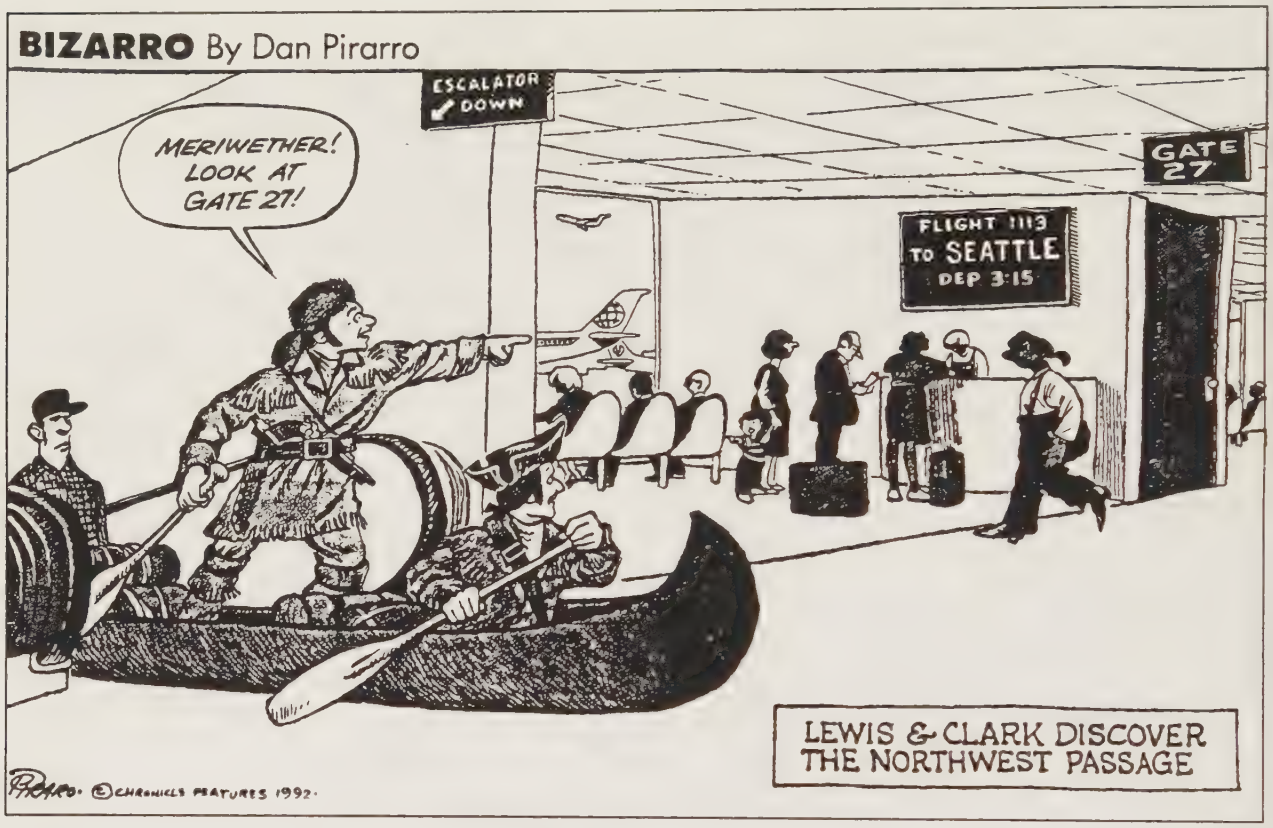
Snake River to the Columbia River. They repeated the rapids, currents, outcroppings and waterfalls down the Columbia until they reached the Pacific Ocean. On the coast they met English fur traders and representatives of The Honorable Company, Hudson's Bay. The English were not happy to see the intrepid Americans.




**Map:** *1805 and 1806 routes explored by Meriwether Lewis and William Clark. Clark took a more southerly route east in 1806.*

Lewis and Clark returned the following spring, roughly retracing their outward course with a side route down the Yellowstone in Montana to the Missouri River. They were home September of 1806, and covered a distance roughly one third the circumference of the earth. They mapped Missouri, Kansas, Idaho, Nebraska, Washington, South Dakota, Montana, Iowa and Oregon, or respectable parts of those territories. Their route west was not particularly useful; they took a northern trail to avoid Spanish territory, and scaled several treacherous passes in the Rocky Mountains, but at least they proved it could be done. It took another twenty years before a decent, more southerly route was found, known as the Overland Trail. Upon the expedition's return, and publication of their journals, the country exploded in wild enthusiasm. The Pacific coast territories were attainable, at least for those with the nerve and ambition to go.

The Lewis and Clark expedition inspired interest in expansion beyond the Louisiana Purchase into Spain's territories in the southwest. By 1806, the more temper-




rate sections of eastern Texas were eyed by American settlers. There was a particularly bold project headed up by Aaron Burr to relieve Spain of Texas, along with the rest of Mexico for good measure. The United States almost was sucked into a war with Spain over Aaron Burr's bright ideas.[1]

## AARON BURR

Aaron Burr was Thomas Jefferson's first Vice President, and he was a bombastic, politically charged figure. Burr would have had a stellar career in American politics, possibly a Presidential nomination, if it weren't for a heated argument with his law partner, Alexander Hamilton. Insults flew between the men, and the incident ended in one of those famous duels of honor. Hamilton was shot and killed. Although

1. *Aaron Burr* - Samuel Wandell and Mead Minnegerode.

Burr was exonerated of the incident, the onus of killing a very popular man fell on his head. From then on, Burr was an outsider, a political pariah. Burr's energy was not abated, and before long he was promoting his vision of Manifest Destiny to invade Texas and Mexico.

Easterners thought Burr was a crackpot with dangerous intentions. Burr discounted their shortsightedness, and took his campaign into the West. He received enthusiastic support in Kentucky, but when he solicited for money to fund his invasion, he discovered the Westerners were not very prosperous. Burr went to the Spanish Governor in Florida, of all things, and promised him he would invade Washington D.C., sever off the west, and hand it over to Spain. The Spanish were never pleased with the United States, less so recently; they were easy marks for the scheme. Burr immediately bought 400,000 acres on the Ouachita River from Kentucky land speculators (on the Arkansas/Louisiana border), built boats, and gathered recruits and arms. It was probable Burr was out to bilk the Spanish, and intended to use their Reales to invade their territory in Mexico, but President Jefferson was not amused with any of it. A move in either direction by Burr's forces, should they finally materialize, would mean war. He denounced Burr, had him arrested and put on trial for treason. Burr's trial was highly publicized, a circus of litigation and sensationalism in the genre of the Watergate Trial of the early 1970's. Everyone important attended to gawk or testify for one side or the other. Burr's chief character witness was Andrew Jackson. Burr's lawyers subpoenaed President Jefferson and all his papers related to the incident, but Jefferson refused to appear. Instead, he directed his staff to disclose only such records he deemed would not endanger national security. (Richard Nixon had a Nineteenth Century precedent.) In the end, Burr was acquitted, but what was left of his reputation was ruined for good. The invasion of Texas was put off for another forty years. Aaron Burr was a victim of circumstances, many of his own making, which frustrated his highly creative energy and talents.

Burr's philosophies mirrored western ambitions, and if he faded from public attention, his ideas did not. Traders and hunters illegally slipped into Texas, and ranged as far as Santa Fe and Alta California. To the north, the same sorts of people crossed the plains. They ranged into the Rocky Mountains and to the Columbia Basin and the west coast. They were the leading edge of what became a stampede west. They were the fur trappers, Indian traders; the famous mountain men who graced American literature with their outrageous exploits and flamboyant temperaments. They hailed from the Virginian, Kentucky and Tennessee frontiers, with a good representation of French and English Canadians. They were basically loners, men who rejected the fetters and commitments of living on farms or in communities. They hazarded blizzards, dust storms, starvation, Indians, and a new menace, the aggressive and omnivorous grizzly bear.[1] At first there were only a few mountain men, but by the 1820's, there were several hundred. The Appelgates took a brief try as mountain men, but they didn't stay in that line of work.

## NEW MADRID

So far, this alleged history has hovered near the social, political and economic environments of specific families. The following was a significant physical event almost everyone in the United States experienced, especially the Westerners.

December 16, 1811, the area between New Madrid and Little Prairie (Caruthersville), along the Mississippi River at the Tennessee and Missouri line, was rocked by a colossal earthquake. The ground rose and fell in rolling tidal waves, split open long deep fissures, then snapped shut. Massive earthen domes bubbled up, and adjacent acres of land collapsed into sink holes up to fifty feet deep. Entire forests exploded like an open box of wooden matches dropped to the floor. Trees pitched over during the seismic waves to form miles of tangled trunks and limbs. Landslides swept down the steeper bluffs into the Mississippi River, and caused great tidal waves of log jams and debris. Fortunately, the area surrounding New Madrid was sparsely populated. People lived in simple log structures, and most buildings and sheds fell over without killing everybody. The Mississippi River was a different story. Walls of flotsam crashed down the river and entangled or sunk boats and canoes. Huge waves and waterfalls were created by fissures and fault slippage across the river course, and hundreds of people unable to scramble to safety were drowned. The course of the Mississippi River changed when sand banks collapsed; river islands disappeared, or were uplifted where they never were before. Vast tracts of adjacent land heaved up or sank, and the Mississippi River shifted to fill in the new depressions and divert around new rises. Observers reported the Mississippi River reversed its course for the better part of a day (when it poured into newly created lowlands). Huge new swamps and lakes appeared where none were before. A prime example is Reelfoot Lake in western Tennessee, now more than one third filled in with silt. Miles of farmland submerged, or were covered by sand and coal craterlets bubbled up to the surface from lower strata. There was an account of a man living on a promontory jutting out into the Mississippi River, his outhouse and smoke house situated

1. Grizzly bear: Ursus Arctos Horribilis, and not dubbed Horribilis to be quaint. These are not the lumbering buffoons seen begging for French fries at car windows in Yellowstone Park. Grizzlies are distinguished by their silver-tipped fur, hence the name *grizzly*, and they have a dished snout, versus the flat snout of the more docile black bear. The best way to distinguish a grizzly in the wild is with extremely long rang field binoculars from a clear road within steps of a vehicle with the engine running. Grizzlies can weigh up to fifteen hundred pounds, and they are famous for their testy and aggressive temperaments. They tend to be loners, even eschew other grizzlies, and they are totally without fear. They are one of the few animals on the planet which will go after a human if they are in a mood. At the time of Lewis and Clark, there were about 30,000 grizzlies in the lower Forty-eight States, now there are less than 1,000. Alaska still has over 30,000, including the huge Kodiac grizzlies, and Canada has 15,000. Grizzlies have vast, disappearing ranges, and they breed only every three or four years. With illegal poaching, due to trophy hunters and the lucrative Asian demand for bear paws and bladders, the once mighty Grizzly will soon be no more than a zoo exhibit.

nearest the ledge. Upon rising the morning, after one of the severe shocks, he stepped outside to see his outhouse and smoke house across the river, and his doorstep overlooking the Mississippi River. The earthquake caused no end of inconveniences.

**New Madrid earthquake: The third most violent earthquake in recorded world history.** *The inset's dark grey pattern denotes the area of principal disturbance, characterized by general warping, ejection, fissuring and severe landslides. The striped sections were areas of minor disturbances, fissuring, caving of stream banks, etc. The dots denote areas of reported sounds, vibrations, and minor damage.*

The first steam-powered river boat on the Mississippi, the *New Orleans*, was on her maiden voyage from the Pittsburgh shipyard, and was caught on the river a few miles above New Madrid. The captain and pilot were phenomenal navigators; they steamed down a river which ceased to be recognized. They guessed at new channels, wove through debris, and sighted their position by looking for landmarks along the shore, many already toppled into the river or flattened. At one turn in the river, they stopped to wait for a newly-formed waterfall to erode the river bed to allow them to pass. The *New Orleans* was the only large craft to make it through to New Orleans. The captain was Nicholas Roosevelt of New York.[1] L. Bringier, an engineer and surveyor present near New Madrid during the quake, described one of the several phe-

nomena of water forcing its way to the surface during the most severe heaving of the earth:

> "Deposits blowing up the earth with loud explosions. It rushed out in all quarters, bringing with it an enormous quantity of carbonized wood, reduced mostly to dust, which was ejected to the height of 10 to 15 feet, and fell back in a black shower, mixed with the sand, which its rapid motion had forced along; at the same time the roaring and whistling produced by the impetuosity of the air escaping from its confinement seemed to increase the horrible disorder... In the meantime the surface was sinking and a black liquid was rising to the belly of my horse."[1]

Shocks continued for a few days, then diminished. January 23, 1812, there was an equally intense jolt, and February 7, three more which surpassed the previous shocks. For a year, the area trembled daily, then over several years subsided. The people at the U.S. Geological Survey in Menlo Park, California, figured by the physical evidence, the New Madrid quakes were from between 9.2 and 9.4, if measured on the modern Richter Scale. The New Madrid earthquake was one of the three most violent in the recorded history of the world, just behind the annihilation of Krakatau (1883), and an Eighteenth century quake in China which changed the course of the Yellow River. The geologists said three quarters of all major quakes in the United States occurred east of the Rocky Mountains. Their information may be of some slight interest for the tornado-eating, hurricane and blizzard-loving folks who think people on the west coast are crazy to live where the earth shakes.

The epicenter of the quake was roughly from a point west of New Madrid to Memphis to the south, a distance of 100 miles, and from Crowley Ridge in Missouri to the Chickasaw Bluffs of Tennessee, over fifty miles east to west. Other disturbances, probably related fault movements, were felt in the Ohio Valley and Canada. In Vicksburg, an entire island in the river disappeared, taking with it a notorious pirate camp. The lower Arkansas River in Kansas and the Red River in Texas were affected. There were reports of tremors reported as far away as the upper Missouri River country in the Dakotas and Minnesota. To give an idea of the scope, tremors were felt in New Orleans, 500 miles away, Detroit, 600 miles, Washington, 700 miles, and Boston, 1,100 miles distant. Over 1,000,000 square miles, or half the entire United States was disturbed by shocks, enough to shake windows and topple chimneys in Washington D.C., New York and Savannah.

Some months after the quake, Congress passed the first government relief program. It was an act to compensate people whose lands were destroyed, and allow them to relocate on the same quantity of land in any other open part of the domain.

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1. If someone were interested, they might find he was related to two American Presidents.

1. *The New Madrid Earthquake* - U.S. Geological Survey Bulletin #494 by Myron L. Fuller.

By the end of the year, the shocks nearly ceased. Prospects looked better to reclaim the land, rather than endure the hardships of starting over somewhere else. Few people took advantage of the government offer. Of the 516 claims issued by Congress, only twenty people relocated. Four hundred ninety four claims were acquired by St. Louis land speculators for pennies an acre, bought from people with no intention of moving on. Perjury and forgery became so common, for several years the phrase *New Madrid claim* was a synonym for fraud.

If Nathaniel and Samuel Appelgate were already living in Tennessee, near the lower Clinch River southwest of Knoxville, they experienced a good shaking. They had to reassemble fences, sheds and stone chimneys. Their father, Hezekiah, seventy five miles northeast on the Powell River in Virginia, was also obliged to mend fences, and round up his terrified cattle and horses. The Indians ascribed the earthquakes as an omen from their angry Great Spirit. They reached for their totems, and sought out their medicine men for prayer and atonement. The frightened whites interpreted the quakes as a sign from almighty God, a warning to mend their evil ways for fear of hell and perdition. They reached for their Bibles, and flocked to their local preacher for prayer and atonement. There is nothing like a good natural calamity to drop the sinners to their knees. More than likely, brother Hezekiah Appelgate, as well as his two preacher sons, Samuel and Nathaniel, had plenty of repentant customers, at least until the aftershocks simmered down.

## WAR OF 1812

The years of 1811 to 1813 were famous for events other than earthquakes, though a pretty good one in California knocked down several of the Spanish missions. Further north, at the mouth of the Columbia River on the Pacific Ocean, a trading ship landed a party of traders sponsored by John J. Astor and his American Fur Company. April 12, 1811, they hoisted the first American flag on the Columbia River outside their new trading post called Astoria (named after...). Their claim was a tad presumptive; their's was the second flag after Lewis and Clark's raised in the winter of 1805 at their temporary winter quarters, Fort Clatsop. An overland American Fur Company expedition started out from St. Louis along the general route Lewis and Clark explored. They were to resupply Astoria the next spring. On the way, they were robbed by Indians, and lost the rest of their supplies overboard while paddling down a dangerous gorge on the Snake River. They showed up at Astoria empty-handed, and were sent back to bring out another shipment. Their return route was a more southerly trail, part of the future Overland Trail. Astoria didn't fare too well for want of supplies, or an expedient way to return east with the fur catch. The Astor trappers competed with experienced English trappers and traders, and the Astorians were not as successful as they hoped. Besides, the English were not very hospitable to the new competition, and they were not about to give or sell to the Astorians need-

ed supplies. October 13, 1813, Astor sold his Columbia settlement to the English for $40,000. He took a $120,000 loss on his investment, but he was smart enough to sell-out when he did. The United States was at war with England, and Astor's trading post was literally hanging out in the wind on the English-dominated Pacific Coast.

The pushy Westerners brewed up another war. They wanted to relieve England of her territories in the northwest and Canada, and goad Spain into war to snatch Florida and Texas. Spain declined to goad, England did not. Everybody thought it was a perfect time to jump on England. They were distracted with their war in Europe, Napoleon challenged British possessions in the Near East and India, and Ireland seethed with sedition. Parliament siphoned off most their North American garrisons to fight in Europe, and the Americans saw their chance. The excuse was the English took American merchant sailors from their ships, and conscripted them in the Royal Navy, which had nothing at all to do with American ships running English battle lines, or ignoring interdictions against sailing the high seas with cargos destined to England's enemy, France. The French had been grabbing American sailors since 1803, but after the Louisiana Purchase the French didn't have anything worth arguing about in North America to make a Federal issue over a few Shanghaied[1] sailors.

The War of 1812 was not too well thought out. Perhaps the Westerners forgot the reputation of the English for employing Indians to do their dirty work, or maybe they didn't care. The English never folded on a bluff when it came to giving over a piece of their empire; the Americans were called with another English-backed Indian war. The tribes were armed and supplied by the English in Canada. They were led by another charismatic Indian leader, Shawnee Chief Tecumseh, and his formidable Sauk Sioux side kick, Chief Black Hawk.

Along the Great Lakes and East Coast, the English responded to war with the United States with all the dogged military effectiveness for which they were famous. Congress underestimated their resolve and readiness. In 1812, England had no political or popular ambivalence about warring on America. The British government was fed up with the no account Americans picking at their domain in Canada and their northwest, and playing a three-man game between them, France and Spain. They were incensed the United States feigned neutrality, then sold arms and supplies to both sides. They accused the United States of war profiteering, and abetting Napoleon's campaign. (Turn back a few pages and review how the United States paid for the Louisiana Purchase.) As usual, the American army was unprepared and poor-

1. Shanghai, short for *to ship to Shanghai*, was when sailors were drugged or beaten insensible, and taken on board ship to work against their will. The Barbary Coast district of the mid 1800's San Francisco was a favorite hang out for sailors, and the best place to grab crew members after hours.

ly supplied. They suffered several dismal defeats and embarrassing retreats, notably the evacuations and surrender of Forts Dearborn and Detroit. The English navy blockaded the Great Lakes, and anchored a fleet off New Orleans to close off the Mississippi River to all American travel and commerce.

The Americans made some bold moves on the high seas under the command of Admiral Perry and his scant Navy depleted by President Jefferson in 1803. The British army had its way on land; they burned Washington D. C., then went on a rampage throughout the countryside virtually unchallenged. They went after Baltimore, a more important city than Washington D.C., and pounded the stuffing out of Fort HcHenry before moving on.[1] The English were out to teach their former colonists their proper place, and intimidate them into keeping out of British knickers. If they were quick and decisive, they might retake the west and hold the eastern States hostage for future retribution. It became evident the war was not going to be a ninety day wonder, and England was dangerously exposed to Napoleon's exploits. The Royal Command diverted men and supplies destined for the American invasion for home protection and a major campaign on European soil. Despite all the patriotic prattle, the Americans were let off easy. The English were more than capable of cleaning up on their former colonies, as well as continue their war with Napoleon. Why they didn't is one of those vagaries of history.

There was a decent showing by the American Navy on the Great Lakes and along the coasts of Virginia and Maryland. The famous battle outside New Orleans was fought after the peace treaty was signed. Andrew Jackson and his 10,000 mostly Tennessee sharpshooters in twenty minutes mowed down 2,000 English regulars as they staggered out of a cypress swamp outside of town. Hezekiah's nephew from Kentucky, Elisha, was one of hundreds of American soldiers who died of yellow fever during the Battle of New Orleans.

The United States didn't win the War of 1812; they talked their way out of further hostilities. Peace was signed December 24, 1814, and the Americans were lucky to get out of it when they did. The sensible Henry Clay and prickly John Quincy Adams led our negotiations in neutral Ghent, Belgium. The British were flush with new victories over Napoleon, and arrived at the peace table with high-handed demands, notably the closure of the northwest to Americans. They arrogantly assumed they were victors entitled to dictate all the terms, which they were. The United States was in a tight place. The Americans failed to take Canada; Washington D.C. was burned,

1. Our national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner", was written by a dewy-eyed lawyer, Francis Scott Key, while he and half the terrified town of Baltimore stood across the Potomac River waiting to see if they had to run for it, or if Fort McHenry was going to hold out. "By the dawn's early light, our flag was still there", and they all went home. As a result, we are stuck with a national anthem with a two-octave range nobody can sing, maybe Luciano Pavarotti, to a tune stolen from an English drinking song. But who had copyright laws then?

and the army was dishevelled and short of supplies. The English stationed 18,000 troops at Lake Champlain for an invasion of the United States, and 10,000 troops were ready in Jamaica to invade New Orleans and the west. October of 1814, the United States managed to muster a force at Champlain to make that particular invasion route less attractive, and bought time for the negotiators in Ghent. It was lucky the European war heated up, made new demands on England and weakened their position at the peace table.

The English populace was America's greatest saviour. They held a national election, voiced the opinion they were tired of the past twenty years of war, and ordered the Prime Minister to either resolve the conflict or remove himself from 10 Downing Street. The American negotiation team moved in for the best deal possible, which was for America to cede its unlimited freedom of the seas. Big deal; if war were over, and everyone friends, who was going to stop trade? Great Britain agreed to give up western claims in America, but little more than what they already agreed to after signing the treaty after the Revolutionary War. Ceding their interests in the North American west was a half-baked promise; the English weren't about to quit the fur business. As usual, the English sold out their Indian allies and welshed on promises to restore tribal lands. The result of the War of 1812 between America and England was nobody came away a winner. All was basically as it was before all the bloodshed and destruction. If the United States persisted with the war, or stalled negotiations for peace until Napoleon's defeat, American history would have been significantly altered.

Hezekiah Appelgate's second son, Hezekiah Jr., was a soldier stationed near Lake Ontario during the war. He was a private in Captain Charlton's Company, Colonel Cole's Command, 12th Regiment U.S. Infantry. His records say he enlisted July 28, 1813. He was a joiner by trade (carpenter), and he was born in Wythe County, Virginia (no date). He was 5'10", with hazel eyes, light complexion and dark hair. He died February 2, 1815 in Brownsville, New York (near Sackets Harbor on Lake Ontario). Hezekiah Jr. was a post-treaty casualty, one of hundreds who died when news of the peace treaty took too long to reach the outposts. July 27, 1819, his father, the Reverend Hezekiah Appelgate, Sr., was awarded a pension on the basis of his son's service. The record implied Hezekiah Jr. had no wife or children, or they would have been first in line for his pension. Hezekiah Jr. was listed on the 1810 tax roll of Lee County on his own as a separate head of household. He was taxed for one horse. Reverend Hezekiah's younger sons, Nathaniel (our next distant grandfather), and Samuel fought in the War of 1812, but on a different front. They fought the Creek Indians in Alabama under the command of Andrew "Old Hickory" Jackson.

CHAPTER 8

# THE CREEK

The mountain men of the early 1800's somewhat accurately divided American native cultures into three basic language groups, with hundreds of social and cultural variations. The far western tribes spoke variations of Chinook. Their cultures varied from the northern Aleut walrus-hunters, to the Ohlone clam-diggers of the California coast. The Rocky Mountain and plains tribes were related to the eastern woodlands Iroquois nations. The plains tribes domesticated horses, which escaped from Spanish the Mexican ranchos, and by the mid 1700's, they evolved into a highly mobile horse culture. The southwestern Indians, including the Comanche, Kiowa and Apaches were akin to the Mexican cultures and languages, as were the Seminole, Creek and other tribes of the deep south.

The Creek were more sophisticated than their nomadic northern and western brothers. They were descendants of the early Mississippian culture, noted for massive mound-building similar to the works of the earlier Toltecs and Aztecs of Mexico. Many of the earthen works are thought to be huge burial mounds; some are in the form of giant mythological animals. The mounds are still visible, though best seen from the air due to their extensive sizes and shapes. The Creek had mastery of ceramics, metallurgy and stone sculpture, in the style of the more sophisticated Mexican civilizations, and they developed farming techniques, irrigation systems and planned permanent settlements. They had a system of symbols, an early form of writing, a legal system, a knowledge of astronomy, and a complex social system with tiers of noblemen, prophets, warriors and a working class, including slaves.

The Spanish first encountered the Creek in the early 1500's, and they estimated the population at six and one half million. Within twenty years of exposure to Euro-

pean diseases, captivity and slavery on Spanish plantations, there remained no more than 500,000 Creek. By the late 1700's, there were less than 20,000. Native peoples had no resistance to smallpox, cholera, typhus, syphilis, tuberculous, diptheria or flu. When an epidemic spread to a village, everyone became ill at the same time; few were left standing to care for the sick, and thousands died for need of food or water. The Indians sold into slavery died quickly from the hard work, wretched living conditions and crowding in their slave quarters. The Creek were on the edge of attaining the cultural level of the Aztecs, and they were broken by the same European curses which decimated the Aztec, Toltec and Incan civilizations.

From the early 1500's into the 1600's, the Creek had little contact with Europeans other than a modest trade in deerskins, and the sale of slaves taken from their own and conquered enemy tribes. It wasn't until the late 1600's the southern English plantation owners spread west from the Atlantic coast in search of new lands for tobacco, sugar cane and indigo. The obscure Creek became an English interest, and individual chiefs were approached with all kinds of trade concessions in exchange for slaves and land. Before long, a few English farmers moved onto Creek land without permission, and the terms of the previous agreements became fuzzy. The aggressive intentions of the English settlers and land developers made the Spanish nervous; they formally lodged complaints with the English for intruding on territories Spain claimed by discovery. The clever Creek took note of the whites's weaknesses for land, and they started on a long career of playing a three-man game with Spain against the English, and themselves in the middle. The Creek kept both powers jealously posturing with each other, while the Indians kept their sovereignty intact.

After the French and Indian War, both the French to the west and the Spanish to the south were removed from Creek borders and replaced by the English. The new Proclamation Line along the Allegheny and Appalachian Mountains protected the Creek more than the Ohio Valley tribes, due to the judicious administration of the law by the southern Indian Agent, John Stuart. For years he regulated trade and monitored Creek rights and privileges. The Creek respected the English, and became ardent allies of the Crown; they avidly supported General Cornwallis in his campaign to scourge Georgia and the Carolinas in 1780. After the Revolution, as per the agreement for joining the Americans, Spain was given possession of the Floridas on the southern border of Creek territory, a bit above the present day Florida line on the Atlantic, straight across to the Mississippi River. With Spain back on the map, and the English to the far north and in the Bahamas, the three-man game resumed.

In 1783, the frail twenty-four year old Alexander McGillivray was chosen as a leader by a council of all Creek chiefs. He was the grandson of the French commander of Fort Toulouse, (a few miles north of present Montgomery, Alabama), and his father was Lachlan McGillivray, a Scot trader. His mother and grandmother were both Creek. When he was a boy, his father sent him to Charleston to be educated, and as a teenager McGillivray spent a couple years working in a Savannah counting

house (accountant's office). He was literate, an excellent orator in English and Creek, and he was wealthy. He inherited his father's plantation at Little Tallassie, (a few miles east of Montgomery, Alabama), including twenty black slaves. During the Revolution, the English commissioned young McGillivray as a Colonel and Commissary to the Creek, and he used his position to leverage Creek favors with the Crown. As a Royal Colonel, he organized Creek war parties to ravage rebel settlements in Georgia and South Carolina in support of General Cornwallis's southern campaign of 1780. McGillivray's choice as leader among the Creek was not based on his bravery in battle, nor how many scalps he took in raids. There is no record he actively participated in such activities. McGillivray was not noted for his ability to endure personal pain and hardships; he was no warrior, and his body was weak and sickly. He was only half Creek, lived on a white-style plantation, and was not particularly interested in Creek traditions. He was chosen as chief for his knowledge of white ways, his command of the English language, and mostly for his ability to write. The Creek were sophisticated enough to know their safety could only be preserved by crafty diplomacy, rather than with war paint and tomahawks.

In 1781, the Creek lived in fifty towns; about 5,500 men were warriors. Both Spain to the south and west, and the Americans to the east and north tried to gnaw away at Creek sovereignty, but McGillivray kept a vigilant eye on the two. He worked their territorial greed against each other, and dangled promises of land and threats of war. McGillivray recognized the real challengers to Creek sovereignty, the land speculators from bordering Kentucky, Cumberland and Franklin. He pitted them against the independent settlers, and all against the Federal Government. To make sure he had everyone on the boil, he let on the Creek might do business with the English on the Great Lakes or in the Bahamas. Nobody liked his idea, so Spain and America tried to outdo each other with concessions to keep in McGillivray's good favor. If juggling western powers weren't enough, McGillivray had to keep rival Creek chiefs in line, and steer the often erratic behavior of his neighbors, the Choctaw, Cherokee and Chickamauga. Nobody, Indian or white, knew where they stood with McGillivray. Gradually, everyone figured out they were outsmarted and flimflammed by a smooth horse trader and diplomat. Occasionally, a Governor or Congressman would become irate and make threats, then McGillivray would take out pen and paper and write letters to Congress, newspapers and foreign dignitaries to stir up sympathetic opinions in Creek favor. Publicly, McGillivray was berated as an ignorant, immoral savage with no sense of decency or honor. Privately, there wasn't a diplomat or politician who didn't envy McGillivray's skills and intelligence.

Despite McGillivray's slick diplomacy, the Creek went to war with the United States in 1786 over several blatant encroachments of Creek lands by Georgia land companies. The timing of the war was carefully worked out to coincide with Mohawk Chief Brant's activities to the north. The Creek took the advantage of facing off against diluted militias and army forces. Unlike Brant, McGillivray was not con-

cerned with beating the whites back beyond the old Proclamation Line; his interest was the protection of Creek borders. If whites wished to go west, it was their business as long as they kept to the north and off Creek land. If any other tribe wished to war on the whites, the Creek did not object and wished them good luck.

McGillivray conducted his war as shrewdly as he conducted his business dealings. There were no unorganized raids. He directed carefully worked-out battles within the borders of Creek land, therefore there was no excuse for white outrage of Creek aggression beyond their borders. The whites who crossed into Creek land to fight were made into the aggressors and villains. McGillivray kept to his writing, and informed European powers of American depredations on Creek land. The United States was condemned for its blatant aggression on helpless Indians. England and Spain were more than pleased to formally issue complaints on the Creek's behalf.

McGillivray knew the United States was bankrupt, and could not support their small army. He knew nearby State militias were little more than a joke. He balanced truces and resumption of war very neatly. He exasperated the Americans, and pressured them into granting the concessions he wanted. Spain became alarmed when the Creek prepared for war with America, and they quit sending the Indians arms and supplies. Spain didn't want to be accused of complicity in support of the Creek, get into a touchy conflict with the Americans and lose the Floridas. McGillivray calmly informed the Spanish Governor in St. Augustine the Creek could take their business to the English in the Bahamas. For their consideration, the Creek would be kindly disposed to the old English claim to the lower Mississippi. Spain caved in and continued supplying the Creek, despite threats of war from the United States. The result was a treaty with the United States to insure Creek boundaries, and extremely favorable trade arrangements. The land companies and nearby States came away with nothing. The Spanish Governor in Florida was politically embarrassed, both in the Spanish Court and in the esteem of all of Europe. McGillivray scored a major victory for the Creek, not won in battle, but with the pen, diplomacy and manipulating public opinion.

At the height of their glory, the Creek lost their champion. Alexander McGillivray took ill and died, February 17, 1793, at the age of thirty-four. From the description of his health, it appeared he suffered from tuberculosis. He was the last great Creek chief, and from 1793, the consolidated Creek nation fell to ruins by internal bickering between jealous tribal chiefs. Especially unfortunate was the schism of the Upper Creek clans of northern and central Alabama from the Lower Creek of southern Alabama and western Georgia.

The Lower Creek were more prosperous, due to trade, business and intermarriage with nearby whites. The Upper Creek were isolated, and lived in remote and inaccessible country. They were less prosperous and much more traditional. Jealousies and squabbles broke out, and the nearby whites in Tennessee and the Carolinas became alarmed. An Indian Superintendent, Benjamin Hawkins, was sent by George

Washington to the Lower Creek to organize them in white-style government, educational and religious systems. The appearance of an Indian agent, trading post and subsequent establishment of a reservation meant the end of an indigenous culture, no matter how adept or well-meaning the agent. Hawkins appeared to take his job seriously. He attempted to respect local customs and traditions, but his presence further polarize the Lower Creek from their northern brothers. To deflect white concerns he was not properly westernizing the Creek, Hawkins established an internal judicial system. He appointed select chiefs and wise men to sit as judges, and he organized an internal Creek police force to enforce law and order, ideas already existing within the tribal legal system. Hawkins was lauded by the nearby whites for his new tribal organization, and the critics calmed down.

By 1811, another force gathered along the Ohio River to eject the whites from Indian land along the entire frontier. A dynamic Indian leader, Shawnee Chief Tecumseh, gained support of the diverse northwestern tribes. The timing could not have been worse for the United States. People in the west picked another fight with the English to take away Canada and the northwest. The English took their advantage, and allied with the enraged frontier tribes through their articulate spokesman, Shawnee Chief Tecumseh.

In 1810 and 1811, Tecumseh traveled from tribe to tribe throughout the west to enlist warriors and consolidated loyalties. In the summer of 1811, Tecumseh visited the Upper Creek to urge them to join the tribes of the Ohio Valley in war. He took a band of select warriors home with him to west central Ohio (Scioto) to train them in Shawnee religion and war. Upon returning the next spring, 1812, the warriors, called Red Sticks[1], encountered white settlers in western Tennessee and killed them. The Tennessee Governor demanded Federal protection and retaliation. The United States had no spare men or resources, so the Creek Indian Superintendent was ordered to arrest the guilty Indians. The Creek police force was sent out to round up the Red Sticks, but when they were found, the police killed them instead of bringing them in for trial. The entire Creek nation was appalled; the whites put up Creek warriors to kill their own people. The tribal prophets, especially from the Upper Creek clans, ordered the tribe back to their traditional ways, and to expel the whites, half-breeds, foreign influences and luxuries.

Until the winter of 1812, the prophets and their Red Sticks struck out against their own people, those who refused to discard their white ways. They burned plantations, killed livestock, ambushed white sympathizers, and terrorized the entire territory. The Creek nation was in turmoil, but since the commotion was among themselves, the nearby whites looked on with disinterest. Most people were glad to

1. The French phrase for them was *Baton Rouge*. The State capitol of Louisiana is Baton Rouge.

see Indians killing each other. The summer of 1813, Fort Mims, a fortified plantation in southwestern Alabama was wiped out by the Red Sticks. About 500 people were killed, including several whites. Land companies and settlers were waiting for an excuse to grab Creek land, and they howled for revenge. They figured a decent invasion would net millions of acres of prime black earth land. To stir up more hysteria, a rumor was spread around the Creek had a secret alliance with the British to hand over the south and join Brant to take over the Mississippi River Valley. There was no direct evidence of an alliance, but everyone wanted to believe it.

**1812 - 1815 War in the west.** *The Creek land was roughly the area enclosed by the outline on the map. The last battle was at Horseshoe Bend, about fifty miles north of the bend of the Tallapoosa River. The present site of the city of Montgomery is just below the confluence of the Alabama and Tallapoosa Rivers.*

Late in the summer of 1813, volunteer militias from nearby States were raised. The largest contingency came from Tennessee, with 5,000 mounted men, nineteen companies of Cherokee, who never liked the officious Creek, plus 200 pro-American Lower Creek. The militias were led by none other than major General Andrew Jackson. The combined forces invaded the Creek from the Carolinas and Georgia on

the east, and from Kentucky and Tennessee from the north. The Creek towns of Tallassiehatchee and Talledega (east of present Birmingham, Alabama), were sacked and burned. Five hundred Indians were reported killed. Hillaubee was taken, and sixty Creek were killed. The Creek resisted, but Jackson's forces were too strong. He cut a swath southward, burned villages, crops, and killed livestock in the style of warfare used in the same territory fifty years later by Union General William Tecumseh Sherman.[1]

At winter camp in northern Alabama near the Tennessee River, Jackson found his militia reduced by mutiny, desertion, and the expiration of enlistments. Tennessee and Kentucky men were never well-disposed to taking orders from anyone, and when they were ready to go home, they left without farewells. They joined up for the fair weather turkey shoot, and when winter set in they weren't going to sit around in camp. Jackson withdrew to Fort Strother (near present Gadsden, Alabama), and enlisted 2,000 fresh regulars, militiamen, and 500 Cherokee, who weren't quite finished taking revenge on the Creek.

Jackson led his men out of camp the beginning of March, 1814. He had to wait for the heavy rains to subside, and the trails to become reasonably passable, or only moderately washed out and ankle-deep in mud. It took a month to march to Tohopeka on the Tallapoosa River (about fifty miles north of present Montgomery). Jackson attacked a large Creek war party; the incident was the infamous Battle of Horseshoe Bend. Three thousand, or 15% of the entire Creek population perished. Jackson ordered his forces to scorch-earth all Upper Creek land, and the vengeful Cherokee allies were especially vicious. August of 1814, Jackson dictated the terms of the Treaty of Fort Jackson. All Creek Indians were treated as conquered enemies, with no concessions to the Lower Creek who remained loyal and actively assisted Jackson in the war. The Creek were obliged to surrender, with no compensation, 24,000,000 acres of land in central Alabama and southern Georgia. Land speculators finally had their war and conquest. Before the ink was dry on the treaty, they staked out huge claims on the new government land.

The Treaty of Fort Jackson was the first phase of running the Creek off their land. In 1836, another Indian war broke out, and President Andrew Jackson again sent the army against the Creek. The Creek nation was thrown off their remaining land in Alabama, and marched off to Indian Territory, a chunk of dusty paradise called Oklahoma.[2] Years before, the Indians gave young Jackson the name "Sharp Knife". He lived up to his title. Alexis de Toqueville, in his *Democracy in America*, said Andrew Jackson was reluctant to order the forced deportation of the southeastern Indian population:

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1. Someone needs to find out why Sherman's father named little Willie "Tecumseh".
2. The Creek reservation is due west of Tulsa.

> "that it was tragic, but inevitable since the white civilization that was displacing the Indian was superior in every respect."

Nathaniel and Samuel Appelgate signed on as Privates for six month levies in Rhea County. Samuel signed up for two hitches, one with Captain William McCray's Company, and later with Captain Howerton. Nathaniel was with the 2nd Mounted Gunmen, Tennessee Volunteers under Captain Trimble. He signed on January 20, 1814, and mustered out of the service May 20, 1814. Both Samuel's and Nathaniel's commanding officer was Major General Andrew "Old Hickory" Jackson. According to his service and bounty land files, Nathaniel participated in the Battle of Horseshoe Bend, as well as skirmishes preceding the battle, and destruction of Creek land and property afterwards. He described his service in a letter written in his own hand, and directed his lawyer in Kingston, Rhea County, to collect his army pay due to him, and give it to a third party, Mr. Morgan. The reason for the debt was not stated.[1]

Our distant grandfather, Nathaniel Appelgate, was a middle son of Hezekiah Appelgate and Sarah Britton. He was born May 19, 1792, near Christiansburg in southwestern Montgomery County, Virginia. He had an older half-brother, Aaron, born around 1779, and full brothers Samuel, born 1784, Hezekiah Jr., born about 1789, Thomas, born in 1797, and James in 1804. He had several sisters, Mary, born January 13, 1783, Susannah born in 1799, and another girl born around 1810, but her name was not listed. There were probably more children in the family, but the above were known to survive into adulthood.

The Appelgates remained devout Baptists. Samuel and Nathaniel followed in their father's advocation, and were noted as preachers. No record was found of either Samuel or Nathaniel leading a recognized congregation. Both men were pummeled with scripture from the time they were born, and more than likely they were members of the unique cadre of frontier preachers with no formal training. They knew how to read from the Bible and exhort the sinners with threats of fire and brimstone from the front stoop of their cabin, the apron of a buckboard wagon, or perched on a tree stump waving a Bible. The Appelgates may have been blessed with the Divine Gift, but they didn't let the teaching in the Bible and Christian charity get in their way when they went out to kill Indians and take away their land.

There are existent 1809 tax records for Rhea County, Tennessee, listing Samuel as a property owner. Sometime around 1812 or 1813, Nathaniel moved up the road to Roan County near Kingston, about twenty miles southwest of Knoxville. He was

1. Nathaniel had 121 days service, which equalled $32.25 plus $80.65 for horse expenses. Does that give a clue to military priorities? The Morgans were one of several families who moved in a cluster with the Appelgates from New Jersey to Virginia, Tennessee, Indiana, and Illinois. The last I found of them was Eva Morgan. She married Lewis Appelgate, Nathaniel's oldest son, and they moved to Iowa from Illinois a year or so after Nathaniel.

not on any tax records for the Roane or Rhea Counties, which is not too significant. Early Tennessee records were rather sketchy. Nathaniel married twice in the Roan County; his first wife was Elizabeth Seaton. They were married August 6, 1813, but she died soon after. The next record was Nathaniel's second marriage to Elizabeth Smith, December 1, 1814. Elizabeth Smith was our distant grandmother, and she lived until 1854. Nathaniel remarried in 1855 to a woman twenty-five years his junior, Elizabeth Spiller. (He must have had a fetish for the name Elizabeth.) The Spillers were neighbors of the Appelgates in Virginia, and moved on around 1820 with Nathaniel's father and mother, Hezekiah and Sarah, and his brothers and sisters to Scott County, Indiana. Nathaniel's marriage may have been arranged by Nathaniel's family, or Nathaniel remembered Elizabeth's family from his early days in Virginia. At any rate, Nathaniel traveled from his home in western Illinois to Scott County, Indiana (across the Ohio River from Louisville), to marry Elizabeth Spiller. They had one child together, Ira, born in 1856. Nathaniel died June 21, 1863. Elizabeth Spiller outlived the old coot. She received a $8.00 per month army widow's pension until her death, March 4, 1890.

Young Nathaniel was an adventurous and restless spirit. He was not afraid to uproot his family and keep on the move to new territories. He left Tennessee sometime before 1819, since a record was found of his oldest son, Lewis, born in Indiana 1819.[1] According to the old maps of Tennessee and the Ohio Valley, there weren't many options to migrate north to the Ohio River. From Kingston, or anywhere near Knoxville, Nathaniel had to backtrack northeast to the Cumberland Gap at the southwestern tip of the State of Virginia. He took the Wilderness road, by then passable by wagon, and headed north into central Kentucky (roughly along Kentucky State Route 25E to Corbin, along Highway 75 to London, then to Route 127 to Harrodsburg), and on to Louisville on the Ohio River.

By 1818, there was a mob of Appelgates in and about Louisville; aunts, uncles and first cousins, as well as a cluster of them directly across the Ohio River in Scott and Clark Counties, Indiana. Nathaniel certainly stopped in Louisville, but probably spent little time sight-seeing and visiting. Those were luxuries a family on the move could not afford. It is unknown why Nathaniel decided to settle in Dubois County, Indiana, rather than near his brothers and sisters in Scott County. He may have had bounty land in DuBois County for his service in the Tennessee Rangers. He crossed

1. Lewis was depended upon throughout his life in support of family affairs. He and his family later moved along with his father, and he was often a participant in family land and legal affairs. Lewis looked after Nathaniel's widowed third wife and family. He was esteemed enough for several of his brothers and sisters to name sons after him. His younger brother, William, named his second son Louis (sometimes seen as Lewis), and that Louis named his younger son Louis. William was (my) great great grandfather. William's grandson, Lou, was Frances Appelgate Lucido's favorite brother, and Sally Appelgate McNalley's father.

the Ohio River on one of the several ferries at Louisville, then travelled across Indiana (roughly along Interstate 44), to Hall, north of Chandler and Booneville.[1] The 1820 U.S. Census listed several Hall families near Nathaniel, as well as families of Brittons and Morgans. It was likely the town was founded by an ex-militia officer with a regimental bounty allotment, or a land developer by the name of Hall.

Nathaniel and his family stayed in Indiana until 1835 or 1836. He sold out his farm, packed up his family and moved to Bureau County, Illinois, near Princeton and the Illinois River. Princeton was another New Jersey place name, the home town of several related colonial Appelgates. The first child born in Illinois was William, (my) great-great grandfather. The land records for Bureau County haven't been accessed, so it is unknown how much land Nathaniel bought. In addition to what he bought in 1835 or 1836, he came by another eighty acres in 1851 via the first Bounty Law, passed September 28, 1850 by Congress for the benefit of military veterans of the Revolution, Indian Wars and War of 1812.

Trying to second guess why frontier people moved where they did and why is for the most part a ludicrous guessing game. There were a thousand reasons for moving on, some as simple as for the hell of it. Uprooting a family, and selling out a developed and productive farm was scary business. In those days, nobody packed up the U-Haul and drove the Interstate across the country to a new home. The family had to load all their possessions into a wagon bed the size of a pick up truck; what couldn't be loaded was sold or left behind. The older children were usually in charge of herding the cows and sheep down the trail. If there were too many animals for a child on foot to manage, one of the men would ride herd. Timing was critical; the harvest from the old farm had to be gathered and packed away to feed the family along the trail, plus provide seed for the next year's crop. Travel in the winter was perilous. Winter blizzards, then spring thaws and floods kept most people at home until early summer. There was a narrow window to travel, gauged by available grass along the way to feed the animals on the trip, and to be on site in time to clear a plot and set in a first crop. If there were delays, or the first crops failed, families perished of starvation or the elements. Nathaniel Appelgate left his cozy farm in Indiana, and took his family to northwestern Illinois, not far from present Rock Island. Nathaniel was one of thousands who stampeded west to grab up land recently taken from the Indians via the Blackhawk War.

Chief Blackhawk was a famous Sauk and Fox (Sioux) war chief. He allied with

1. The old towns, forts and place names with Boone in them were not tributes to a distant hero. First of all, Daniel Boone and his family were alive in 1820, and secondly, one or all of them likely founded the places named after them. Boone place names are all over the west, mid-west and Maryland. They were an adventurous family, usually the first people in newly opened territories. Someone needs to look up Boonville, California. I wouldn't be surprised if one of Daniel's descendants had something to do with the old lumber town.

Chief Tecumseh in 1811, and was an avid supporter of the English in the War of 1812. In 1832, he went to war on the intruding whites settlers, but the war was short lived. He was captured, confined at Fort Monroe, Virginia, and finally sent to Iowa to live under the guardianship of his mortal enemies, the Kowkuk tribe. Chief Blackhawk died in 1838; he was seventy-one years old.[1] The Blackhawk War was over by 1833, but it took until 1836 to work out a treaty with the United States. Just after the hostilities ended, settlers stampeded onto Indian land. They figured their illegal claims would eventually become legal. In 1836, the land was surveyed and officially sold for $1.25 an acre. Nathaniel staked out a nice plot in the rolling hills and meadows near the Illinois River.

Another Bounty Law was enacted by Congress March 3, 1855, passed to include veterans of the War of 1846 with Mexico. It expanded land claims to 160 acres. The same year, Nathaniel and his family sold out and moved on to Story County in the new State of Iowa (Statehood as of 1846), near the township of Nevada, due north of the small trading village of Des Moines.[2] No Appelgate let a good opportunity go by; Nathaniel immediately applied for, and received an additional eighty acres of bounty land. Nevada Township was on the main road, later a railroad line between Marshalltown on the Iowa River, and Ames, a few miles north of Des Moines. There were twelve living children born to Nathaniel and Elizabeth Smith, with an age span of thirty one years. There were probably more born to them, but children were not listed by name on the U.S. Census until 1850. By then several of Nathaniel's children were old enough to have their own households, and others may have died young. Nathaniel Appelgate was the last of the Indian fighters and pioneers in our direct family. After Nathaniel, everybody who could left the farm and moved into town to make for themselves more comfortable, but less exciting lives.

Nathaniel and his family were in Iowa during the Civil War. The legal age for the draft was between eighteen and forty-five, and all of Nathaniel's sons were eligible to serve. Lewis was almost too old, born in 1819. James was born in 1830, John in 1833, our distant grandfather, William, in 1836, and Aaron in 1839. There is a healthy list of Appelgates who served both the Union and Confederate armies, mostly from the Ohio Valley States. By 1860, a couple of Nathaniel's brothers, and one or two Indiana Appelgates lived in Iowa. Twenty six Appelgate nephews and first cousins enlisted in the Union Army from Iowa, but not one Appelgate from Story County. All of Nathaniel's sons were married by 1861, and it is likely Story County met its draft quota with single men, the prime candidates for the army. Nonetheless, it is curious not one of Nathaniel's sons was called, nor did any of them volunteer.

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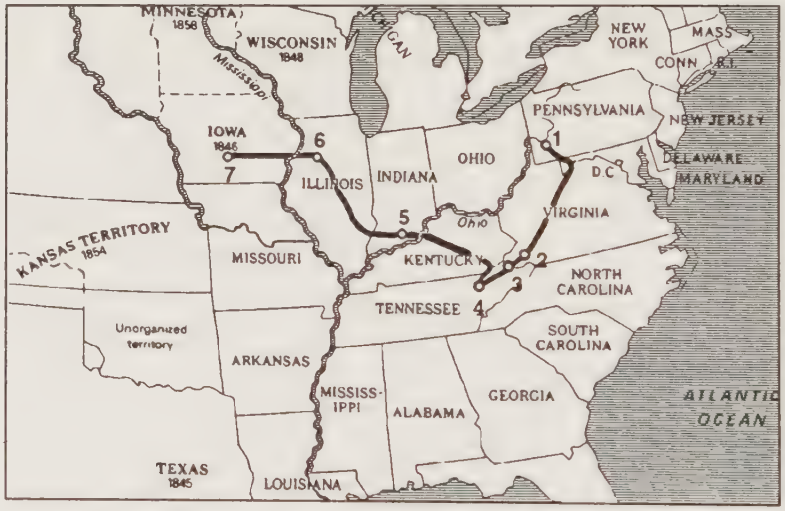
1. Chief Black Hawk's real name was Black Sparrow, or in Sioux Makataineshekiakiah. There will be a spelling test later.

2. Notice on any Iowa map Fort Dodge, about 100 miles north of Des Moines on highway 169. Uncle Sid (John Sidney) was stationed there in World War I.

December 6, 1855, a few months after his father remarried, William married sixteen year old Fannie C. Spiller. If the name sounds familiar, it should. She was William's stepsister by his father's new wife, Elizabeth Spiller. They moved a couple miles down the road from his father's farm near Nevada to Indian Creek. Although Fannie was no blood relative, she was still considered a sister. Their marriage probably caused a scandal. By the following June, 1856, their first child, Albert, was born. William and Fannie had nine living children. A middle child, born 1868, was named Louis, (my) great-grandfather. Louis's oldest daughter, (my) grandmother Frances (born July 11, 1892), was named after her grandmother, Fannie Spiller. (See photos on pages 172 and 186.) On the 1893 Des Moines City Directory, William was a gardener in town, and lived on a plot in the rural part of town. On the 1900 U.S. Census, Fannie and William moved to Highland, Palo Alto County, in northwestern Iowa. Fannie Spiller Appelgate was listed on the 1920 U.S. Census, a widow living in her son's (Louis) household in Des Moines.




**Appelgate migration west:** *1766 Richard arrived in Elizabeth (1), south of Pittsburgh; his son Hezekiah moved on to Christiansburg (2), Virginia, 1782, then on to Thompson Settlement (3), Virginia. His son, Nathaniel, moved to Kingston (4), Tennessee around 1812, then to Hall (5), Indiana in 1818, Princeton (6), Illinois, 1836, and Nevada (7), Iowa, in 1855. Son William stayed nearby in Indian Creek, and his son, Louis, moved a few miles south to Des Moines in 1889.*

William's older brother, John N., was the first to leave the farm in Story County. He was listed on the 1887-88 Des Moines City Directory, and worked as a teamster. He and his family were on the 1880 U.S. Census for Des Moines. By 1889, his nephew, Louis, moved to Des Moines, and worked as a driver for Newell Bros. Other Appelgates appeared on the 1893 Des Moines Directory: Louis's brother, Nathaniel, a driver for C. L. Stivers Co., and two first cousins, Charles and John. Louis married Mary A. Maher in 1889, and all of their children were born in Des Moines. Of seven children born to Mary and Louis Appelgate, only six lived past childhood; John Sidney (Uncle Sid), born January of 1891, Frances (Aunt Fan), born July 11, 1892, William, born December 1893, Mary, born July 1896, Louis (Uncle Lou), born January 1, 1900, and her last, Harold (Uncle Hal), born in 1903.

CHAPTER 9

# *BROKEN HAND*

Generals, kings and diplomats love to draw lines on maps to redefine other people's property. In most instances, the lines have little to do with why people live where they do. The English drew the Proclamation Line of 1763 down the backbone of the Allegheny and Appalachian Mountains; the United States drew a line in 1825 along the Mississippi River and around Arkansas and Missouri Territories. Both Lines were supposedly the edge of civilization, the furthermost edge before entering forbidden territory. In the case of the 1825 Line, the other side was the arid plains and the Rocky Mountains, a large part in possession of the Spanish and Indians. The intention was to populate territory east of the Mississippi River, and sell off government property taken away from the Indians. By 1825, the eastern tribes either migrated further west to get away from the whites, or they were captured and marched off to reservations west of the Mississippi River. The United States Government set up forts to regulate western movement, intimidate outsiders, like English trappers and traders, and to oversee the removal and resettlement of the Eastern Indian tribes.

For almost twenty years, the Mississippi Line worked. The general theory of agriculture was to gauge the fertility of the ground by the size and density of trees on a plot of land. The prairies sprouted little more than bunch grass and wormwood, and everyone thought the land was worthless wasteland. If people had bothered to turn over a few clods of prairie sod, and seen how fertile the dirt was under the grass, they wouldn't have given it to the displaced Indians. They could have cashed in on cheap land twenty years before they finally did, and saved themselves the work of clearing forests and tree stumps in other places.

Like the Proclamation Line, the Mississippi Line was out of date before it was

drawn. Traders and trappers passed back and forth, and settlers moved to the banks of the Mississippi River and beyond. The first wave of Westerners were mostly Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio Valley people; the same crowd first into every other new territory. By 1820, they pushed the northern tribes west into other Indian domains, such as when the Chippewa and Winnebagos were squeezed into Sioux territory, and the southern Shawnee, Creek and Cherokee were pushed into Osage country. The Osage were particularly sour about having new neighbors, and fierce battles erupted. The early 1800's were dismal times for the displaced eastern tribes. Once they were beyond the Mississippi River, government promises of protection and food evaporated, and they were left destitute on the barren plains.[1] In the deep south, some of the Red Stick Creek, along with runaway black slaves, escaped into the heart of Florida to join local tribes to become Seminoles. The U.S. Army tried to capture them, but they disappeared into the cypress thickets of the alligator and malaria infested Everglades of south central Florida. The best the government could do was to loosely cordon off central Florida and proclaim it Seminole land. There wasn't too much incentive to chase them out; nobody wanted the miserable swamps, and the Seminole were impossible to track down in the labyrinths of entangled waterways. The southern Seminole never signed a formal treaty with the United States, and only recently came to an agreement about their ancestral lands. They were not given back Disney World, nor a percentage of the gate at Epcot Center.

In 1818, the United States and Great Britain agreed to the Forty-ninth Parallel for a common boundary. (See page 105.) It was drawn from the Lake of the Woods (northeast Minnesota) to the Rocky Mountains. The Pacific Northwest was neutral territory to both sides pending a future agreement. Spain traded off Florida, February of 1819, for an exclusive claim to Texas. They also ceded their feeble claim to Oregon Territory. Spain was left with Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Nevada and California, with bits of Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado and Wyoming.

By the 1820's, the fur trapping business was extremely profitable in the Pacific Northwest and in the Rocky Mountains. There was hot competition between American trappers and the English Hudson's Bay and Northwest Fur companies. The trappers and traders represented the northern prong of the westward movement towards the Pacific Ocean. The southern prong was southwest through Mexican possessions (Mexican as of a revolution in 1823). The Mexicans made a point of keeping Americans out; whenever caught, the Mexicans either ran the interlopers off, or threw them in one of their infamous prisons.

From the few Texan records accessed, only a couple Kentucky Appelgates ven-

1. The removal of the tribes was under the authority of President Monroe's other famous doctrine, the Indian Line Doctrine. It guaranteed Arkansas Territory to the Indians forever. Arkansas Territory was present day Arkansas, Oklahoma and Kansas - a real garden spot.

tured into Texas after the War with Mexico in the late 1840's,[1] which is rather surprising. The Appelgates were present at the forefront of every other migration movement in U.S. history. Nevertheless, a little has to be mentioned about the southwest, since it influenced movement patterns further north, and opened up to the Americans Alta California and Oregon Territory.

The spring of 1820, Moses Austin and one black slave rode into San Antonio to get permission from the Spaniards to set up a small settlement of 300 people on the Brazos River. Austin made a fortune in lead mines in Missouri, but lost everything in the Panic (Depression) following the War of 1812. He thought he might start over in Texas. Before he was granted permission for his settlement he died. His son, Stephen, took over and brought the first American family to the Brazos River in December of 1821. The terms for residing on Spanish land were the Americans had to renounce their citizenship and become Spaniards, convert to Catholicism, and support the current government, which was in the midst of a twelve year revolution. They also had to look forward to isolation and Comanche Indian raids. It doesn't take much to figure out from where those adventuresome settlers came, nor why they would accept the political and physical hardships. All of the above they had known, coped with, flaunted and ignored for generations; only the latitude and language of the official government were different. There is no need to ask where Texans acquired their slow drawl and fast contempt for Eastern Yankees and bureaucrats. The Mexican Revolution ended April of 1823, and Stephen Austin reapplied with the new Mexican government for sanction.

Texas was a wild area; white and Indian marauders crisscrossed the border into American territory to steal horses, burn out and murder settlers. The Comanche Indians were impossible to approach, much less control, and they went and did as they liked, especially on Mexican and American settlers. The Mexican government was totally ineffectual policing Texas; they hoped the aggressive American settlers would defend themselves, and extend their efforts to chase down the outlaws and Indians. Early in 1821, the Mexicans opened the Santa Fe Trail, and the southwestern door was open. Hundreds of American wetbacks snuck into Texas across the Red River, and took advantage of the new southwestern trail to spread farther west.

There were some colorful characters in early Texan history, especially during another Texan Revolution in 1836. It was incited by several Americans with big ideas about the Halls of Montezuma and unlimited silver riches, if only Mexico were taken. Several influential men lost their lives in the war: Erastus "Deaf" Smith, a rebel leader dubbed *the eyes, but not ears* of the American resistance; James Bowie, a Tennessee man from a wealthy family,

1. One of Nathaniel's nephews, Samuel, entered Texas after 1846. I'm not counting the more recent Appelgates who ventured into Texas in the 1940's.

who was educated, cultured and fluent in both French and Spanish. He was not remembered for his social polish or learning, rather for his curious taste for wrestling alligators, his friendship with the pirate Jean Lafette, and his wicked skill with a large knife, dubbed the Bowie knife. David Crockett was a latecomer to Texas; he died a few months after he arrived. Davy Crockett was another Tennessee man, an ex-member of Congress who flamboyantly entertained the eastern stuffed-shirts in the House of Representatives by showing up for session in a coonskin cap, buckskin clothes, and carried a long rifle.[1] All the above died outside San Antonio at the mission El Alamo.

Perhaps the most notable Texan was the ex-Governor of Tennessee, Sam Houston, often called the George Washington of Texas. He started his life similarly to Nathaniel Appelgate. He was born in the Valley of Virginia in 1793, moved to Tennessee in 1807, and rode with Andrew Jackson against the Creek in 1814 at Horseshoe Bend. Unlike any Appelgate, he lived off and on with the Cherokee, moved to Arkansas Territory with them, studied law, and returned to Tennessee. Under the wing of his mentor, Andrew Jackson, Sam Houston entered politics. He was elected Governor of Tennessee in 1828, but resigned the next year in a scandal over the annulment of his marriage to his first wife. The sordid details were never aired for public consumption. Houston returned to live with the Cherokee in Arkansas, and married a Cherokee woman, Tiana Rogers (Will Roger's grandmother). Andrew Jackson drew Houston back into politics, and stood him for a seat in Congress from Tennessee.

Houston started drinking heavily, and eventually was elected out of office. Shortly after he left office, he got into a fist fight over Indian affairs in the streets of Washington with an Ohio Congressman. Since Houston was an ex-member, he was called up in front of the House of Representatives on trial for assault and battery. Houston was eloquent in his defense, as was his hired attorney, Francis Scott Key, and he received only a gentle reprimand. In the meantime, President Andrew Jackson tried to buy Texas from Mexico. He sent his friend, Houston, south to offer the Mexicans a good price, but Texas was not for sale. The Mexicans instructed Houston to inform Andrew Jackson to mind his own business.

By 1830, there were 4,000 Americans in Austin's colony. In 1835, revolutionary General Antonio López de Santa Anna took over Mexico. His first business was to tighten up Texas, which included the unruly Americans. By 1835, Houston was in the land business as a representative for the unsanctioned Galveston Bay and Texas Land Companies. The Texans didn't care for Santa Anna's anti-American policies and repression; they interfered with business and slowed up new immigration. Texans agitated for help from the United States, but the Federal Government declined.

1. *A Narrative of the Life of David Crockett, Written by Himself* - David Crockett.

Volunteers, mostly from Kentucky and Tennessee, streamed into Texas to aid the settlers, and maybe look around for a plot of their own should the Mexicans back down. Houston wrote up the Texas Constitution November 3, 1835, and declared Texas an autonomous State under the authority of the Mexican Constitution of 1821. Santa Anna was incensed at the audacity of the Americans dictating autonomy under a constitution he personally threw out. Houston mobilized his volunteer forces, and routed the Mexican army from San Antonio. The Mexican army pulled back south of the Rio Grande. The Texans thought they won. Everybody congratulated themselves, disbanded and went back home. March 1, 1836, Texas declared independence from Mexico at Washington-on-the-Brazos, with Sam Houston as Commander in Chief.

Santa Anna mounted up 7,000 soldiers, rode north and retook San Antonio on a punitive campaign to sweep Texas of all Americans. The defenders of San Antonio barricaded themselves outside of town at the Mission El Alamo, and held out for twelve days against Santa Anna's forces. The last Texan military force surrendered to Santa Anna March 20. All partisan Mexicans and 371 American prisoners were lined up and shot. Santa Anna didn't mess around with trials or imprisonment. Santa Anna thought he set an example for the remaining Americans to cower them into obedience. Instead, he fired up ugly sentiments; Houston easily enlisted 1,500 men to go after Santa Anna. At Rio San Jacinto (near the Houston ship canal as it enters Galveston Bay), Houston overtook the Mexican army. He waited under cover until the Mexican army was most vulnerable, siesta time. When the camp was quietly asleep, Houston stormed in. The Mexican army was routed; 600 soldiers were killed, and General Antonio López de Santa Anna was taken prisoner. Houston did some fast talking to keep Santa Anna from being lynched on the spot.

Sam Houston was elected provisional President of the Independent Republic of Texas in 1836. His friend, President Andrew Jackson, did not recognize Texas as a separate republic until the last day of his term in office, when he finally admitted the Ambassador from the Republic of Texas. Jackson wanted Texas to become a territory of the United States, not a separate republic. Jackson left office and dumped the dilemma onto the new President, Martin Van Buren.[1]

Texas was conditionally open for western settlers, but it took until the War of 1846 with Mexico to sort out the southwestern borders, or more accurately, the removal of Mexico to the south side of the Rio Grande and to Baja California.

1. Sam Houston died in 1863. He lived to see Texas enter the Union as a slave State and member of the Southern Confederacy, a situation he bitterly opposed, and cost him the Governorship of Texas. He died embittered over the State he founded.

## Mountain Men

The mountain man era lasted no more than sixteen years, from about 1824 to 1840. During those years, there were hardly more than a total of 2,000 men in the Rocky Mountains, maybe 500 present in a good year. It was estimated 500 men died at the hands of Indians; more were unaccounted for due to grizzly bears, wolves, starvation and freezing. A large percentage of the mountain men were outrageous, irascible and incredibly brave or foolhardy characters, even if 10% of the stories about them were true. They ranged from the Missouri River along the Platte, Yellowstone and Green Rivers to follow unnamed mountain streams and passes in search of mostly beaver. They roamed the Rocky Mountains, north into Canada, south along the Santa Fe Trail into Colorado, and into the far western San Gabriel, Cascades and Sierra Nevada Mountains.[1] The excitement over the western wilderness and mountains started with the publication of diaries and journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. They described the surfeit of beaver, otter, bear and buffalo, and projected the riches to be made in the pelt business in the western mountains.

Almost all of the mountain men were (you guessed it) descendants of the independent Kentucky, Tennessee and Ohio River crowd.[2] The Canadian French and English also were well represented. Hundreds of adventure seekers already moved to the Missouri River area, and waited for an opportunity to head off into the wild new lands. There is a genre of literature surrounding the mountain men and their exploits, and all of it is wonderful reading. Hugh Glass was wounded by the Arikara Indians on the Andrew Henry Expedition to the Yellowstone in 1823. He was mangled by a grizzly bear and left for dead. He crawled and walked out 100 miles to Fort Kiowa (South Dakota), and took off again for the Yellowstone River to get even with the fellows who abandoned him. He caught up with them. Glass roamed all over the Rockies, south to Taos along the Santa Fe Trail, and finally was killed up north by his old nemeses, the Arikara. He logged great distances on foot and horseback, braved wild animals, Indians and the unforgiving mountains. Captain Benjamin Bonneville (as in Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah) quit the military to become an explorer and trader. Other famous explorers and trappers were Robert Stuart, William Sublette, James Bridger, Joseph Walker, Zenas Leonard, William Ashley, Andrew Drips (that really was his name!), Kit Carson and John C. Frémont, the latter a fellow blessed with more luck than brains. All of the above explored and discovered important western routes, and opened up the means for westward migration. The rival Ca-

1. Las Montañas de la Sierra Nevada is Spanish for Snowy Saw Mountains.

2. The early far Westerners were descendants of the first trappers and miners from the Ohio Valley and mid southern States. People west of the Rockies speak with a drawl, rather than a flat, nasal New England clip of the Pacific coast Yankee traders.

nadians were equally active and intrepid, men like Provost, McKenzie and Peter Skene Ogden. (The State of Utah used the Canadians as an excuse for naming a couple cities.)

The mountain men were a unique breed of men, and they probably never fit in as members of civilized communities. The boundless wilderness of the west gave them the freedom to live as they liked without answering to anyone, even if it fetched most of them early deaths.

> "It is a matter of vanity and ambition with them to discard everything that may bear the stamp of civilized life, and to adopt the manners, habits, dress, gesture and even walk of the Indian... His hair, suffered to attain to a great length, and is carefully combed out, and either left to fall carelessly over his shoulders, or plaited neatly and tied up in otter skins, or parti-colored ribands. A hunting-shirt of ruffled calico of bright dyes, or of ornamented leather, fall to his knees; below which curiously fashioned leggins, ornamented with strings, fringes, and a profusion of hawks bells, reaching to a costly pair of moccasons of the finest Indian fabric, richly embroided with beads. A blanket of scarlet, or some other bright color, hangs from his shoulders, and is girt around his waist with a red sash, in which he bestows his pistols, knife, and the stem of his India pipe; preparations either for peace or war. His gun is lavishly decorated with brass tacks and vermilion, and provided with a fringed cover, occasionally of buckskin ornamented here and there with a feather. His horse...is selected for his speed and spirit, and prancing gait, and holds a place in his estimation second only to himself...He is caparisoned in the most dashing and fantastic style; the bridles and crupper are weightily embossed with beads and cockades; and head, mane and tail, are interwoven with abundance of eagles' plumes, which flutter in the wind. To complete his grotesque equipment, the proud animal is bestreaked and bespotted with vermilion, or with white clay, whichever presents the most glaring contrast to his real color. Such is the account given by Captain Bonneville of these rangers of the wilderness, and their appearance at the camp was strikingly characteristic. They came dashing forward at full speed, firing their fusees, and yelling in Indian style. Their dark sunburned faces, and long flowing hair, their leggins, flaps, moccasons, and richly-dyed blankets, and their painted horses gaudily caparisoned, gave them so much the air and appearance of Indians, that it was difficult to persuade one's self that they were white men, and had been brought up in civilized life."[1]

The king of the mountain men was Jedediah Smith, the ultimate trapper, explorer and pathfinder. He crisscrossed the Rockies from Canada to Mexico, and from the Great Plains to California and the Columbia Basin. He covered huge distances, over 25,000 miles in nine years. Like Glass, he survived a grizzly bear attack, endless Indian raids, and walked out of sub-zero blizzards in the mountains. He died at the ripe

1. *The Rocky Mountains* - Washington Irving.

old age of thirty-three at a water hole on the Cimmaron stretch of the Santa Fe trail.[1] The second most important mountain man, explorer, trapper, guide, and later Indian agent was an Irishman. He was called Thomas Fitzpatrick.

Thomas Fitzpatrick was Irish Catholic, born 1799 in County Cavan. His father's given name is unknown, but his mother was Mary Kiernan.[2] He had two brothers, Francis and Patrick, and four sisters, Mary, Katherine, Elizabeth and Bridget.[3] One of Thomas's nieces said the family owned Castle Hamilton, but lost it during Cromwell's time. It was not clear if the niece meant the Kiernans or the Fitzpatricks. Thomas received a fair education before leaving Ireland. He probably attended one of the famous hedge row schools, since Catholics were forbidden an education under the Penal Laws. He left Ireland and came to America at the age of sixteen or seventeen, and drifted west towards the upper Mississippi River, where he learned the fur and trading business. He was described as medium height (5'6" to 5'8"), slender framed, well knit and muscular. He was said to be alert, active, keen-sighted and had "good Irish color in his cheeks".[4]

Fitzpatrick is a very common name in County Cavan today, and probably was in the Eighteenth Century. It will take some Irish research, or an excuse to poke around County Cavan to find Thomas Fitzpatrick's people, and determine if there is a direct connection to the Seattle Fitzpatricks. In the mean time, the name and point of origin caused some interest.

In June of 1823, a trading expedition was put together by William Ashley and Andrew Henry. They set out from St. Louis with 100 men, including Hugh Glass, and later picked up a small army escort. Two young fellows were in the expedition, quartermaster Thomas Fitzpatrick, and a scout, Jedediah Smith. Another member of the party was a teenager, Lindsay Applegate. He ran off from his nearby farming family in Sapling Grove, Missouri, to join the excitement. He lasted only a couple weeks, and returned home due to illness. Lindsay Applegate and two of his brothers, Charles and Jesse, met up with Thomas Fitzpatrick twenty years later.

The expedition headed northwest along the Missouri River towards the Yellowstone River, the Lewis and Clark route, and met with disaster at the hands of the Arakira Indians. The Indians sent the traders and soldiers packing; in effect, the Arakiras closed the Missouri to white men. The Sioux observed from the sidelines, waiting to see what the whites were made of. They were disgusted at the whites's bumbling display of fighting and their ignoble retreat. Ashley's men did not make a

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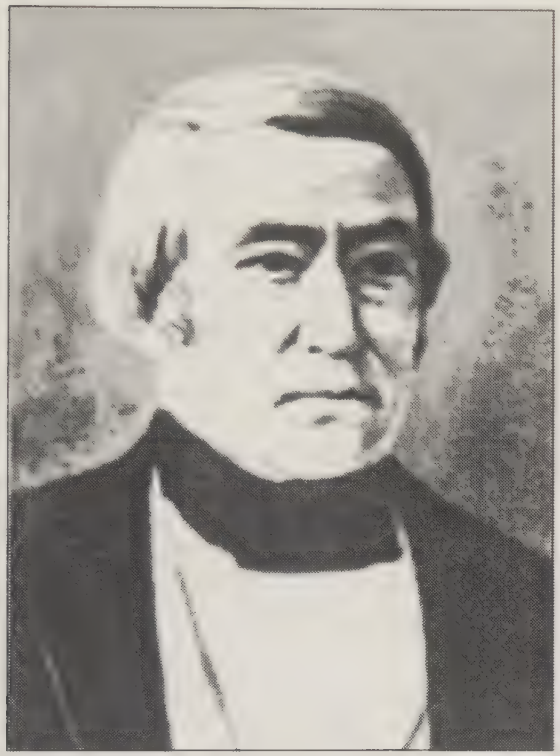
1. *The Travels of Jedediah Smith* - Maurice Sullivan.

2. Elizabeth Merrill's uncle, Frank Fitzpatrick's next younger brother, Patrick, married into the McKiernan family.

3. The relatively rare name of Elizabeth was passed down each generation of our Fitzpatricks. The name may be a faint clue to a family connection to Thomas Fitzpatrick.

4. *Broken Hand* - Leroy Hafen.



**Thomas Fitzpatrick, left, and Frank Fitzpatrick, right.** *The picture of Thomas was taken between 1851 and 1854 when he was in his early fifties. The picture of Frank was taken in the 1920's, also in his early fifties.I stared at the two faces, disregarded Frank's moustache and glasses, then compared foreheads, brow lines, eyes, cheeks, smile lines, and chins. I see a resemblance, but then I'm too close to this project. They are two interesting Irish faces even if there is no connection.*

healthy impression, and it cost lives later on. The expedition retreated to Fort Kiowa (Chamberlain, South Dakota) for the winter, then set out in spring overland to avoid the Arakira. They crossed over the Continental Divide, and arrived on the Green River in western Wyoming. The expedition took a trail south of Lewis and Clark's old trail. The route was blazed by Thomas Fitzpatrick, the future funnel through the Rocky Mountains called the South Pass of the Emigrant Trail. The Green River in western Wyoming was virtually untouched; there was more beaver than anyone could imagine. The expedition was a success, and the trappers returned early October of 1824 to St. Louis to cash in their beaver skins for great profit.

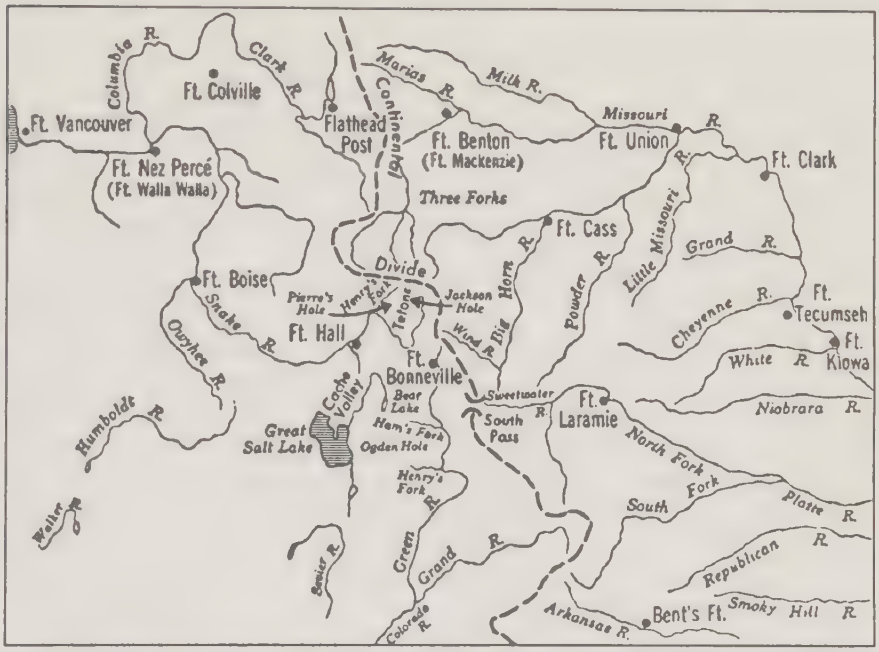
October 21, Jedediah Smith and Thomas Fitzpatrick were off again, still working for Ashley's fur company. They traveled roughly where the Overland Stagecoach road passed in the early 1860's (along the Platte River to Fort Laramie, along U.S.

Route 220 to Rawlins, Wyoming, then roughly along Interstate 80 east of Salt Lake City, Utah). Upon arrival on the Green River in the Wind River Range of the Rockies, Fitzpatrick's men clashed with English trappers led by Peter Skene Ogden of The Honorable Company, Hudson's Bay. Both expeditions claimed they were working territory belonging to their own respective countries. If anyone bothered to look at a map, they were both in Utah, and it belonged to Spain. The confrontation was mostly sabre-rattling, a few fist fights, spying on each other's secret hunting grounds, and sporadic sabotage of beaver traps. Competition between the American and English trapping companies was hot, and having an English-hating Irishman in command of the American trappers was not conducive to compromise.

Fitzpatrick's boss, Ashley, organized the first mountain man rendezvous in the Rockies. He figured he would make a fortune trading for pelts on site, rather than wait for the trappers to pack out of the mountains and journey east to St. Louis, where they could bargain with competing buyers. Ashley made a clever move. At a rendezvous, a sharp trader could get beaver skins for pennies on the dollar, not only from his own trappers, but from anyone else who cared to come and trade: independents, English or Indians. Fitzpatrick attended the first rendezvous, June of 1825, on the Green River at Henry's Fork (on the Wyoming/Utah border, east of present day Fleming Gorge Reservoir).

> "The hunting season was over, all past tricks and maneuvers forgotten, all feuds and bickerings buried in oblivion. From the middle of June to the middle of September, all trapping is suspended; for the beavers are then shedding their furs and their skins are of little value. This, then, is the trapper's holiday, when he is all for fun and frolic, and ready for a saturnalia among the mountains... The leaders of the different companies...mingled on terms of perfect good fellowship; interchanging visits, and regaling each other in the best style their respective camps afforded...the 'chivalry' of the various encampments engaged in contests of skill at running, jumping, wrestling, shooting with the rifle, and running horses... They drank together, they sang, they laughed, they whooped; they tried to out-brag and out-lie each other in stories of their adventures and achievements... The presence of the Shoshonie tribe contributed occasionally to temporary jealousy and feuds. The Shoshonie beauties became objects of rivalry among the more amorous mountaineers... The caravans of supplies arrived at the valley just at this period of gallantry and good fellowship. Now commenced a scene of eager competition and wild prodigality at the different encampments. Bales were hastily ripped open, and their motley contents poured forth. A mania for purchasing spread itself throughout the several bands - munitions for war, for hunting, for gallantry, were seized upon with equal avidity - rifles, hunting knives, traps, scarlet cloth, red blankets, garish beads, and glittering trinkets, were bought at any price, and scores run up without any thought how they were ever to be rubbed off... For a free mountaineer to pause at a paltry consideration of dollars and cents, in the attainment of any object that might strike his fancy, would stamp him with the mark of the beast in the estima-

tion of his comrades...Now seceded another outbreak of revelry and extravagance. The trappers were newly fitted out and arrayed, and dashed about with the horses caparisoned in Indian style. The Shoshonie beauties also flaunted about in all the colors of the rainbow. Every freak of prodigality was indulged to its fullest extent, and in a little while most of the trappers, having squandered away all their wages... were ready for another hard campaign in the wilderness."[1]




**Fur trading posts and rendezvous sites 1825 - 1840:** *The Rendezvous was held between June and September. Trapping was slow in the summer, since the animal hides were not of the best quality due to their thin summer coats, so everyone was available for a holiday. The Rendezvous was a combination carnival and shopping spree at an outdoor Rocky Mountain shopping mall.*

The rendezvous was not without its downsides. Arguments sometimes broke out between rivals, almost always in the presence of alcohol liberally provided by the fur companies to put the trappers in the mood for buying and selling. Occasionally the fights ended in bloodshed.

"It has always been the custom of the American Fur Company, to supply the persons in its employment, once a year, with a large amount of this pernicious stimulant; induced thereto, no doubt, by a knowledge that in the thoughtless and extravagant exhilaration, many of their best and most industrious trappers are led to squander away in a few short days the hard earned wages of whole years of almost incessant labor, danger and privation. It was really pitiable to see some of these poor fellows on recovering from a paroxysm of frantic and self-induced

1. *Three Years in the Rocky Mountains* - David L. Brown.

> madness, in which they had spent everything coming to them on the books of the company, - to the amount very often of several hundred dollars, - and on the possession of which they perhaps had built their calculations of retiring from this wild and hazardous life, to the peaceful occupations of civilized society. In thus encouraging and furnishing the means of intoxication, it is not going too far to say, that many of these men have felt themselves defrauded and cheated out of their money by the company, whose interest it was to keep them in the country, and which is especially anxious to retain in its service, all such as are due a large sum, as the risk of life is very great - from the hand of villainous Indians - and from a thousand unforeseen casualties that threaten the hunter on every side. In case of death the Company becomes executor to the deceased, and in general they appear to have been poorly rewarded for their trouble and exertions. I know not how it is, but every man who has died in that country for the last twenty years, died in its debt, and many persons who the day and the hour preceding their death, were thought to have a large sum due them on the books of the Company, have yet been found, incredible as it may appear, to have not only worth nothing, but a few dollars less than even *that*."[1]

October of 1825, Jedediah Smith was taken in as a partner with Ashley and Henry. Smith rode east to St. Louis to pick up supplies, and planed to return to the mountains in the spring. Fitzpatrick stayed in the mountains throughout the winter to trap. The spring of 1826, Ashley sold out to Jedediah Smith, David Jackson (of Jackson Hole fame), and William Sublette. Thomas Fitzpatrick stayed with the new partnership, and served as a trapper and clerk in Blackfoot, Crow and Flathead Indian country until 1830 (northwestern Montana into Idaho). The Blackfeet and Crow were notoriously hostile, but the Crow had a stellar reputation, even among fellow Indians, as master horse thieves. There are several harrowing accounts of mountain men relieved of their horses and mules, and obliged to walk long distances out of the mountains, braving freezing weather, grizzly bears, wolves and more marauding Indians. Thomas Fitzpatrick made one of several escapes on foot in the mid 1830's. English trappers put up the Crow to waylay Thomas. He escaped the ambush with his life, but not with his horses and supplies. His 200 mile trek out of the wilderness without food or weapons left him little more than a walking skeleton near starvation and exhaustion, and his hair turned white. Some Indians started calling him White Hair, but Thomas Fitzpatrick was more widely known as Broken Hand.

In another incident, along the Green River, Thomas was chased by a Shoshone raiding party. He was forced to ride down an embankment to ford the river. His exhausted horse collapsed on the far bank, and Fitzpatrick was on foot. He reached to free his rifle from its scabbard on the downed horse, and pulled it out by the barrel.

1. Ibid.

The rifle discharged, and the ball shattered Fitzpatrick's hand. He managed to shoot down a couple pursuing Indians, escaped on foot, and made it out to a trapper encampment some days later. Along the way, he nursed his hand as best he could, dug for roots, ate raw meat from an antelope carcass a grizzly bear had half-eaten, and dodged pursuing raiding parties. He never had the use of his hand again.

In 1830, Smith, Jackson and Sublette sold out to Thomas Fitzpatrick, James Bridger, Milton Sublette (William's little brother), Henry Fraeb and Jean Baptiste Gervais. The new partners called their venture the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. According to accounts of the day, "the brains of the firm was Thomas Fitzpatrick, and to a lesser extent Milton Sublette."[1] Jedediah Smith and his partners saw fur profits ebbing away, especially with competition from John J. Astor's American Fur Company, and from the consolidated Hudson's Bay Company from Canada. The English ordered the Northwest Fur Company to merge with Hudson's Bay to present a strong front against the American fur interests. Fitzpatrick figured his vast experience in the mountains would give him a few more years of profitable trapping.

In April of 1831, Thomas Fitzpatrick packed out of the mountains to arrange for supplies at Lexington, about forty miles east of Independence, Missouri, but discovered his suppliers sold his goods to a Santa Fe expedition. Thomas had to negotiate with the Santa Fe merchants; the terms were he accompany the caravan to Santa Fe and collect his goods there. Fitzpatrick's roundabout way back to the mountains made him late for the rendezvous, but he had no choice. Leading the twenty three wagon caravan to Santa Fe was an old friend, Jedediah Smith. On the Cimmaron leg of the trail, Smith rode ahead to scout a water hole, and was ambushed and killed by a band of Comanche Indians. Several newspaper accounts referred to the tragic death of "Old Man Jedediah Smith". He was thirty three years old, which was old for a mountain man of his experience. At Taos, New Mexico, Fitzpatrick gathered up his trade goods and headed north. He took along a few men who wanted to join the trappers, one was a bandilegged, greenhorn teenager called Christopher (Kit) Carson.

There were few armed confrontations between Indian tribes and mountain men. There were sporadic raids and thievery upon lone trappers and small isolated groups, but for the most part, they left each other alone. The traders and trappers prided themselves on their ability to stay alive by avoiding trouble and compromising differences, especially since they depended on passage through Indian territory to trap. The Indians also sought compromise; they relied on trade goods in exchange for the fur they trapped. The Blackfeet were generally avoided; they were not readily appeased by anyone, and only the bravest trappers ventured into their territory. Only once did Indians go after a rendezvous gathering of mountain men, July of 1832 at

1. *Jedediah Smith and the Opening of the West* - Dale Morgan.

Pierre's Hole (west of present Teton National Park, Wyoming).[1] Thomas Fitzpatrick personally led the mountain men to defeat the Blackfoot and Grosventres war party.

By the mid 1830's, the beaver population of the west was decimated, and competition for the remaining fur became fierce. Astor's American Fur Company and Hudson's Bay Company undercut the Rocky Mountain Fur Company for prices on pelts. They had deeper pockets than Fitzpatrick, and could afford to bankroll losses to continue outfitting expeditions. As profits evaporated, Thomas Fitzpatrick's company slowly slid into the hands of Missouri suppliers. In 1836, Fitzpatrick sold the Rocky Mountain Fur Company to John J. Astor.

Thomas Fitzpatrick didn't sit around in St. Louis or take up farming. Like many other unemployed mountain men, he became a western guide. He continued to lead trade caravans into the mountains until the Panic of 1837, then dropped out of sight. He appeared briefly on a trade expedition in 1839, and was unheard of again until 1841. The last mountain rendezvous was the summer of 1840, and Thomas Fitzpatrick did not attended.

In 1835 and 1836, Thomas Fitzpatrick led two Oregon-bound missionary groups, the ill-fated Whitman and Parker families. They signed on in Fitzpatrick's wake; his other business allowed him to take on side jobs as long as other people were going his way. The missionaries traveled by pack mule and a two-wheeled wagon. Thomas took them by what came to be called the Oregon Trail.[2] At Fort Hall (a Hudson's Bay establishment since 1837), Fitzpatrick's job was done with the pilgrims; they were in Oregon Territory. Getting down the Snake River and west along the Columbia River was up to them.

The earliest American settlers in Oregon were Methodist missionaries.The Flathead Indians heard of the white men's god from a far ranging Iroquios, and requested a Black Robe (Jesuit) to teach them.[3]A trapper took representative Flathead warriors back to Missouri to find a Black Robe, but Missouri was hardly a Jesuit stronghold. An avid Methodist, Jason Lee, wanted the job. He decided to set up his mission in the Willameth Valley of Oregon before the Catholics got a foothold with the western tribes. Word got to the Jesuits in Canada, and within a year Thomas Fitzpatrick guid-

1. The term Hole, as in Jackson's Hole and Pierre's Hole, refers to a grassy valley in the rugged mountains, a place to camp, graze pack animals and hunt buffalo or elk. Those places may have appeared as green holes in the midst of the snow, ice and boulders.

2. Take a look at a modern map and run your finger along the south side of the Platte River to present day Casper, Wyoming, then along Route 220 past Independence Rock over to Jeffrey City through the South Pass. From there they traveled west near Route 28, across to Interstate 80 at Lyman, Wyoming, where they headed northwest to the bend in Highway 30 at Bear Lake. From there they went past Soda Springs, Idaho, and Fort Hall on the Snake River above Pocatello. The above highways and towns didn't exist in 1836, and the trail was little more than a deer path through the mountains, canyons and across barren stretches.

ed Father Pierre Jean De Smet out to the Flatheads. Thomas generally had a dim view of missionaries, at least the theology end of their business. In some cases, the missionaries had a dim view of Thomas for his Deist attitudes, his permissiveness towards Indian customs, and for his association with the immoral mountain men, who bought and sold Indian wives as they did their horses, drank whisky, and other unspeakable carousing. The Protestant missionaries were especially suspicious of Thomas's Irish Catholic background. Fitzpatrick wrote of the missionaries:

> "Although I disapprove much of the conduct of the missionaries, yet I believe that their introduction amongst these tribes at this time would have very beneficial and satisfactory results - not at all in a religious point of view, but the improvement of their physical condition, which together with their morals ought to be the first thing a missionary undertakes... But instead the missionary begins at the very place where he ought to give the last touch; nearly the first thing the missionary performs is to baptize the subject. The Indian, thinking the ceremony some great 'medicine' which will render him invulnerable or produce some good luck, will submit to the ceremony with a good grace until he finds that those who have passed through all the ceremonies of religion have no better luck in hunting and war than they had before, and comes to the conclusion that the white man's 'medicine' is not so strong as his own and therefore loses all faith in it."[1]

A compatriot of Fitzpatrick's, James Bridger, also had a wry view of missionaries, especially those who set out into the wilderness with the stupidity of relying on the protection of Divine Providence and a Bible. In reply to a missionary's foolish and fantastic dogmas, he answered:

> "Sir", replied the old hunter, slapping his right hand heavily on the breach of his rifle, "the grace of God won't carry a man through these prairies! It takes powder and ball."[2]

Father De Smet's reports to his superiors were collected in a book called *Oregon Missions and Travels Over the Rocky Mountains in 1845-46.* It is a thoughtful de-

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3. Their foreheads were flattened from a board strapped across their heads as babies. A flat forehead was a sign of beauty. The Nez Percé once pierced their noses for rings, and the Pend d'Orielle (Hanging Lobes) had extended earlobes from wearing heavy pendants. I haven't found what inspired the French for naming the Grosventres (Fat Bellies), nor for the name given to the Black Feet (Pieds Noir), which probably had less to do with personal hygiene than a preference for dark moccasins or black dye. Someone might look those up.

1. This was part of a report written by Fitzpatrick September of 1847 to the Indian Bureau in Washington DC. The National Archives has Indian Agency and Bureau reports and correspondences on microfilm.

2. *Three Years in the Rocky Mountains* - David L. Brown

scription of the western tribes, the American and Canadian Rockies, as well as the Cascades and Oregon Territory. De Smet spent a great deal of time traveling among the Indians virtually unescorted, and he managed to come away with his hair. He elicited respect among the tribes, mostly for his attitude of accepting them as human beings first, and future Christians second. His letters described his vigorous activity baptizing Indians wherever he traveled, but most of his converts were children and the very old. He was pleased most the Indians he met wanted Rosary beads. In his zeal to convert the Indians, the good Father may have missed the point; the beads were valued for decoration more than a conduit of the faithful, and the baptism of the young and old was more of a test of the white men's Great Spirit on the less important members of the tribe. Nevertheless, the Jesuits set up several missions, and small communities of Indians surrounded them and were duly Christianized.

May 9, 1841, John Bidwell and John Bartleson, subsequent critics of Fitzpatrick, formed the Western Emigration Society at Sapling Grove, Missouri (west of Independence). They advertized for emigrants to join them for Oregon Territory, and searched for a competent guide, which happened to be Thomas Fitzpatrick. He was passing through with a party led by Fr. Pierre Jean De Smet, returning to his mission with the Flathead Indians in Idaho. Captain Fitzpatrick took command of thirteen wagons, five two-wheeled carts, a herd of livestock and his missionary charges. In Kansas, a couple more wagons joined up, making a total of eighty people on the trip. He led the expedition along the Oregon Trail to Soda Springs (Idaho), where the party divided. Half veered south to the Humbolt River (Nevada). They crossed the desert of the Great Basin to the Truckee River, and crossed the Sierra Nevada Mountains to Agust Johann Sutter's fort and hacienda in Alta California. Fr. De Smet and Fitzpatrick went on to Fort Hall with the remainder of the Bidwell party, where a delegation of Flathead met Fr. De Smet. The Bidwell group was on its own for the rest of their trip, and Thomas Fitzpatrick returned via the Green River to Fort Laramie with a load of buffalo robes.

July 3, 1842, another emigrant train formed up and needed a guide. There were 110 people, including a new clutch of missionaries, eighteen wagons and a herd of cattle. They offered Thomas the grand salary of $250 to take them to Fort Hall. Thomas earned his pay. At one point, the Sioux were going to attack the wagons in revenge of a previous white hunting party killing some of their people. Broken Hand's reputation as a fair and honest man, his experience with Indian etiquette, tact, and his show of bravery compromised the Sioux. The wagons were allowed to pass on to Fort Hall. Nobody was exempt from independent raids. On his return east, Fitzpatrick was jumped in camp and robbed by a band of Pawnee.

Just for the record, there was never an all-out Indian attack on a wagon train in the entire history of western migration. Stragglers and loners were robbed or killed, and horses and unattended baggage were stolen. There was never a pitched battle, so wonderfully portrayed in motion pictures, with the wagons arranged in a circle and

a hoard of howling Indians circling on horseback, firing their rifles and flaming arrows into the wagons.[1] First of all, no Indian would attack in such an exposed position, and secondly, if they couldn't trade for what they wanted, they were more adept picking off stray travelers and stealing unattended baggage and animals staked out for the night. The wagons were pulled into a circle at night to corral the animals and cargo more than for Indian protection. If this bit of western trivia were widely advertized, John Wayne would have remained a bit-part actor.

1843 was known as the Great Emigration for the 400 plus people, 120 wagons and 2,000 head of cattle milling around Independence and Kansas Landing (Kansas City) waiting to pick up a convoy to Oregon Territory. Also at Kansas Landing was John C. Frémont. He was ordered to assemble an official expedition to supposedly map and survey new passages west. Unofficially, he was ordered to make claim to all he could get away with, or what the Mexicans didn't know about. He heard of Thomas Fitzpatrick from one of his former guides, Kit Carson, and hired Fitzpatrick at Kansas Landing. While waiting to assemble supplies and pack animals, the Frémont party had time to mingle with the Oregon-bound travelers. Leading the Oregon train was an old trapper friend of Thomas Fitzpatrick's, John Gantt, and it was certain Fitzpatrick visited the group. Among those waiting to leave for Oregon Territory were three brothers and their families: Lindsay, Charles and Jesse Applegate.[2] If Fitzpatrick and the Applegates did not meet at Kansas Landing, they did some

1. While watching those exciting scenes, did anyone try to pick out the Indians equipped with Bic lighters and kerosene-soaked cotton wadding on their arrows so they could come up with flaming arrows at full gallop?

2. Their oldest brother, Lisbon, a merchant in Sapling Grove, Missouri, declined to join his younger brothers. They left their farms in his care to sell while they moved on to Oregon Territory. According to the Douglas County Historical Society (Oregon), the brothers lost track of Lisbon. However, on Interstate 80, just east of the city of Auburn, is the town of Applegate. When I queried the Placer County Historical Society, they replied the town was originally called Lisbon, after Lisbon Applegate. He came to California from Missouri in 1849 to look for gold, then took up farming and raised fruit trees. In the 1860's, the town of Lisbon moved down the road a couple miles and was renamed Applegate. On the 1850 U.S. Census, Lisbon, and his sons, George and John, were in Peru, El Dorado County. Lisbon had no occupation listed, but he was worth $8,000, a healthy poke for those days. His son, George, was a merchant worth $300, and John was a miner worth nothing. Sometime in the early 1860's, Lisbon dropped out of sight, but his son, George, remained in Applegate as a rancher. He served in 1858 as Placer County Treasurer. On State Highway 120, between Lockford and Jackson before the Greenstone winery, is an old cattle spread called the Applegate Ranch. I have yet to contact the Amador County Historical people, but the ranch may be a link to Lisbon after he left Applegate. Our connection to the above Applegates is in the early 1700's with Richard of New Jersey (later of Kentucky), but if you notice the photos on page 149 of young Uncle Hal of Iowa, and the elder Lindsay of Oregon, there is an uncanny resemblance.

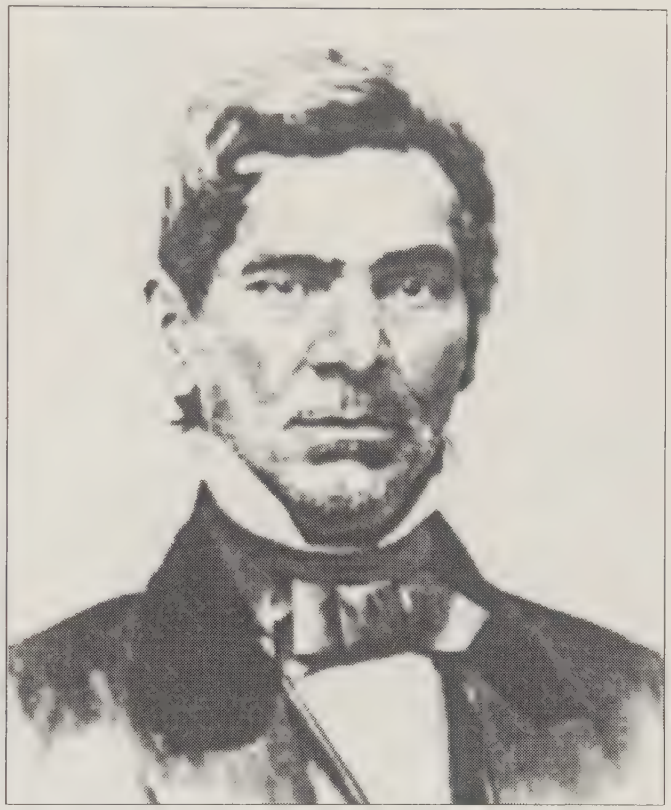
months later at Soda Springs near Fort Hall, Idaho. Both the Frémont and Oregon parties met up and camped together for several days to rest and refit. They passed back and forth to share meals, campfires, and traded with each other and the Shoshone Indians who joined them at camp.

The wagon train was the largest to leave for Oregon to date. It was touted as the first to take wagons clear into Oregon. Everyone else sold or trade their wagons at Fort Hall, then walked into Oregon and herded their pack animals. The new settlers didn't go all the way to Fort Vancouver by wagon, only to Fort Walla Walla (the State of Washington now, Oregon Territory then). Some settlers built rafts and rowed down the Columbia River, while the others walked and marched pack animals along the rim. The next year, several of the men returned to Fort Walla Walla to collect their wagons and herds left in the keeping of the Hudson's Bay Company. Needless to say, not all their property was recovered.

Some weeks after leaving Missouri, the long column of wagons split to facilitate management and allow for the faster pace of people with few livestock to tend, or only one wagon. Those with several wagons and large herds of cattle formed the slower column, called the Cow Column. Jesse Applegate had the largest herd and three wagons. Since his brothers also had herds, they rode together. Jesse Applegate was outspoken and a natural leader, so he was elected leader of the Cow Column.[1]

The Frémont expedition left Kansas Landing with thirty nine men. Thomas Fitzpatrick was guide, quartermaster, and commander when the column split into two expeditions. The column rejoin at Pueblo (Colorado), where Kit Carson joined the group. The entire force turned north to Hudson's Bay Fort Hall to rest and resupply. Thomas Fitzpatrick didn't mind voicing his opinions whenever he was obliged to deal with British trappers, trading companies and their forts. Fitzpatrick was an avid follower of Andrew Jackson. He believed it was the destiny of the United States to control and occupy the west clear to the Pacific Ocean. It rankled him when ev-

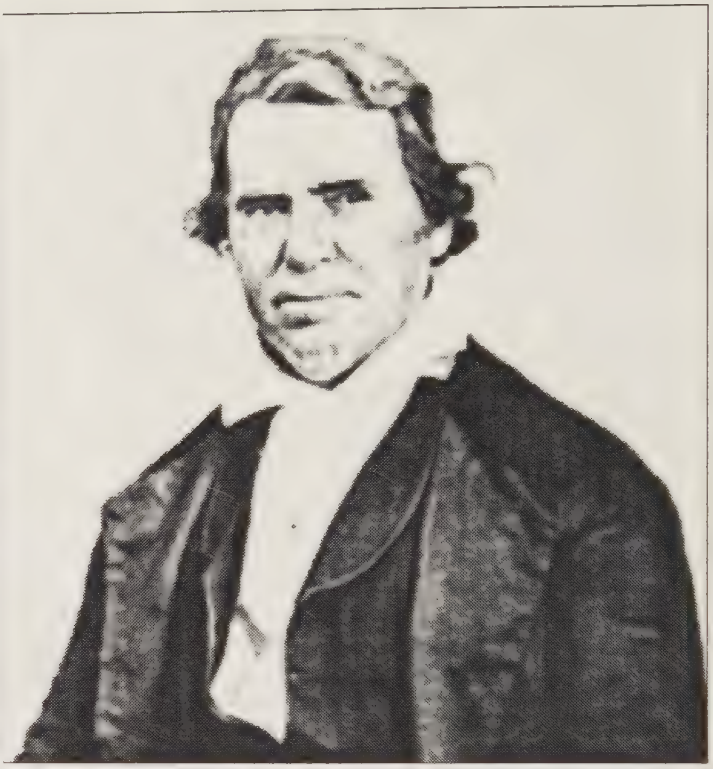
1. *Day With the Cow Column* - Jesse A. Applegate. The author, Jesse Applegate, was the above Jesse Applegate's nephew. This book is a wonderful insight into the workings and trials of a wagon train. The older Jesse was one of the founders of Oregon Territory, a framer of their State Constitution, a Territorial delegate, and a man active in early Oregon politics. He was one of the early promoters of settlement in southern Oregon. His two brothers also settled southern Oregon, but were not so outspoken, or such risk-takers with their lands and money. Lindsay bought the toll road over the Siskiyou Mountains, roughly where Highway 5 cuts through at Mount Ashland, and took off for the year of 1849 to pan gold in California. Applegate place names are all over southern Oregon: Applegate Valley, Applegate River, Mount Applegate at Crater Lake, and Applegate Trail, which the three brothers blazed in 1846 from Fort Hall, past Goose Lake, behind Mount Shasta, across to Klamath into southern Oregon, and roughly along what is now Highway 5 north to Corvalis. I can't Imagine dragging a wagon through the gorges at Grants Pass and Canyonville. A good account of the Oregon cousins is *Skookum* by Shannon Applegate.



**Harold Appelgate on the left, and Lindsay Applegate on the right:** *The picture of Hal was taken around 1920, which would have made him seventeen years old. Lindsay's picture was taken around 1870. He would have been in his early sixties. Despite the age difference, there is an uncanny resemblance between the two men. Their common ancestor lived in the late Eighteenth Century. Lindsay's picture is by the courtesy of the Douglas County Museum, Roseburg, Oregon.*

eryone going west had to deal with Hudson's Bay posts. The British tried everything short of a gunfight to discourage American trappers and emigrants. They gave misleading information of the routes west, or said they were impassable, and gave false reports of the Indians to make them out more fierce than they were. The English posts traded and sold the worst broken-down horses, mules and second-rate supplies, which infuriated Thomas Fitzpatrick. He was acquainted with the routes and Indians, and he knew the Hudson's Bay forts were squirreling away the best supplies. When the Frémont expedition showed up at Fort Hall, they were not received very graciously, mostly due to their guide, Thomas Fitzpatrick.[1]

The expedition continued down the Snake River to the Columbia, ran the rapids



**Louis Appelgate on the left, Charlie Applegate on the right:** *Louis was photographed in 1921, which made him twenty-one years old. Charlie was Linsay's younger brother. The photo was taken the same time as Linsay's, and Charlie was in his late fifties. Charlies and Lindsay were large men, well over 6' tall, and Charlie was over 200 pounds. He had a fondness for his homemade applejack, and died of liver failure.*

to the Dalles[1], and arrived at Fort Vancouver across the Columbia River from what was to become Portland. Frémont landed, paid his respects to John McLoughlin, and

1. An exception to Thomas's destain was John McLoughlin. He was a trained physician, and in charge of Hudson's Bay post at Fort Vancouver from 1824 to 1846. McLoughlin was known for his humanity and kindness. He graciously housed, fed and refit exhausted settlers and trappers with no discrimination of their national origin or religion. He was reprimanded by the Company for abetting American settlers and jeopardizing English interests in the northwest. He resigned in disgust, moved to Oregon City, south of the Columbia River, and became an American citizen. John McLouglin died in Oregon City September 7, 1857.

1. From the French word Dalles, or troughs, a particularly rocky, narrow and dangerous part of the Columbia River about seventy five miles east of present Portland.

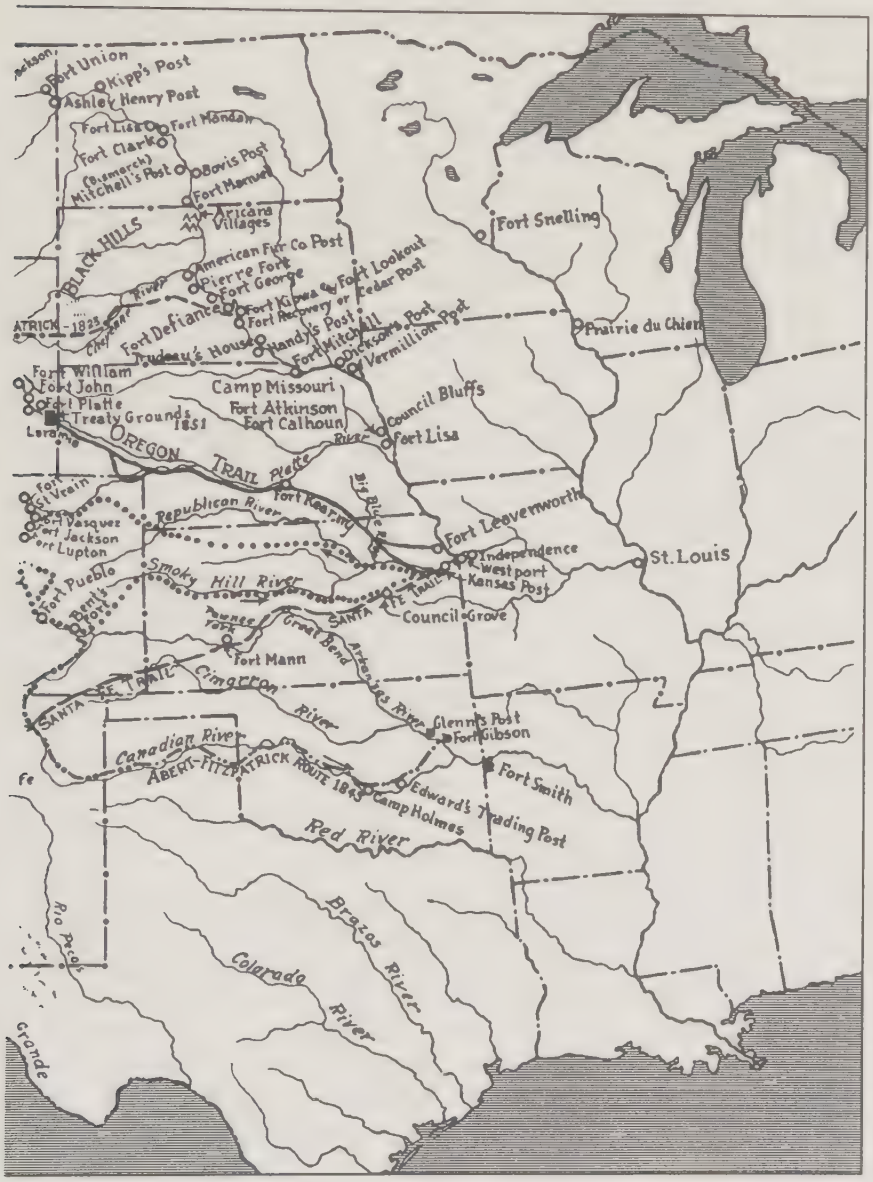
after enjoying the good doctor's hospitality, proceeded south into the Willamette Valley. The party met a few American missionaries from previous expeditions led by Fitzpatrick. Fitzpatrick and Kit Carson took the expedition through the pass below Mt. Hood, and south along the backside of the Cascade Mountains (eastern Oregon). They crossed into northwestern Nevada, and stopped at Pyramid Lake. They rode along the Carson River on the east side of present day Virginia City (behind present Carson City) to the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the entrance to Carson Pass (named after...). Frémont took inventory of his supplies and assessed the condition of their worn mules and horses. He decided to change his original plan to return east across the Great Basin, and ordered his team to cross the mountains to Agust Johann Sutter's fort on the Buenaventura River (Sacramento River).[1] The date was February 2, the coldest and stormiest part of the winter in the Sierras. The Indians who accompanied Frémont as guides wrapped themselves in their blankets, and sang their death songs.

Kit Carson crossed the pass fourteen years before on a fur expedition. He had a vague recollection of the landmarks, but the winter snows buried all but the most prominent. They ascended through the Carson River ravine to Antelope Valley (Hope Valley), and camped near the base of the pass (Red Lake). Frémont and Carson climbed up the pass, and scaled the adjacent mountain peak (10,200 foot high Red Mountain) to sight the way through. It took several weeks to traverse the seventy miles of mountains to the Sacramento Valley. Fifteen days were spent beating down a path from their camp at the base of the pass to the top (about a mile up along the south side of Red Lake, a jeep trail now). The men complained of the six foot drifts of snow and the scarcity of fodder for their animals. The Sierras in February often have snow packs twenty feet deep, and severe blizzards known to bury men and mules in a few hours. Frémont's party made it through with almost no supplies, a few bony mules and horses, the men in rags and nearly barefooted. John C. got lucky.

> "Our course was through a barren, desolate, and unexplored country till we reached the Sierra Nevada, which we found covered with snow from one end to the other. We were nearly out of provisions and cross the mountain we must, let the consequences be what they may. We went as far in the snow as we possibly could with animals, then was compelled to send them back. Then we commenced mak-

1. Sutter was a Swiss immigrant. He traveled to Alta California from Missouri, and garnered a 50,000 acre land grant in 1839 from the Mexican government. He promised to build a community, and develop the eastern parts of the Buenaventura Valley. He called his hacienda New Helvetia. Nine years later, Sacramento was laid out on his grant. Gold was not discovered there, rather fifty miles east off present Highway 50 between Placerville and Pollock Pines, in a creek which powered Sutter's sawmill.

**Trails west:** *Exploration and opening of the western passages from 1823 to 1846, with major forts and stopping places for emigrants, traders and the army.*


Fort Union
Kipp's Post
Ashley Henry Post
Fort Lisa
Fort Mondan
Fort Clark
(Bismarck)
Mitchell's Post
Bouvis Post
Fort Manuel
Ariccara Villages
BLACK HILLS
American Fur Co Post
Pierre Fort
Fort George
Fort Defiance
Fort Kipwa or Fort Lookout
Fort Recovery or Feder Post
Handy's Post
Fort Mitchell
Dickson's Post
Vermillion Post
Fort Snelling
Prairie du Chien
Fort William
Fort John
Fort Platte
Treaty Grounds 1851
Camp Missouri
Fort Atkinson
Fort Calhoun
Council Bluffs
Fort Lisa
OREGON TRAIL
Platte River
Big Blue
Fort Kearny
Republican River
Fort Leavenworth
Independence
Westport
Kansas Post
St. Louis
Fort Vasquez
Fort Jackson
Fort Lupton
Fort Pueblo
Smoky Hill River
SANTA FE TRAIL
Council Grove
Pawnee Fork
Great Bend
Arkansas River
Fort Mann
Cimarron River
Glenn's Post
Fort Gibson
Canadian River
ABERT-FITZPATRICK ROUTE 1843
Fort Smith
Edward's Trading Post
Camp Holmes
Red River
Brazos River
Colorado River
Rio Pecos
Grande

ing a road through the snow. We beat it down with mallets. The snow was six feet on the level for three leagues. We made snow shoes and passed over the snow to find how far we would have to make a road. Found it to be the distance afore stated.

"After we reached the extremity of the snows we could see in the distance the green valley of the Sacramento and the Coast Range. I knew the place well, had been there seventeen years before. Our feelings can be imagined when we saw such beautiful country. Having nothing to eat but mule meat (and their pet dog, Tlamath), we returned to the place from which we had sent back our animals and commenced the work of making a road. In fifteen days our task was accomplished. Sent back for the animals. They had, through hunger eaten one another's tails and the leather of the pack saddles, in fact, everything they could lay hold of. They were in a deplorable condition and we would frequently kill one to keep it from dying, then use the meat for food.

"We continued our march and by perseverance in making the road, for the wind had drifted the snow and, in many places, filled up the path which we had made, we finally got across, and then commenced descending the mountain. Then we left Fitzpatrick in charge of the main party, (Near Caples Lake).) Frémont, myself, and five of six men went ahead to Sutter's Fort for provisions.

"The second day after leaving Fitzpatrick, Mr. Preus, Frémont's assistant, got lost. We made search for him, travelled slowly, fired guns so that he could know where we were. We could not find him. In four days the old man returned. Had his pockets full of acorns, having had no food since he left. We were all rejoiced at his return, for the old man was much respected by the party.

"We arrived safely at Sutter's Fort, three days after the return to camp of Mr. Preus. When we arrived at the fort we were naked and in as poor a condition as men possibly could be. We were well received by Mr. Sutter and furnished in a princely manner, everything we required by him"[1]

Johann Sutter provided the expedition with supplies, new mounts and pack animals. Frémont departed and turned south along the San Joaquin River. The Mexicans Governor protested, and ordered Frémont out of Alta California. The Americans were undocumented aliens without visas or Green Cards, but since they weren't planning to stay, the Alcalde didn't make an issue out of arresting them. The expedition turned east over Oak Creek Pass in the Tahachapi Mountains (roughly Highway 58 to Barstow), and took the Old Spanish Trail in the Mojave Desert (roughly Highway 15) to a water hole and meadow called Las Vegas (Nevada).[2]

1. *Dear Old Kit. The Historical Christopher Carson* - Harvey Lewis Carter. The above was from Kit Carson's personal journal.

From Las Vegas they detoured northeast away from the Spanish Trail at the Muddy River, crossed northwest Arizona into the Wasatch Mountains of Utah. They traveled to the Colorado/Wyoming line at the Green River below Henry's fork, the bottom of Fleming Gorge, and crossed the Continental Divide at Bridger Pass (below Rawlins). They turned south to the Arkansas River, rode on to Fort Pueblo (Colorado), and along the Smoky Hill River to Kansas Territory, Independence, and home to St. Louis. The trip took over a year, and was prolifically reported by John Frémont in his *Report of an Exploration*, giving himself more than a trifle credit for all the glorious discoveries and new paths. Frémont was the sort who tasted glory of exploits, and had the habit of selecting a route merely by reaching out his arm and pointing, like the ascent over the Sierra Nevadas in February, the unscheduled northern loop into the Wasatch Mountains, and the back-door entrance into Pueblo. He reported on his personal discoveries of territory and routes his guides, Kit Carson and Thomas Fitzpatrick, had known for years. Frémont's harrowing accounts of escaping blizzards, treacherous terrain and Indians also failed to adequately mention the unflagging energy and vast experience of his guides. They were the ones who brought the expedition through without disaster. Frémont's vainglorious method of exploration almost ended his career. While on his fourth and last expedition, he worked for the railroad to find a suitable pass west. He almost killed everyone, including himself, with a stupid call to travel into a perilous and uncharted section of the Rockies, the San Juan Mountains of southern Colorado. Frémont didn't pay attention to the signs of incoming weather, nor did he make provisions for backup shelter in case of an emergency. He and his men were caught in a blizzard; most of the men and horses perished. Despite his leadership, Frémont was wildly popular. His name is plastered all over western maps, and he carved out a tidy estate near Stockton, California. He made headlines with his reports, and packed halls and opera houses with personal appearances and speaking engagements. Everyone touted his cleverness and bravery, when he was more lucky than intrepid.[1]

By 1845, war with Mexico seemed certain. Colonel Stephen Watts Kearny, and a force of 250 Dragoons[2] were sent west to warn the Indians to stay out of the fight, and to make sure wagons passed through their lands unmolested. They brought along a Howitzer cannon, and shot it off to impress the Indians the soldiers meant

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2. Frémont and his men missed a ripe opportunity by not staking a claim to the meadow; it was destined to become the world's motherlode of neon.

1. Frémont was the first Republican Party Presidential candidate in 1856. He lost to James Buchanan.

2. A Dragoon was not a soldier clad in snakeskin Tony Lama boots. Dragoon was an old term for a mounted soldier armed with a rifle. In the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, Dragoons usually had natty uniforms with plumed hats. The Mounted Rangers, the outfits our relatives joined, were also calvary soldiers, but not such snappy dressers.

business. The Howitzer display usually did the trick. There were two expeditions to cross the South Pass, and Thomas Fitzpatrick guided both. He also guided the Albert survey party through Comanche and Kiowa country when the Texans had them stirred up. Both tribes were mean customers in good times, but when angry, they were fierce. Thomas Fitzpatrick took the party through the hostile territories of New Mexico, the Texas Panhandle, into Oklahoma and Arkansas, and delivered everyone home safely.

May of 1846, war was declared on Mexico. The Westerners were delighted to have the opportunity to shove the Mexicans out of their western territories. Newly promoted General Stephen Kearney was ordered to march out of Missouri for Mexico with eight companies of mounted men, two companies of artillery, plus the 1st. Company Dragoons. Thomas Fitzpatrick was hired as a guide, but in the meantime, he was appointed by President Polk as Indian Agent for the upper Arkansas and Platte. Thomas Fitzpatrick missed the delivery of his appointment; he already left with General Kearney. On August 24, 1846, Thomas was present when Kearny took Santa Fe from the Mexicans. The next month, Thomas was still a guide for the army on its marched from Santa Fe for California. At Taos, Kit Carson came by on his route to Washington with dispatches from Frémont. Kearney ordered Carson to guide his troops west, since he was more familiar with the far western terrain, and gave Thomas the job of taking the dispatches to Washington. December of 1846, Thomas Fitzpatrick was in Washington. He accepted his appointment as Indian Agent, the first U.S. Ambassador to the Plains tribes. His trail guide days were over.

The Agency of the Upper Platte and Arkansas was headquartered at Fort Bent (about seventy five miles east of Pueblo, Colorado, along Highway 50 on the Arkansas River). Fitzpatrick was Agent to the Cheyenne, Arapahoes, Oglala, Burle and Minniconjou Sioux, and to the south some of the Comanche, Kiowa and Apache nations. Major Indian tribes were officially recognized as nations, but they were not sovereign. They were designated as domestic nations, compelled to make agreements only with the United States. Creek Chief Alexander McGillvray taught the United States a hard lesson on Indian sovereignty. The Agent was ambassador, counselor and representative of the Great White Father. The appointment of Fitzpatrick to the post was one of the few instances the best man was chosen for the job. The *St. Louis Weekly Reveille,* September 14, 1846, applauded the appointment:

> "Thomas Fitzpatrick, Esq., the well-known mountain guide, has been appointed by the President, Indian Agent for the tribes on the head of the Arkansas, Platte and Kansas Rivers. Mr. Fitzpatrick is the well-known 'Chief of the Withered Hand', as the Indians style him. He was Captain Fremont's guide during two trips (actually one) among the mountains - he returned with the engineers by way of the Arkansas, and is now guiding the California expedition under General Kearney. This appointment will give general satisfaction; for among both the whites and the Indians upon the frontier and the plains, Mr. Fitzpatrick is deservedly held in high

respect - the latter indeed reverence his person, and from this fact, he has more power to control and restrain them than even the presence of armed forces."

About 1848, Thomas Fitzpatrick was given the courtesy title of Major. Previously he was dubbed Captain, but his titles were to do with his leadership of expeditions and his position as an Indian Agent. Many readers of American western history may have wondered why so many military officers gravitated to the frontier. Every other notorious Westerner had the title of Captain, Major or Colonel. Most western men never attended West Point, nor earned their commission through the ranks. Very few had military experience, or the few who did rarely rose above the rank of Private. They assumed their grandiose titles out of self-importance, or accepted them as gratuitous titles of respect. (General Kit Carson, Colonel William Fredrick "Buffalo Bill" Cody, Captain Jack, Colonel Harlan Sanders? Come *on*!)

In 1848, Thomas Fitzpatrick traveled to Washington to arrange for a Big Treaty, and to work out annuity payments, treaty gifts, and the terms and conditions of the agreement. Congress was slow and argumentative over the treaty conditions; they ignored Fitzpatrick's pleas and warnings of a major uprising, which would seal off migration and isolate the west. Congress balked at compensation for the loss of game and grassland caused by the passing wagon trains and their herds of livestock, as well as the voracious trade in buffalo robes, which eliminated the great herds of the plains, the main food source for the tribes. In 1848, Cholera broke out among the plains tribes, another gift from passing settlers, yet the Indians remained patient. They trusted the word of Broken Hand, and relied on him to bring back a treaty. The fall of 1848, Fitzpatrick was given $5,000 for presents, but no treaty. He returned to Fort Bent, made amends with the tribes, and managed to keep them interested in a forthcoming treaty.

November of 1849, Thomas Fitzpatrick finally broke down and married. There was no record of any previous women in his life, not even his taking a squaw at a rendezvous. He seemed to lead a solitary and self-directed life. The fifty year old Indian agent married a sixteen or seventeen year old daughter of an old trapper friend, John Poisal, and his younger wife, Snake Woman, sister of the powerful Arapaho Chief, Left Hand. Margaret Poisal may have been a good choice for her Arapaho connections, but she was also a pretty girl. She had the high cheek bones and doe-like eyes of her Indian background. It is unknown if the white-haired old man was her choice, or if she were entitled to a choice, but she married a man respected by both sides of her family, a man of adequate means to support her and a family. They had two children. October 8, 1850, their first child was born, a son Thomas named after his hero, Andrew Jackson. Their second child, Virginia, was born three months after Thomas died.

Sometime in the winter of 1850-1851, Fitzpatrick was removed from office; the reasons were not stated. Perhaps he was too aggressive in his reports, or not defer-

ential enough to his superiors in Washington. Perhaps someone influential wanted his job. An agent's pay was only $1,500 a year, but a slippery agent could skim off thousands of dollars from Government allotments and subsidies. Thomas Fitzpatrick refused to be discharged. He felt he was doing something worthwhile, and took his case before the Missouri delegation in Congress. They put up a howl, and Fitzpatrick was reappointed. With all the uproar and publicity, Congress decided to move on the Indian treaty. They passed the Deficiency Appropriations Act, February 27, 1851, for $100,000 expenses for treaties on the prairie. September 1, 1851, the treaty was arranged, and the site chosen was Fort Laramie, Wyoming.

The treaty conference was the greatest gathering of Indian tribes in the history of the United States. The logistics of arranging such a meeting fell on Thomas Fitzpatrick, and his many years of experience with Indians paid off. He arranged the encampment of the many tribes so as not to offend their customs, and he kept old enemies separated. He arranged the setting for the negotiations, and allowed for the proper amount of pomp and ceremony in surroundings to impress the tribes of the dignity and importance of the meeting.

Nearly 10,000 Indians assembled at Fort Laramie, from the Cheyenne, Arapaho, Oglala and Brule Sioux from the plains, to their enemies from the mountains, the Shoshone, sometimes called the Snakes. Besides Thomas Fitzpatrick, there were a few reporters and observers, and only a couple hundred Dragoons to make a show of military strength. Each tribe rode into camp in formation on their best horses in full tribal regalia, armed, firing their rifles into the air, singing tribal war songs.The parade of tribes was one of the most spectacular scenes in western history.

> "On Saturday, (wrote B. Gratz Brown, a newspaper reporter), a large band of the Sioux chiefs, braves and men, nearly a thousand in number, well mounted came down the Platte. They marched in a solid column, about four abreast, shouting and singing. As they passed over the hill into the plain they presented an imposing and interesting sight. In the center rode their chiefs, who carried an old American flag, which they say was given them by General Clark, (William Clark's big brother), in the early days of his superintendency. They marched into camp. The chiefs and braves dismounted, and formed a circle. Colonel Mitchell gave them some tobacco and vermilion and informed them that he would expect them to meet him in council on Monday morning, at the firing of the cannon. Later in the day several hundred Cheyennes, also mounted, rode over the hill, in manner similar to the Sioux, came into camp and were treated with the same presents."[1]

The last to arrive were the Shoshone, and the whole scene almost came apart over ancient hatreds. Thomas Fitzpatrick moved quickly to insure the truce, and worked out agreements for the safety of all tribes during the meeting. One of Fitz-

1. *Broken hand* - Leroy R. Hafen.

patrick's old trapping confederates, and fellow organizer and interpreter, James Bridger (of Bridger's Pass fame), made a comment to a nearby Dragoon corporal after a Sioux warrior tried to attack a Shoshone chief. A French interpreter raced out and unhorsed the Sioux, and averted what would have been the bloodiest Indian war in history.

> "Well, you see that fool Sioux make the run, didn't you?"
> "Yes, sir", Lowe replied.
> "Well, that son of a of bitch", referring to the brave French interpreter, whom he knew well, "saved that fellow from hell; my chief would'er killed him quick, and then the fool Sioux would'er got their backs up, and there wouldn't have been room to camp 'round here for dead Sioux. You Dragoons acted nice, but you wouldn't have had no show if the fight had commenced, no making peace then. And I tell you another thing: the Sioux ain't goin to try it again. They see how the Snakes are armed. I got them guns for 'um, and they are good ones. It'll be a proud day for the Snakes if any of these prairie tribes pitch into 'um, and they are not a bit afraid. Uncle Sam told 'um to come down here and they'd be safe, but they ain't takin his word for it altogether. They'll never be caught napping."[1]

Fitzpatrick's job was made more difficult when the supply wagons from St. Louis were late. It was a poor showing of faith on the part of the Great White Father, yet the tribes waited, mostly on personal assurances from Broken Hand. After a month of ceremonies and negotiations, the nearby grass was eaten by the thousands of horses. Thomas Fitzpatrick moved the assembly thirty six miles down the Platte River to Horse Creek, and there the final touches were put to the treaty. The basic conditions were the tribes would allow unmolested passage through their land for wagon trains. In return they would be compensated $50,000 per year for fifty years for the loss of game and grazing land due to emigrant wagons and herds passing through. Boundaries were set between the tribes to keep the peace, and each tribe was to elect a chief to be responsible for the terms of the treaty. There was a clause asking the tribes to move from their nomadic way of life to an agrarian form of living, a difficult concept for the proud horse cultures.

Just before the meeting adjourned, Father De Smet arrived from the Yellowstone country in the company of the Assiniboine, Minnitaree (Hidatsa), Arikara and the Crow, who just about everyone hated. Once again, a potentially explosive situation was calmed down by Fitzpatrick, and the late comers were included in the treaty. September 8, 1851, the treaty was signed. September 17, the council was formally ended and the tribes went home. Thomas Fitzpatrick went to Washington with the signed treaty and a select cadre of chiefs. He presented them to President Filmore, and gave them an eyeful of the power of the whites. He returned west the next spring

1. *Five Years a Dragoon* - P.G. Lowe.

with the chiefs, and $30,000 worth of trade goods as a sign of good faith and first payment of the annuity. It wasn't a year before the august Senate fiddled around with the treaty. They reduced the annuity payments to $50,000 for only fifteen years. The Indians also forgot their end of the treaty. They began fighting over their borders, and picked off stragglers from wagon trains.

Thomas Fitzpatrick generally had an unfavorable view of Indians, with a few notable exceptions. He was fond of his adopted Arapaho son, Friday, and he respected various chiefs among other tribes. Most of the trappers and traders considered the Shoshones a cut above other tribes in nobility and habits. Despite his views, Fitzpatrick always treated Indians with the same respect and courtesy he extended to whites. He made no attempt to cheat them in trade, and treaded carefully when confronted with their customs and religions. He learned several of their languages, and was respected by the Indians for making the effort to communicate with them directly. Broken Hand was held in high esteem by most tribes. He was trusted as an honest agent, attentive to their needs and conditions of the signed treaties. He was also held in high esteem by trappers, explorers, emigrants and most missionaries, at least those who weren't such hard-nosed fundamentalists. As for the bureaucrats, he was a bit too crusty. He was not inclined to polite rhetoric when politicians fumbled around with Indian treaties and policies. Despite his opinion of Washington bureaucrats, his views were respected as an informed expert, and his recommendations were generally accepted.

In 1853, Thomas Fitzpatrick was back in Washington to be appointed sole Commissioner to negotiate a treaty with the Comanche, Prairie Apache, Kiowa and other upper Arkansas tribes not included in the Fort Laramie Treaty. Thomas was sent out to secure safe passage along the southern emigration route in exchange for payments. Fitzpatrick had a particularly tough job convincing the Comanche; they were not amenable to anyone. The Comanches made an issue over their ancestral enemies, the Mexicans, and they refused to quit war on Mexico. They also refused to allow military posts along the migration trails, nor would they return Mexican prisoners, who in some cases were taken from territory belonging to the United States. Fitzpatrick managed to get a few concessions, like select posts along the trail, and he convinced the tribes to accept $18,000 in goods to be paid yearly for ten years. After the negotiations, Thomas Fitzpatrick was ordered north to present to the Fort Laramie tribes the humiliating modifications of their annuity payments. The Indians accepted the new treaty on the trust of Broken Hand. November of 1853, Fitzpatrick wrote the Indian Bureau from St. Louis:

> "In concluding this report, I cannot refrain from touching upon one or two topics nearly connected with the present conditions of those Indians and with the future development of the widely extended country they inhabit. What may be their des-

> tiny and what may be its eventual growth in power and wealth, are problems which human foresight can not scarcely solve"

He went on to describe the evils of the policy of removal of tribes, and the contraction of their territories:

> "Penned up in small secluded colonies they become hospital wards of cholera and smallpox, and must be supported at an immense annual cost to the Government... It is legalized murder of a whole nation... The lapse of a few years presents only the prospect of a gradual famine....Trade is the only civilizer of the Indian. It has been the precursor of all civilizations heretofore, and it will be of all hereafter. It teaches the Indian the value of other things besides the spoils of the chase and offers to him other pursuits and excitements than those of war."

June 20, 1853, Thomas made out a will and declared Westport (Kansas City), Missouri, as his home. He listed a fair estate of a couple small houses in town, and $8,500 cash to be equally divided between his wife and children. December 1853, he was summoned to Washington to discuss his recent treaty negotiations. He heard his sister and her family emigrated from Ireland, and were living in New York City. He visited briefly, and returned to Washington. Around February 1, 1854, Thomas came down with a severe cold. February 7, he died of pneumonia in his bed at Brown's Hotel on Pennsylvania Avenue. A couple days later, he was buried in the Congressional Cemetery. Most of the eastern newspaper eulogies lamented his death as ignoble; he should have died rolled up in a buffalo robe on the banks of some icy stream deep in the Rocky Mountains. It is doubtful Thomas Fitzpatrick had much time to contemplate his final demise, but if he had, it would not have been anything close to the romantic view of eastern city slickers. They hadn't the slightest means or sensibility to contemplated the nameless brutality of death in the raw wilderness of the Rocky Mountains.

**Previous page:** *Crazy Bull (standing) and Friday (sitting) of the Northern Arapaho. Friday was adopted by Thomas Fitzpatrick when he was a boy, and sent to school in St. Louis. Friday was literate and fluent in English, skills valued by his tribe. Friday returned to his people after completing school, rather than join Thomas in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. Photo taken in 1877. Courtesy of the National Archives and Records Administration.*

CHAPTER 10

# *KANSAS CITY TO MONTEREY*

There are family stories both Frances and her older brother, John Sidney, moved to Kansas City in the early 1920's. I did not find Uncle Sid in either the 1920's Kansas City directories, nor the Missouri Censuses. On the 1904 Des Moines City Directory, fourteen year old John Sidney was a clerk at C.V. Fasset Co. His younger eleven year old brother, William O., was already at work for the Chicago and Great Western Railroad. He was listed as a brakeman, a formidable job for a boy.[1] Both boys lived at home. In 1913, both Frances and her sister, Mary, were also working. Frances was a bookkeeper for Munger's Laundry, and the next year both she and her sister were clerks for Tuttle's Letter Shop. Everyone lived at home, except in 1915 Frances was married and had a baby in tow. Frances was still at home in Des Moines in 1920, and that fall she boarded her son, Jack, at St. Mary's school in Ellsworth, Minnesota, and took off on her own. She was not on the 1921 Kansas City Directory, but she was there in 1922, and worked as a stenographer for a newspaper, the Kansas City Star. Frances moved from respectable, soft spoken Des Moines to loud and rowdy Kansas City, the Prohibition Era Gomorrah of the Midwest.

The site of Westport Landing was acquired by the Kansas Company in 1838,

1. William dropped out of sight after 1916. Nobody in the family seems to recall him. He may have enlisted in the Army during World War I and was killed, or he may have moved on and was not heard of again. The army record would be available; I haven't looked it up. Sid was in the Army during World War I at Fort Dodge, north of Des Moines, then married and lived nearby. Family photos show Sid and his wife and son posing with his father, Louis Sr., brothers, Lou Jr. and Hal, and sisters, Frances and Mary, in Des Moines during the 1920's.

and they promptly renamed the settlement Kansas City. The town straddled the Missouri River, with part in Kansas, part in Missouri. Before 1838, Westport Landing was a small trading and supply settlement, and served traders and the few passing pioneers. During the Civil War, the great herds of cattle in southern Texas were left alone to range and multiply, and it didn't take much thinking to hook up the lucrative demand for beef with the millions of unattended cows wandering around Texas. The late 1860's into the 1880's was the era of the great trail drives of the huge herds rounded up by whoever would take the dirty job as cowboy. The cattle were driven north to the new railheads, places like Abilene, Cheyenne, St. Louis, Ellsworth, Dodge City and Kansas City. Those small towns boomed on the scale of the gold rush towns farther west, and they were every bit as wild and boisterous. After the Civil War, Kansas City was a slightly larger version of Westport, but when the railroad crossed the Missouri River (1869), the farmer-pioneer supplier blossomed with stockyards, meat-packing plants and grain elevators. By the 1880's, the Midwestern cow towns became more sedate, and acquired the patina of wealthy mercantile hubs.

By 1900, the big money in Kansas City revolved around brokering grain, cattle, and control of the feed lots, slaughter houses and transportation. The railroads, meat packers and grain brokers set prices, bought politicians, gouged farmers and cattlemen, gouged each other, and occasionally were taken to task by outraged Populists, Grange Associations and social reformers. The fortunes of Kansas City rose and fell when Panics and wars depressed or sent prices soaring. Despite the vagaries of the economy, the nation needed to be fed. By World War I, Kansas City and St. Louis controlled the nation's larder.

In October of 1919, the Eighteenth Amendment (Prohibition) and the Volstead Act were passed. Kansas City and St. Louis expanded their commercial opportunities, and revived their reputation as a boom-towns, but not without tarnish. The American Mafia traded in narcotics since 1909, but Jewish gangsters dominated the business until the mid-1930's. The Mafia took over from the Jewish mobs through the Lucchese family of New York and their connections in Kansas City, their midwestern distribution hub. When liquor was banned nationwide, the enterprising Mafia families adapted their operations to supply public demand for alcohol. The families became incredibly wealthy, and reinvested in their activities to produce and supply affordable alcohol in volume, and branched out to develop related illicit trade and services. They ran their operations like any other sophisticated multi-product business venture. In the early 1930's, the Mafia and other major crime lords (the Big Seven) met in New York City to carve up the action nationwide. They agreed to respect each other's territories, negotiate concessions to expedite business, mediate costly gang wars, and channel profits into the correct pockets. New York City was the corporate office for most of the operations; Chicago and St. Louis were the main branch offices. Kansas City was the distribution center.

The biggest action in Kansas City was bootlegging and the rackets, i.e. gam-

bling, illegal track betting, numbers games, extortion and protection payments. Almost all those activities had Italian roots. Fifteen thousand Italians, 85% who were Sicilian, lived in a small, tight neighborhood in the city's North Side, sandwiched between the Irish and Blacks. The Black Hand (Mafia) was active before Prohibition in Kansas City, but confined their activities to murder, kidnapping and bombings, mostly within their own or rival's communities. Prohibition opened up lucrative opportunities for James Balestere, Joe Di Giovanni and Johnny Lazia. Of the three, Lazia was the most aggressive and best-connected. He bought policemen, politicians and influential community figures. Everyone was obligated to overlook various illegal activities, or if Lazia were too blatant, keep him from spending hard time in jail. To keep his bought public figures from looking too dirty from consorting with criminals, Lazia kept a profitable and legitimate front. Publicly, Lazia was a respectable businessman, a vested member of the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce. He ran a real estate business specializing in downtown properties, but his *real* business was control of liquor sales and the rackets. In 1928, Lazia decided to steer politics himself, and challenged an Irishman, Councilman Mike Ross, for political leadership of the North Side. Lazia won after he sent out his boys to beat up, kidnap, and shoot at Ross supporters. Lazia took over, and allied with another powerful Irishman, Tom Pendergast, dubbed the omnipotent Boss of Kansas City.

> "I'm not bragging when I say I run the show in Kansas City", said Tom Pendergast. "I am boss. If I was a Republican they would call me 'leader'".[1]

Tom Pendergast lived in the elaborate French Regency Mansion on Ward Parkway in Kansas City, but he worked his political operation out of a dingy office at the Jackson Democratic Club, a couple blocks from the railroad yard. Nearby was his legitimate business, the Ready-Mixed Concrete Company, where he ran his cement business, wholesale liquor company (illegal until 1933), asphalt, paving, construction and other related businesses. Pendergast prospered on the municipal contracts which conveniently came his way.

> "My concrete is good, nobody denies that." Pendergast pointed out. "Why haven't I got as much right to do business with the city as anybody else?"[2]

Concrete indeed! It is not hard to envision cement overshoes, disappearances into the Missouri River, and notorious characters becoming part of a building's new foundations or part of the road base under new pavement. Pendergast never held a major political office, though he briefly held a Councilman's position. He knew he

1. *Missouri Waltz* - Maurice M. Milligan.
2. *Omaha World-Hearld* - February 27, 1838.

was in a better position to run his Machine through powerful second parties, the administrative triumvirate of Henry McElroy, Harry Truman and Johnny Lazia.

Pendergast rode into power on the manipulation of the Progressive Party, a major third party in American politics. They pushed for political reforms on the heels of the Robber Barons and their great business monopolies at the Turn of the Century. He was the son of Irish immigrants, grew up in St. Joseph, Missouri, and in 1890, at the age of eighteen, he and his big brother, Jim, moved to Kansas City. They set up a saloon in the Irish West Bottoms section of town, called the Bloody First Ward near the railroad yards, slaughterhouses and meat-packers. When his brother died, 1911, Tom went into politics and took over the ward political organization. He was elected to serve for a few years on the City Council, but by 1920, the Republican Party was in power, and Tom left politics. In 1925, reformers passed a new city charter to provide for a weak mayor, a strong city manager and nine councilors. The intent was to clean up crooked city politics for good, but the new reforms were a sweet setup for the clever Tom Pendergast. He promptly endorsed the reforms, forwarded his slate of councilors, convinced the voters to elect them, and had his man, Henry McElroy, appointed as city manager.

> "Tom and I are partners," McElroy explained. "He takes care of politics and I take care of the municipal business."[1]

For ten years, Harry Truman, an army buddy of Pendergast's nephew, served as a County Judge for Pendergast's Machine. Judge Truman was granted the unique powers to set budgets, hire employees, let contracts, assess taxes, deposit monies and control patronage. There was a mythology built up about Truman as the solitary rose in the manure pile, an honest public servant unaware of crime around him. Truman's associations were salient issues when he was selected to run for Vice President by President Roosevelt, and when he ran for President in 1948. He recorded in his own notes he was aware of the Machine's corruption, and he worried about his part in it all. In one instance, Truman acceded to Pendergast's request to give road contracts to crooked contractors.

> "I had to compromise with him", Truman reflected. "I had to let a former saloon keeper and murderer, a friend of the Big Boss, steal about $10,000... from the general revenues of the County to satisfy my ideal associate and keep the crooks from getting a million or more out of the bond issue. Was I right or did I compound a felony? I don't know"[2]

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1. *Tom's Town, Kansas City and the Pendergast Legend* - William M. Reddig.
2. *The Truman Scandals and the Politics of Morality* - Andrew J. Dunbar.

Later, the total stolen under Truman's eyes ran to a million dollars.

> "I was able to expend $7,000,000 for the taxpayer's benefit", he wrote. "At the same time I gave away about a million in general revenue to satisfy the politicians. But if I hadn't done that the crooks would have had half the seven million... I wonder if I did right to put a lot of no account sons of bitches on the payroll and pay other sons of bitches more money for supplies than they were worth in order to satisfy the political powers and save $3,500,000. I believe I did do right."[1]

It was more than graft and dirty contracts; the Machine Truman served was into beatings, kidnapping, bombing and murders. Early in his political career, Truman wrote he believed most men to be honest, but not after working for the Boss. Truman wondered if he did the right thing not stealing money himself.

> "I could have had $1,500,000. I haven't $150. Am I a fool or an ethical giant? I don't know."[2]

In 1934, Pendergast organized a political campaign, and sent Truman to the U.S. Senate. Pendergast never personally directed Truman's activities in Washington; he was too smart to be caught openly influencing a Senator. Pendergast sent instructions through the mail, and had intermediaries relay his messages. Truman was a man who rarely reneged on a promise, nor forgot his friends. He remembered who put him into political power, even though he continued to portray himself as the only honest man coming from a den of thieves and murderers.

As to the seedier, more violent aspects of Kansas City, Johnny Lazia was in charge. In 1928, Lazia organized the North Side Democratic Club to work for Pendergast. Lazia's gangsters got out the vote at election time by canvassing neighborhoods in favor of Pendergast's candidates. Lazia's boys provided a *public service* to assist voters to the polls, and provide political information to help people make the wisest choice. In exchange they furnished unwritten insurance policies against broken windows, fires, and anonymous beatings on the way home from work. Outside the political arena, Lazia's boys took charge of the gambling joints, bootlegging, prostitution, narcotics, slot machines, numbers gambling and speakeasies. Everyone had to pay tribute; those who didn't were dealt with underworld style. Under Pendergast, by way of Lazia, Kansas City was a wide-open town.

> "This town was fast", a thief named Red Rudensky said fondly, "had good booze joints, plenty of targets and some of the laziest cops in the country."[3]

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1. Ibid.
2. Ibid.

Seventy five Kansas City cops were ex-convicts appointed through Lazia. Gambling casinos operated all day within a few blocks of a snooty shopping district; the faro dealers emerged for lunch blinking, still wearing their green aprons and eyeshades, confident of their position working under the aegis of the mob. Businessmen came to Kansas City, sold their wheat or livestock, then went on a spree. Bars and joints were twenty to thirty blocks at a stretch adjacent to the business district. The Chesterfield Club offered strippers and nude waitresses; other places offered anything a fellow could imagine, for a price.

> "Most of the night spots were run by politicians and hoodlums," the jazz pianist Mary Lou Williams recalled, "and the town was wide open for drinking, gambling, and pretty much every form of vice."[1]

The Reno Club on Twelfth between Cherry and Locust Streets was *the* hot spot, with a narrow divider down the middle of the room separating black patrons from whites. Outside loitered two-dollar whores and marijuana sellers looking for deals. The cops were paid to look the other way. The whole Kansas City night scene and underworld activities had an implacable Faustian aura.

The hottest jazz scene in the country in the 1930's was Kansas City, running loud and flat out under the protection of Tom Pendergast and Johnny Lazia. Below them, gambler Felix Payne and jazzman Benny Moten controlled the clubs along Twelfth and Eighteenth Streets. They dictated who worked or not, and where.

> "For twenty-five blocks, there used to be Joints, sometimes three or four doors apart, sometimes every other block," Count Basie recalled. "There was an awful lot of good music, and it was like everything happened there. It was the first place I really heard the blues played and sung as they should be..."[2]

By the 1930's, the crime bosses evolved into a far more sophisticated lot than their humble beginnings as pickpockets and petty thieves. To accumulate power and wealth, they had to run their rackets like a business. They had tiers of managers and associates to oversee operations; their lawyers drew up complicated agreements and binding mergers with competing organizations. All of the mob bosses had legitimate businesses to publicly account for their wealth, and launder their illegal activities and receipts. Very few of the key mob figures ever went to jail for their criminal activities. They hired teams of attorneys (mouthpieces), and had the foresight to buy

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3. *The Gonif* - Morris Rudensky and Don Riley. The film, *The Sting*, was based on Redensky's book.

1. *Here Me Talkin' to Ya* - Nat Shapiro and Nat Hentoff.

2. *World of Count Basie* - Stanley Dance.

judges, politicians, policemen, and key public figures wherever they conducted their businesses. Should some aspiring district attorney gather up enough evidence for an indictment, the case was usually dismissed on some technicality. If a case managed to be put on a court docket, there was a good chance the witnesses would disappear, or have a sudden memory loss. Juries failed to see the merits of a conviction, and friendly judges gave favorable decisions. Other than a spattering of assassinations, the mob bosses operated untouched by the law until the authorities figured out they could go after them through tax evasion.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation and various State authorities were frustrated obtaining indictments and convictions. Some bright agent figured out they could sick Treasury Department Agents onto the mob organizations to uncover unreported income. The Internal Revenue Service has never been concerned with how a person accumulated income, as long as it was reported and the tax paid. If the method of earning a living were illegal, they might turn over their information to other agencies. Their concern was/is monitoring income and collecting taxes, and enforcing compliance to their regulations.

Treasury Agents rarely felt comfortable requesting legal search warrants and court orders. They couldn't be sure if a judge were on the take, and would tip off the mob. Treasury agents openly kidnapped and intimidated accountants, friends and family members associated with the mobs. They conducted illegal wire taps, broke into private buildings and homes, and confiscated incriminating evidence. Many of their investigative activities were Constitutionally illegal, but they operated above interdictions applicable to public and private citizens. If the IRS were lucky, the bosses were caught in an audit of a third party, where an entry on a ledger implicated money transferring to or from one of the legitimate fronts without paying taxes.

Most people have a distaste for the Napoleonic policies of the Internal Revenue Service; their agents assume the taxpayer is guilty until he or she comes forth with evidence to the contrary. Nobody likes the idea of armed Treasury agents tapping telephones, intercepting mail, conducting other intrusive surveillances, then confiscating homes, income, personal properties, and taking people to jail for nonpayment of taxes. Those activities were specifically interdicted in our Bill of Rights, and a major impetus of our Revolution from Great Britain. The good side of the Gestapo-like activities was a number of nasty characters were taken off the streets. Even though the mobsters weren't assigned the sentences they deserved, the net result was their monolithic organizations were often left in confusion when the boss was hauled off to jail. Then it was easier to pick up the lesser criminals in the organization.

In 1933, Lazia was convicted by the IRS for evading $50,000 of taxes on unreported income from a dog track and nightclub. Pendergast wrote a *Dear Jim* letter to Postmaster General James A. Farley, the New Deal's political fixer, to get Lazia off. Farley couldn't get Lazia off; the publicity was too dangerous, but July of 1934, Lazia was freed while his case was appealed. Lazia was shot and killed outside his

apartment at the Park Central Hotel by Jack Gregory, a St. Louis hood who tried and failed to cut in on Lazia's rackets. Lazia's men found Gregory and *took him for a ride*. Gregory's remains were found in a furnace in the basement of a downtown apartment building. Pendergast shed a tear, and personally chose Lazia's successor, the smooth and efficient Charles Carollo.

The good citizens of Kansas City may have winced at their town's reputation, but they liked the low taxes, absence of petty crime and labor violence. They also liked the civic improvements. Pendergast knew when to throw the populace a few bones of largess, and he was careful not to bleed the town white. He exacted tribute from favored businessmen, who in turn, were extended tax breaks. He made sure troublesome local ordinances were changed or ignored, and everybody else was either bought off, or convinced to see things Pendergast's way.

A local reformer dared to speak up, Rabbi Samuel S. Mayerberg of Temple B'Nai Jehudah, a prominent Kansas City congregation. He was appalled how the Machine intruded into most private lives.

> "People were actually told what physicians they might use," Mayerberg said, "what lawyers might practice, what merchants might do business."[1]

Mayerberg gathered evidence on Henry McElroy's crimes as city manager, and the *Kansas City Star* had the courage to give the news front page coverage. A few other Pendergast critics dared to speak out; the Ministerial Alliance of 125 church ministers passed an endorsement of Mayerberg's criticism, and set out on a crusade from the pulpits. Only four ministers had the courage to see the crusade to the end. Mayerberg founded the Charter League to recall the corrupt city council, and for his trouble his phone was tapped, church office files ransacked, his car forced off the road and riddled with bullets. The Machine was annoyed, and scared away prominent citizens from running as recall candidates. Mayerberg had a harder time convincing honest people to take back their city, than ousting the entrenched crooks. The 1934 election was marred by four killings, dozens of serious injuries and countless beatings. The reformers were frightened into silence.

Pendergast wound up undoing himself. He was by nature a shrewd, disciplined, almost ascetic and understated man in every way. He kept out of scandals, and appeared as a devoted family man and civic patron. His one consuming vice was he was a horse-betting fool; the ponies became his only interest outside his work and family. In 1928, Pendergast brought horse racing back to Kansas City after two decades of reformers keeping the race tracks out. The Riverside Park Jockey Club (Pendergast's Track) ran five miles north of town in Platte County as a concession to

1. *Chronicle* - Samuel Mayerberg.

the vocal Kansas City reformers. He made frequent trips to Saratoga, Churchill Downs and Belmont Park. He was seen at the tracks with mob bosses Lucky Luciano and Frank Costello. Pendergast wasn't especially lucky, but occasionally he won, which was enough to keep him hooked. From 1933 on, his average loss was a million a year.[1] He never had enough money to feed his addiction, so he raised the take from the Kansas City underworld, and obliged McElroy to steal more public money. Pendergast arranged for a $750,000 bribe from a group of fire insurance companies, who sought friendly legislation in Missouri. The Boss received $440,000 before one of the conspirator lawyers died. The IRS audit of the lawyer's estate turned up the deal, and Pendergast was indicted for tax evasion.

> "I never desert a sinking ship", said Harry Truman. "He was my friend when I needed him, and I will be his."[2]

With the Boss at bay, the whole Machine came apart. McElroy resigned under fire. Charles Carollo, Police Chief Otto Higgins, and other municipal luminaries joined the Boss in jail. Pendergast pleaded guilty on two counts of tax evasion, paid $330,000 in past taxes and penalties, and was sent to Leavenworth Penitentiary for fifteen months. The prison director, James Bennett, received a phone call from Senator Truman:

> "I want you to know that he's a friend on mine...I'm not asking any favors for him, do you understand, but I want him treated no differently from anybody else".[3]

Reformers took over Kansas City elections in 1940, and installed a new mayor and city manager. The jazz joints, gambling dens and red-light districts were closed down; Kansas City slid into dull respectability. Harry Truman distanced himself from the scandals, and slid into the White House.

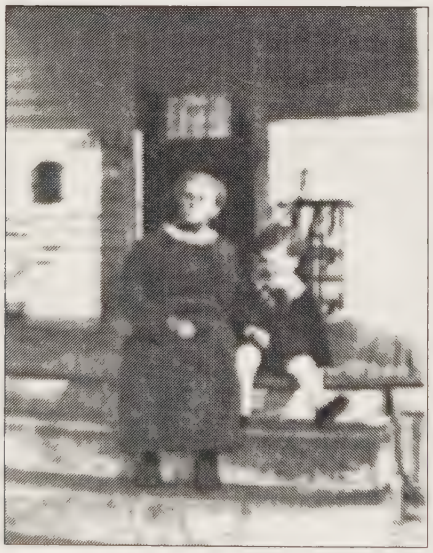
## CORNHUSKERS IN KANSAS CITY

By 1924, Jack Merrill lived with his mother in Kansas City on Chestnut Street. He walked through part of the Colored District of Kansas City to attend St. Vincent's Catholic school. Frances was not highly paid as a bookkeeper. Frances said she took a extra job with a haberdasher and tailor to make ends meet. Her boss let her take home piece work, so she could work in the evenings. She spent most of her time altering dresses and taking up cuffs on men's slacks. Occasionally, she designed a la-

1. One million dollars in 1933 was worth about ten million by 1994 standards.
2. *Newsweek*, April 17, 1939.
3. *I Chose Prison* - James V. Bennett.

**Des Moines 1927:** *Left to right: Jack, Duke Stevenson, Appelgates Frances, Lou, Mary, Lou's wife, Helen. Lou's wolfhound and the Stevenson kids.*

**Des Moines 1919:** *Left to right: Louis Sr., Louis Jr., Helen, Mary and Duke Stevenson, Sid's wife and Sid. Children: Jack and Sid's son.*



**Des Moines 1917:** *Jack and his great grandmother, Frances Spiller Appelgate.*

**Kansas City 1925:** *Jack and his mother, Frances Appelgate Merrill.*

dy's hat. Until her death, she was an impeccable seamstress with a keen eye for tailoring and style.

At about the age of ten or eleven, Jack found odd jobs after school working for nearby stores and neighbors; he ran errands, swept up and delivered groceries. There are rumors in the family Jack delivered illicit packages for his father, who was supposedly living in town and engaged in illegal activities. Albert Anthony Merrill was neither on the Missouri Census records, nor Kansas City Directories. Even the big-time crime lords and their petty associates were listed in the Directories. At any rate, when Jack was twelve, he found an after school job with the Kansas City Athletic Club as one of the boys hired to clean spittoons, sweep, dust ledges and furniture, and run errands for the members. He said all the boys tried to position themselves to be available to run errands for the big tippers, which might net them a dime for fetching the newspaper or a box of cigars. He remembered running errands for several of the big tippers, the mayor and councilmen, and several judges, including Harry Truman. The Kansas City Athletic Club was a meeting place for important public figures, businessmen and mob leaders; where deals and agreements could be discussed out of the glare of publicity, and out of hearing of nosy reformers. Jack said he saw the popular tent preacher, young Billy Graham, meet with several important men at the Club. Later in the evening, Jack and several other boys went out to the edge of town where Graham's tent revival took place. They saw bootleggers selling booze in the parking lot, while the cops conveniently watched the show inside.

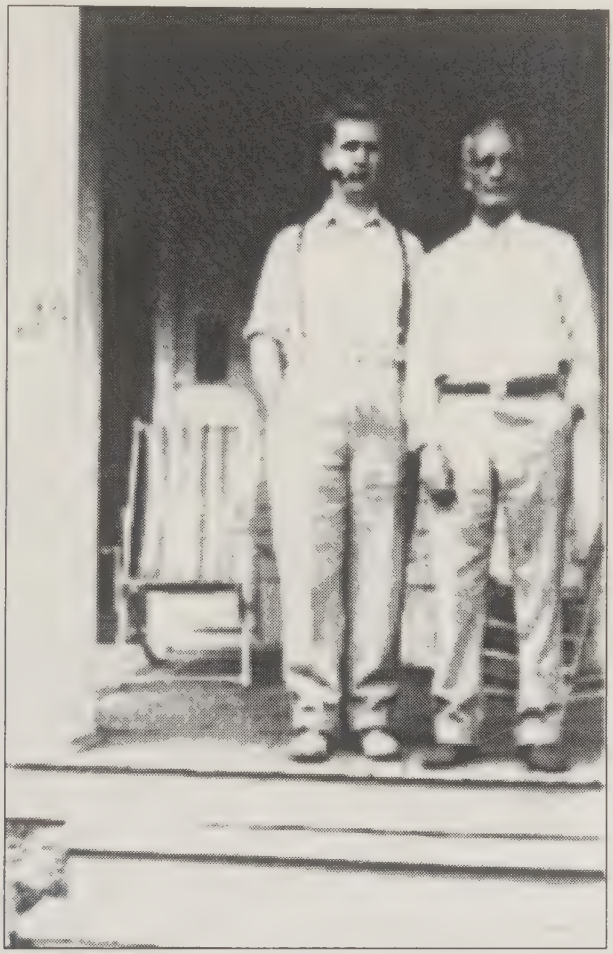
The alley behind the Club was the rear entrance to the police department, as well as the delivery door for the morgue. One day after school, Jack, and several of the other boys slipped into the alley to look at the bullet holes in Pretty Boy Floyd's car towed behind the police department. The police ambushed the infamous bank robber, no doubt on a tip supplied by someone in Pendergast's Machine. The Boss, as well as other crime leaders, took a dim view of petty crooks and free-lance criminals, such as Pretty Boy Floyd, Larry O'Keefe, Alvin Karpis and John Dillinger. They were not part of the organization. They had the audacity to cut into the mob's operations, and they messed up business with unwanted publicity.

From all accounts, Frances, her brothers and sister were outgoing and fun-loving. None of them turned down an invitation to a dance or picnic. Frances was a good looking girl, in a Mae West sort of way, and thoroughly enjoyed the attention of her brothers and their friends. Her father was a salesman for Davidson Bros. furniture store in Des Moines, and he brought home a pool table for the purpose of keeping the boys away from the nefarious billiards parlors downtown. Frances became an ace pool player, and hustled nickels from her brothers and their friends. She admitted she scared off a few boyfriends when she beat them at pool, but she dismissed them as soreheads and bad sports. She said her brother, Sid, set up his friends to play her, bankrolled the bets, then collected his percentage after she beat them. Frances and Sid were Des Moines pool sharks. Frances liked games of skill and chance, and she

**Louis Appelgate, Sr.:** *Photo taken around 1920.*

was deft with a deck of cards. She and her brothers played poker for pennies, but whenever her father caught them in a game, she was the only one punished. As soon as her grandchildren were old enough to sit up at a table, they learned how to properly shuffle and cut a deck of cards. It may be a stretch of the theory of inherited tendencies, but she has several direct descendants who are adroit pool shooters, and others who know their way around card games.

Everyone in the Appelgate family had jobs. Mary and Frances were sent to business school; Mary took courses in stenography and typing, and Frances learned bookkeeping. The boys had a commercial education, and took jobs as clerks in



**Des Moines, August, 1941:** *Jack Merrill and his grandfather Louis Appelgate.*

downtown businesses. In 1920, Lou worked as a clerk for the same insurance company as his sister, Frances. He was on the Des Moines Directory in 1938 and 1943, and worked as a salesman for Becker Roofing Co. During the War, Lou moved to San Antonio,Texas, and worked as a civilian for the Army Signal Corps, 8th Service Command.[1]

1. Lou played semi-pro baseball in San Antonio. After the war, Lou and his family moved to Dallas, where he sold business forms. He suffered a stroke in 1952, and died in 1977. Lou's widow, Helen, died May 14, 1994 in Dallas. She was ninety-two years old.

**Camp Dodge, Iowa, 1918:** *Private John Sidney Appelgate, on the far left, with members of the Camp Dodge choir. Three year old Jack Merrill is atop his uncle's shoulder.*

Frances said she left Des Moines after she and her father got into a terrible fight over how she raised her son, Jack. She said she never spoke to the old man again, which was not all together true. Young Jack spent summers in Des Moines in the company of his grandfather, aunt and uncles. From all accounts, the Appelgate house was loud and turbulent. The old man was famous for his temper, which he passed on to his oldest daughter and grandson, Jack. Both Jack and his first cousin, Lou's daughter, Sally, said they didn't like being around their grandfather. They both said he was a mean s.o.b., and always yelled at them.

On the 1920 Census, Frances and Jack lived with her father in Des Moines. By September she moved away, possibly after clashing with her father. There is a 1920 photograph of Jack in Ellsworth, Minnesota, at St. Mary's grade school run by the Sisters of Charity.[1] Frances boarded him there, and went off on her own. Jack earned good deportment certificates from St. Mary's in 1922 and 1923. Jack took his first

Holy Communion at St. Augustine's Church in Des Moines, May 18, 1924. Schools were in session until mid June, so it is possible Jack and/or his mother spent some time in Des Moines in the spring of 1924. Either that fall, or the next year, Jack and his mother lived in Kansas City. He was enrolled in St. Vincent's Academy, and graduated from eighth grade June 10, 1927. The following fall, Jack enrolled in a prestigious Catholic high school, the de la Salle Academy run by the Christian Brothers. He graduated June 4, 1931.

Frances Appelgate was not one to let the fun in Prohibition era Kansas City pass her by. She told stories of bathtub gin and speakeasies, and how she loved to go to places where there was dancing. Kansas City in the 1920's and the early 1930's was not an easy place to live for a single mother, nor for a boy left mostly on his own while his mother worked. Frances had several boyfriends, and according to Jack, not one was any good. One of them was mean drunk. Jack said at about the age of twelve or thirteen, life at home was so bad, he occasionally stayed at the YMCA. Sometimes he spent a few days with his uncle Sid. Sid was upset he couldn't take in Jack on a permanent basis, but his wages were low, his family lived in a tiny house, and he and his wife had a retarded son who required constant attention. (I don't think the boy lived very long). One day Frances's boyfriend beat Jack enough to enrage her, and in the famous delicacy and diplomacy of the Appelgate temper, the scene turned violent. The fellow took out a knife and threatened to stab Jack, but when Frances stepped between them, he slashed her throat. We all marvelled at the long pale scar across her powdered neck. She said it was from a thyroid operation, and turned beet-red angry when Jack volunteered the knifing story. Jack added the fellow was thrown in jail, and while suffering the DT's in the drunk tank, he cut off his own ear. As a child, I envisioned the one-eared self-portrait of Vincent Van Gogh. In retrospect, it doesn't make sense a jailer would allow inmates to keep knives in their cells, but it made an impressive story.

Another drunkard boyfriend set their apartment on fire. He fell asleep, dropped a lit cigarette into the furniture, and set the whole building ablaze. Fourteen year old Jack returned home from school to the burned out apartment building, and witnessed the coroner taking away several bodies burned beyond recognition. One of the casualties turned out to be the boyfriend. He couldn't find his mother, and assumed she was one of the dead. He was convinced he was an orphan, and hitchhiked to his grandfather's house in Des Moines. His mother was not at the apartment, and within a few days, she located Jack and brought him back to Kansas City.

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1. Ellsworth, Minnesota, is near the Iowa/Minnesota boarder in the southwestern corner of the State. It is a dinky town out on the Minnesota prairie, not even on a major thoroughfare. I haven't figured out who paid for Jack's tuition at the Catholic schools. His mother's wages as a bookkeeper would not cover the uniforms and extra expenses, even if Jack had a full scholarship for tuition.

Jack vilified his mother for how she raised him. He accused her of revolving her life around herself, and was never home to look after him. On the other side, Frances said she spoiled Jack, and allowed him to become a tyrant. Jack rarely spoke of boyhood friends, and there were probably not many. He had an irritating obsession to be the first and best at everything, from climbing a tree in the back lot to playing ball. If he couldn't win, he had a nasty habit of defaming the winner, beating them up, if he could, or upsetting the game before he lost. His obsessive traits followed him into adulthood at the expense of his immediate family.[1] His quirky competitiveness worked to one advantage; he excelled scholastically from grade school on. His mother was proud of the awards he took at the end of each school year. She said he wouldn't stand for anything less than the top marks, and would spend hours studying to beat out the other boys. His determination netted him several college scholarships in his senior year of high school in Kansas City, and he accepted a full scholarship to the University of Washington in Seattle.

Sometime in the summer of 1931, Jack and his mother packed up and left Kansas City for Seattle. Jack enrolled at the University of Washington as a premedical student, and Frances found a job as a bookkeeper. They both shared an apartment in the north end of town near the University. After his first year, Jack switched his major to chemistry. He said the ancillary costs of medical lab courses, books, and instruments were more than he could afford on what he earned with after school jobs, which was probably true. Medical courses were/are hideously expensive. It took Jack six years to earn his BS in Chemistry, June 14, 1937.

Frances Appelgate may not have hired on with Safeco Insurance when they came to Seattle, but she was there in 1936 working in the accounting department. She found Jack a part time job as an elevator boy for the Safeco building, and introduced him to one of her friends in the claims department, Elizabeth Fitzpatrick. They were married October 4, 1937 at St. Benedicts Church, Seattle, by her great uncle, Father Terence Fitzpatrick. The rest of the Fitzpatrick family did not attend the wedding; Jack was not on Mary Fitzpatrick's approved list of suitors.

Shortly after Jack and Elizabeth married, Frances remarried. The man's last name was Connor (I don't know his Christian name); he was an AB (able bodied merchant seaman), and worked out of the Sailors Union of the Pacific Hall in Seattle.[2] According to Frances, he was a handsome man, and he liked a good time. Frances and her new husband lived with Jack and Elizabeth for a short time, but it

1. There are professionals who would take delight analyzing Jack's classic manic behavioral traits, and go on to justify his need to physically and emotionally abuse his family whenever they didn't comply with his every wish, known or unknown. Jack was an intelligent man, and easily thwarted efforts to address his mean streak. He knew very well what he was doing, and how far to take his cruelty before the law stepped in. He had no excuse to exempt himself from humanity.

was mostly Frances. Merchant seamen spent a great deal of time at sea. Elizabeth said he was an alcoholic, and it was not unusual for her to come home from work to find both of them completely stewed. She didn't like that. Just after the War, Frances and her husband took a car trip to California with Terry Fitzpatrick (Elizabeth's brother) and one of his friends. I have no recollection of Frances's husband, possibly they didn't visit, but shortly after the trip Frances divorced him. Within a year he died of a stroke.

After graduation, Jack searched for work, and Elizabeth kept her job at Safeco. Those were the hard times of the Depression, and engineering jobs were scarce. Work was not available in Washington, so Jack searched adjacent States. April 20, 1938, he took a job in the research division of Standard Oil of California, now called Chevron Research, and worked there until his death in September of 1972.

When Jack and Elizabeth married, Mary Fitzpatrick signed over to Elizabeth the deed to Frank Fitzpatrick's property on the Olympic Peninsula near the town of Forks. It was forty acres of virgin timber plus a cabin, dock and small motor boat. According to Terence Fitzpatrick, the parcel was supposed to have gone to him after his father died. In 1937, Terry was only seventeen years old. Perhaps Mary thought Elizabeth might need her own *mad money*, since Mary had misgivings about her marriage. Jack and Elizabeth traded the property to a building contractor in California in exchange for a lot and a small house on 38th Street in Richmond.[1]

During World War II, Frances Appelgate remained in Seattle. She was friends with the Fitzpatricks, and occasionally visited on weekends. There was rationing of a variety of items, such as gasoline, tires, butter, coffee, tea, meat, liquor and tobacco. The tobacco shortage sent Frances into nicotine fits. When she visited the Fitzpatricks, Mary let her go through the old tobacco leaves Frank grew many years before to grind up as powder to treat mildew on his roses. Terry Fitzpatrick said Frances rolled up the old dry leaves, smoked them, and proceeded to turn purple with coughing fits. All her life she chain smoked Camel cigarettes, often described as a step above dried Turkish cheroots. She became so breathless and red-faced during a coughing attack, she used to scare us. Frances did not die of lung cancer or any other smoking-related disorder.

Towards the end of the War, Frances had the opportunity to train in a new field as a card punch operator with a fledgling corporation called International Business Machines Inc. (IBM). She trained in Seattle and in Vancouver, British Columbia, then hired on with the State of Washington in Olympia to operate one of their new

2. There are probably records of the man kept by the above union, if not at the Seattle Hall, then at the International Headquarters at 450 Harrison Street, San Francisco.

1. 38th Street is one of the most violent, drug-dealing, gang war hubs of one of the most crime-ridden cities in the United States. I wouldn't recommend going near the old house without a flak suit, the protection of a well-armed SWAT team or the local dope dealer.

IBM punch card gizmos to tabulate State census and business statistics. She lived in a small pink house with a rounded arch over the front porch in downtown Olympia. She kept chickens penned up in the vacant lot next door. She had a large, menacing rooster, which to a small child was nothing short of a feathered dervish. Sometime early in 1947, she moved to Yuba City, California, to live with her widowed brother, John Sidney. He worked in the office of the railroad (Union Pacific, I believe), and she found a job with an accountant as a bookkeeper. They both lived in a rented pre-World War I style house in town near the Yuba River. She kept chickens there as well, but by then we were wise to the rooster. We never ventured into the pen to feed the hens unless he was locked in the coop, or Uncle Sid stood behind us with a broom to swat the nasty bird when he came too close.

Uncle Sid was a kind and soft-spoken man, and he was very attentive whenever we visited. During a spring visit in 1947, he took us out onto their front porch and boosted each child up to look into a robin's nest atop of one of the open support lintels. He explained to us about robins, and why it was important not to touch a bird's nest, nor disturb them in any way. From then on we peered up at the nest, but tiptoed across the porch. He had a kind and humane approach to little kids, even little girls, which was quite a contrast to our own father. When we visited, I liked to get up early, wander into the bathroom and climb up on the edge of the claw-footed bathtub. I was fascinated by Sid as he stood at the mirror, his suspenders dangling slack at his waist, dabbing soap suds on his face with a stubby brush he dipped into a small porcelain bowl set on the back of the sink. He shaved with the old style straight edge razor. He used to tease me about the razor strop. He said his father used it on him and the other kids whenever they misbehaved. I knew he was teasing, but remember feeling a little nervous about the idea. I was relieved my father used an electric razor.

Like all his brothers and sisters, Sid was sociable and outgoing. He had a knack for singing and had a good baritone voice. He sang in the church choir at St. Augustine's in Des Moines, with the Fort Dodge choir during his time stationed there as a soldier in World War I, and the church choir in Yuba City. He used to practice his parts in the evenings and on weekends, and sometimes he would entertain us with our favorite songs, riveting numbers like "Zippity-Do-Dah".

Sid liked to tinker in his spare time, and his sister, Frances, said he could fix anything. He kept a workshop in the old garage behind the house. His work bench, tools, drawers and cabinets were impeccably neat. Every nut and bolt was carefully sorted, labeled, and stored according to use. Uncle Sid died of a heart attack December 9, 1947, and we were sad to know he was gone. After he died, the contents of his shop came to his nephew, Jack. We all grew up rummaging through the little drawers of Sid's green wooden parts cabinet, or wrenching some toy between the jaws of Sid's old vise. Another highly esteemed Appelgate brother died a couple years later. Uncle Hal died in an automobile accident near his home in Dallas, Texas.[1]

Sometime around 1950, Frances was on our doorstep in Novato, California. She

had some kind of thyroid condition, and stayed with us while she bussed into San Francisco to the University of California Hospital. They did some kind of operation on her thyroid, and it left a small scar on her neck (not to be confused with the long scar from years past). She either quit her job in Yuba City, or was layed off due to her medical condition, but she stayed with us some months in our small two bedroom house, and slept on the sofa bed in our front room. She decided she liked the fun and excitement in San Francisco and looked for work, but she found apartments were expensive, and decent paying jobs were hard to find.

My mother and Frances always got along, and we thought she was a first rate grandmother. She came up with special treats and little presents for each of us, and showed interest in what we were doing in ways our parents never took the time or interest. Nevertheless, it was understood by all if she were out of sorts, or we misbehaved with her, she would come down on us with a fury on the level of our father's. Before long Frances and Jack started quarreling with each other, and life became unbearable in such close quarters. One day Frances took the train to Monterey. She decided she liked the town, found a job with a downtown accountant and moved. She couldn't have found a nicer place to live.

## EL CIUDAD DE MONTERREY

Monterey, (the Americans dropped one of the *r*'s), was founded by Spanish explorer Sebastián Vizcaíno in 1602, but it was not settled by the Spanish until 1770. It was the Spanish Governor's seat for Alta California until 1823, then it became the Mexican Governor's seat of Alta California until 1848. Many of the old buildings and mansions have been preserved. The city is located on a scenic bay, and the climate rarely ventures under 50° or over 70° year round. Frances hated the heat, didn't care for the cold, and was royally put out whenever the town experienced the rare day over 80°, or if a freak overnight frost dared to touch her carnation patch.

By the 1950's, Monterey was no longer a major fishing and cannery center. The bay was depleted of anchovies and sardines some years before, either from over fishing, or a change in the migration patterns of the fish. The remaining canneries and packers primarily catered to the fresh fish markets. Fort Ord, a large army boot camp and division headquarters, was to the north, and the flower growers, orchards and vegetable farms were to the east. To the south was Carmel and the Big Sur coast, once artist colonies, and by the 1950's artsy hang outs and resort areas for the

1. After the War, Hal moved to Dallas near his older brother, Lou, and his wife, Helen, and daughter, Sally. Hal owned a television store. When Sally was nineteen years old, Hal often tossed her the keys to his shiny new Cadillac convertible, and let her have the car on her own for a few hours. Sally and her friends cruised town in style.

wealthy. Monterey was the business center in the middle. When nearby communities faltered in the slump of the 1950's, Monterey coasted through with little disruption. The tax and accounting business always had customers, and when Frances quit her bookkeeping job to go on her own, she kept afloat out of her office at home.

Frances found an apartment at 401 Dickman Street, a couple blocks from a bus to anywhere in town.[1] She lived a mile from downtown Monterey on a hill overlooking the bay, a few blocks below an area John Steinbeck immortalized in the 1930's as Tortilla Flats. She rented an apartment from the Cardinalis, a Sicilian fishing family who came to Monterey many years before to work the fishing boats and canneries. They saved their money, purchased four lots and built their home plus three duplexes. She became fast friends with the Cardinalis, and was especially fond of Mrs. Cardinali. Marvelous odors wafted out of the Cardinali's kitchen, and if we walked Mrs. Cardinali's obnoxious little black Chihuahua (Tiny), we came away with a handful of her tasty Italian cookies.

It wasn't long before Frances joined the social life in town. Monterey was no bare shouldered Kansas City, rather a more refined party town. Monterey was too small time for the rackets and big operators, though there were a few enterprising bootleggers in town during Prohibition. They transported booze up and down windy Highway 1 and Northern Californian back roads in their souped up cars. Frances associated with several of the Italian families, and she mixed in with the large community of retired professionals from the San Francisco Bay Area. Several of her friends were once university professors, doctors and businessmen. There was bingo at the Elks Club, dancing at the Gay Nineties Club, the Old California Theater with its corny Nineteenth Century melodramas and oleo shows, tea parties, and card games with her lady friends; a whole list of riveting events her grandchildren found beastly boring whenever required to accompany her. She gathered a crowd of friends, some she met through her neighbors, others she met at events, outings and dances. Before long she had a string of boyfriends.

A Portuguese man, the owner of a prosperous commercial flower nursery near Salinas, asked Frances to marry him, but she turned him down. He specialized in hybrid dahlias, and he gave my parents some of his prize bulbs. We grew those showy, aphid-infested flowers for years in San Rafael. The local distributor for Shasta soda pop was interested in her. He convinced her to quit the accountant downtown and start her own bookkeeping service. He promised to move the Shasta account from

1. Frances never learned to drive. Years before in Des Moines, her brother, Lou, decided to give her lessons in his Stutz Bearcat. While easing out of the driveway, she popped the clutch and lurched the car into the closed garage door. She swore never to drive again. Jack was fourteen years old, and lusted after the flashy Stutz. Uncle Lou let him move the car into and out of the garage, and for a special treat, he let Jack circle the block. In turn Jack was obliged to walk Uncle Lou's Russian Wolfhounds, dogs Jack deemed the stupidest creatures alive.

her former boss to her, but he never made good on the promise. While he was dating Frances, we could all look forward to a couple cases of root beer left on her back porch. Another suitor was a little Jewish man who owned a chain of jewelry stores. He was an extremely nice man, and everybody liked him. He adored Frances and asked her to marry him, but she turned him down as well. Jack was furious with her. He said for once she had a chance to marry someone who thought the world of her, and would set her up in the style she always wanted to become accustomed. The man even offered to buy her a house in San Francisco, where she always wanted to live. She would have eaten alive such a nice man; he was too soft-spoken and polite, too much of a gentleman.

The man who caught her eye and heart was a neighbor, a widowed Sicilian fisherman, Antonio Lucido. He was a handsome old fellow with bright blue eyes. When he was young, he had reddish brown hair, not the typical profile associated with Sicilians. He was born and raised in a fishing village near Palermo, as were a good percentage of his Monterey neighbors.[1] Nino (short for Antonio) came to the United States in 1919 in the company of several other men of his village. They were loaded into box cars and rode a circuitous route through Atlanta and the Southwest before arriving in Pittsburgh, California. Pittsburgh was a thriving fishing community on the Sacramento River Delta with a sizeable Sicilian community. Several of Nino's relatives were already there to welcome him with a place to live and a job on their boats. Nino married in Pittsburgh shortly after he arrived, and he had three children.

When the fish were depleted from the Delta in the early 1930's, Nino and others hired on with boat captains in Monterey. The anchovies were the main business in the Monterey Bay, and the town boomed with all the fishermen and canneries. Anyone who wasn't afraid to work made a decent living. By the 1950's, the anchovies and other bulk cannery fish were gone, and the big canneries shut down. The remaining fishermen left in Monterey took other jobs in nearby rock quarries and family shops, or eked out a living on the remaining boats. The few families who saved a little money bought fishing boats, and managed to make a modest living selling to the remaining canneries and ice houses. Nino owned his own boat, a Monterey hulled forty foot trawler he named the *Stella* after his youngest daughter. As I recall, Nino bought the *Stella* after the war. During the war years, he worked on other fishing boats. There has been publicity and public outrage over the plight of the Japanese Americans during the war, and their degrading and devastating relocation to inland internment camps. Little has been mentioned about the 600,000 Italian Americans sent to internment camps, nor the restrictions put on those allowed to stay at home.

1. Most of the Sicilian children we played with in Monterey were red haired or blond. The ancient Greeks founded their first colony in Sicily, and Palermo was their earliest foreign city. The Greeks were tall, fair-haired people in the ancient times. The Lucidos and Cardinalis were probably descendants of those ancient peoples.

Nino mentioned the Italians in Monterey could not take their boats out without filing for permission with the Coast Guard, nor could they fish beyond sight of the shore. The German Americans kept a very low profile during those years, but to my knowledge, no internment camps were set up for their use.

In good times, Nino hired a four man crew, and fished as far away as Mexican waters for albacore, and the Alaskan coast for salmon. By the time we met Nino, he was the only man on board. Occasionally, his son came out with him to fish on weekends. He barely made enough money to cover taxes and expenses for his boat and house, but that was all right with him. He said he had everything he wanted: a home, plenty to eat, three grown children, grandchildren and good friends. He was grateful he lived as well as he did, rather than stuck in his destitute village in Sicily. He enjoyed puttering in his garden, tending his fruit trees, oregano and fava bean patch. He had a shed in back for his unused and damaged fishing nets. We marveled at his large, dexterous hands as he neatly repaired a small hole in a fishing net with a few flicks of a shuttle and twine.

Nino barely spoke English. He lived in America over fifty years, but spent his life with his own people, and had limited use for English. He was also illiterate; schools were not an option for Sicilian peasants. I was unaware he could not read until he said so one day. In America he spent his life at work, and had no time for school. He could read numbers and a few words, and he could sign his name. Nino had sharp eyesight; he could scan the horizon at sea and identify a distant speck on the water as a sea gull, a sign of fish below. He could pull apart a length of twine, thread the tiny strands of fuzz through the eye of a needle and weave delicate loops for a small bait net. He was completely comfortable in his environment, and carried on business, shopping and other daily activities with ease. He credited his keen eyesight by not straining his eyes reading newspapers. Nino had an uncanny wisdom.

Nino had a sparkling personality; he was charming, playful, and enjoyed a good story. His macho Mediterranean style of charm got him in trouble with his wife, Frances. She didn't understand his culture, nor the Italian code of respect. When visiting, Sicilian etiquette meant impeccable manners in a man's house, especially in front of the women. It was ritual for a man to extend polite admiration of the women in front of the men, a compliment to the man of the house he had the luck to have a good woman. The formula flattered the wife to suggest she was still pretty, a good mother and a better cook, no matter if she were an aged grandmother, patently homely or a carping shrew. Frances gladly received those compliments from Nino's friends, but she went into a jealous rage whenever Nino returned the compliment on a visit. She accused Nino of being a flirt, and in a delightful sense he was.

Nino was a respected member of a cadre of old Sicilian men. They met almost daily at the bocci courts in town to form up their exclusive games. To be invited into a game as a permanent member took a special status in the Sicilian community, but a grandson or nephew might be allowed to pitch a few balls out of respect to the

proud grandfather. The old fellows put on quite a show. When the City of Monterey moved the bocci courts from Schultz Park to the yard adjacent to the old Spanish Customs House, a tourist attraction, they intensified their theatricals to the heights of Puccini. Nobody arrived at the courts in new clothes; to do so would be considered pretentious. Everyone wore their work clothes, even though most of them were retired, and only occasionally went out fishing. Some wore overalls, and the rest wore faded work pants and flannel shirts. Almost everyone had some sort of a misshapen small-brimmed hat. A few, like Nino, had a cap with a snap brim. Whenever one of the men took off his hat, he had a telltale line dividing his white forehead from his tanned, deeply etched cheeks earned from a lifetime at sea. (See page 186.)

The players casually shuffled up to the locked chest containing their wooden balls. They postured around the peg board, which served as the score board, and subtly glanced around the yard to appraise the gathering crowd. If there were pretty girls the old guys stood a little straighter, and pretend they weren't really looking. If someone walked by they knew, they called out in Sicilian, sometimes with a flourishing gesture only they understood and was none of anyone else's business. If there were any smart-mouthed tourists, they gave them a menacing glare straight out of a Mafia movie. With a burst of good natured Sicilian profanities and jeering, the captains were chosen, and a coin tossed to determine the sides and first play. To the uninitiated, Bocci games look like any kindred lawn bowling, except the court is packed dirt and sand. Bocci was about the men getting out of the house, away from the boredom of retirement, the gimbal eyes of their wives, and of hanging out with other men. The Bocci games were a hilarious display of hollering, arguing, assumed indignation, arm-waving, rude gestures, someone slipping unseen over to the score board and surreptitiously moving a peg, or accidently nudging a ball closer to the small bocci when everyone was busy arguing. After a while, one of the old fellows passed around a brown paper bag containing a bottle of generic brandy, and the game resumed in good spirits. The bocci games may have seemed like vaudeville, but there was an underlying seriousness and intense rivalry. Once a year, there was an official tournament, and several teams went after each other with the vigor of a Stanley Cup match. Nino was proud of the trophies his team won, and several people said he was the ace of the team. Frances found it all silly play, but like the other wives she was glad to have her husband out of the house and underfoot, and she certainly enjoyed the victory parties and social events.

It didn't take a year after they were married before Nino was banished from Frances's bedroom to sleep on his own in the second bedroom. According to Frances, he woke her up every morning at 2:00 AM when he got up to go fishing, and she could not go back to sleep. Frances was never accommodating when it came to compromising her comforts. It was just as well with Nino; he rattled around early in the morning without listening to the complaints, and went to bed early without her coming in later and disturbing him. The second bedroom was the only room in his

**Monterey, c. 1974:** *Antonio Lucido and Frances Appelgate Merrill Conner Lucido. Frances bore a striking resemblance to her grandmother Frances Spiller Appelgate. See Page 172.*

house Frances left alone, with Nino's old bedroom furniture, holy pictures and keepsakes. I think he felt more comfortable in his old surroundings.

Frances kept her bookkeeping business until she died. When she remodelled Nino's kitchen, she dedicated a side room for her office. She never had many accounts, but enough to supplement her Social Security, keep her in her stylish clothes, and buy the incidentals around the house she wanted. She convinced Nino the *Stella* was too big and costly to operate, and he agreed. Managing the large boat alone was getting to be a chore for him. He sold the *Stella* and bought a small boat of about twenty two to twenty four feet, powered with one of those old two cylinder Star diesel engines. Everyone giggled when it *pockata-pockaataed* out of the harbor. He named his new boat *Stella II*, which browned off my grandmother. He would have been

more prudent to have called it the *Frances*.

Nino had three children; his oldest daughter was a few years younger than Jack and Elizabeth. She and her family lived in Pittsburgh, California. His son, Frank and his family, lived two blocks away. The youngest was Stella. She was considerably younger than the others. When she was quite young, her mother died and Nino raised her alone. She was his favorite and he doted on her. Frances was jealous of Stella, and made it clear Stella and her family were not welcome in her house. Stella was a tall, good looking girl with her father's blue eyes, and blond curly hair. She commanded plenty of admiring attention, which had a great deal to do with Frances's dislike.[1] Nino's oldest daughter rarely visited, but Frances liked her well enough. Nino's son and his family were highly regarded by Frances. She adored their two children, especially Mary Rose, who had dark red hair. Frances had a preference for red hair; she dyed her hair auburn red until she was into her eighties. In return the children came by, ran errands and did odd jobs for Nino and Frances. Frank and Rose rarely went into town without asking Nino and Frances if they needed anything. They went out of their way to drive Nino and Frances to appointments or shopping. The Lucido family treated Frances as one of their own, the matriarch of the family. Frances was lucky to have them nearby.

A few years after they were married, Frances met with an accident. She was crossing busy Lighthouse Avenue at the bus stop, when a car load of teenagers sped out into traffic from a parking place. She was in the crosswalk, but the boys didn't see her. She was hit, suffered internal injuries and a severely broken leg. At her age, her broken bones didn't heal well. She was left hobbling along on a cane, unable to walk any distance, climb onto the city bus, or go shopping and visiting. She felt trapped, confined to her house to putter in her garden, and reliant on outsiders to take her into town. She never got around without pain, and before long she developed a bitter and angry temperament. Unfortunately, Nino was a handy target.

Before the accident, Nino and Frances bantered at each other, but after a spat they went back to enjoying each other's company. My parents, as well as Nino's family, thought the marriage would turn into a disaster. Everyone tried to tell them their two radically different backgrounds would be their undoing. Jack had the poor taste to discuss in front of Nino, his mother, and both families his opinions of his mother's temperament and selfishness. Frances did not invite the Merrills to her wedding.

Over time the arguments became vicious. We cringed at the berating Frances heaped onto Nino. In all fairness, we sided with Nino; he made a cardinal effort to

1. Frances was jealous of her brother Lou's pretty wife, Helen. After Lou and Helen visited Frances and Nino in the late 1960's, Frances carped about Helen. She was still pretty, and Nino had the nerve to say so. Until he died, Nino asked after Helen. He said she was good company, and fondly remembered her getting up early to chat with him over coffee at the kitchen table while Lou and Frances slept.

adapt to her life-style. He let her rearrange his life and his house with her things and her ideas. She threw out his old furniture and heirlooms, gutted his perfectly charming Italian style kitchen, and replaced the cabinets and deep sinks with stainless steel and formica. His pickling, wine making equipment, old stove and cupboards were banished to the basement, where Nino continued to cook and put up his Sicilian specialties. I have to admit, when in the basement I was a little revolted by his grey-green jars of pickled sea creatures and strange walleyed fishes. Frances called his Italian dishes *gag food*, and let him cook only the mildest fish in her kitchen. She raged at him every time he came into the house, and accused him of being a filthy pig. Nino was fastidiously clean; he was very careful to clean the fish scales off his shoes before he stepped into the house from the back porch.

Frances took to openly belittling Nino's manhood, a very dangerous thing for anyone to do to a Sicilian, let alone a woman. She accused him of being an illiterate *wop*, an ignorant old fool who didn't realize his fishing was no more than a money-losing hobby. All those things were said in front of us and anyone else within shouting distance. I saw ominous anger snap in Nino's eyes, but he was a gentleman and never came back at her in front of us. They had violent battles out of hearing of friends and relatives. On occasion Frances called up Nino's son to come over and break up the fight. One time I saw new kitchen dishes, replacements for the old set which had gone flying across the room. Another time I noticed Frances had heavier than usual make up on her face to cover a bruise. Those events were disturbing, but to this day, I am amazed she wasn't murdered for the things she said and did to Nino. He used to take us aside, and sadly confide our grandmother was hard to live with. He could never please her no matter how he tried. He used to ask what he could do to make her happy. Nobody had an answer.

In 1974, at the age of eighty-two, Frances died. She claimed the automobile accident years before left a lump in her stomach, and it was the cause of her cancer. The lump was probably scar tissue from the gash, and the cancer something else. I never saw the death certificate, so I can't say what finally got her. I do know it had nothing to do with lung cancer, or anything else that should have plagued her for a lifetime of chain smoking. It was her son, Jack, a nonsmoker, who died of lung cancer. The funeral was attended by most of Frances's friends, but many attended out of respect for Nino. At the house, after the services, we noticed several of Nino's relatives we never met. There was one man who sat quietly, and conversed politely in Italian. We were told he had just come from Sicily. He had greased-back hair, and wore expensive pointed calf skin shoes, a white silk shirt, and a black silk suit which looked a size too small. The suit was beautiful, but the man was built like a wrestler with no neck; he would have made any suit look too small. My brother Paul and I exchanged knowing glances.

When Frances's cancer progressed to where she was confined to her bed, Nino's son arranged for a visiting nurse to come every few days, a service available for se-

nior citizens. A social worker was assigned to check in to make sure the house was clean, and see if everyone had decent meals. Nino welcomed the company, and the help bathing and caring for Frances, but he was at a loss why they would want to check his housekeeping. He was a neat person, and he had family to help out with the ironing and other household chores. Nobody could fault him for poor eating habits or shoddy meals. The old fellow was trim and healthy, except for the time he broke down with tuberculosis, a condition he probably brought from Sicily. There was evidence in the X-rays he had broken down before, but he was strong enough to arrest it with his good habits.

Nino used to brag he could still get into the first suit he bought when he came to America when he was nineteen years old. Frances spent a lifetime agonizing over her weight, and she used to give him a wicked glare of envy. Nino rarely ate red meat; he preferred fish and other creatures he hauled up from the sea. He never ate a fish if it were over eight hours old. He said if he smelled the fish, good or bad, it was too old. He liked my grandmother's mid-western cooking, but politely asked for olive oil and vinegar for his salad, and he didn't soak his potatoes with gravy. He bought sweet French bread and ate it without butter. He took a thick slab of bread and a shot of whiskey first thing in the morning as he went out the door to fish. Frances relished sweets, and she was a first rate pastry cook, but Nino didn't care for butter, cream, sugary pies or cakes. Occasionally, he would eat an Italian cookie or a piece of Italian Christmas bread, but if anyone knows of those delectable treats, they are made with very little sugar or fat. Nino's idea of desert was an orange, grapes or a pear. Whenever there were snacks set out, he would reach for fruit. Nino was quite a contrast to the Merrills.

When Nino cooked it was rarely without a good base of garlic, oregano and olive oil. He kept an herb garden, and planted a large patch of his favorite fava beans, which he popped out of their husk, and ate raw like peanuts while he sat on the back porch. Whenever his grandchildren, Mary Rose and her brother, Anthony, were over at the same time as the rest of us, he would cook up something to test us. He had a bucket of baby calamari (squid), and washed up a bowl full. He tossed them into a frying pan of hot olive oil, and when they curled he doused them in garlic and a little vinegar. He laid the dish in front of us, and sat back with a mischievous smile. We were a little squeamish, but after we braved the first squid, we discovered they were quite tasty, and fought over the last ones on the plate. I couldn't brave everything Nino offered us to eat. One day I came upon Nino straddling a banister at the wharf, peeling a sea anemone with his knife, and popping bits of the raw creature into his mouth. He offered me a slice, but I couldn't do it. He hauled in magnificent crabs, gave away the legs and pincers, sat down and popped off the shells. He dipped his bread into the raw green innards and sopped up the slime. He said we didn't know what the good parts really were. His greatest contribution was his preparation of a whole salmon. He splayed the fish and layed it on the barbecue. For his marinade he

took a whole head of garlic, peeled the cloves and crushed them with a mortar and pestle, then topped up the mortar with olive oil. From his garden he picked a few long sprigs of oregano, preferably while they were in flower, and used the bunch for a basting brush for the garlic oil marinade. Frances would have nothing to do with his fish and garlic. She put his salmons in an enclosed roasting pan with a little water, and baked them in the oven. She served her fish with a few slices of lemon.

Nino made wine, but in the mid 1960's grapes soared to $500 per ton for Zinfandel, and the growers quit making free deliveries. He shut down his basement operation of a few barrels per year, and took to buying jug wine. Jack tasted Nino's wine and said he made an excellent dry red table wine. Years later I stopped by the Fortino family winery in Gilroy; Mrs. Fortino is a Cardinali and a relative of Nino's. She remembered Nino, and asked if one day I might drive him out to the winery to visit. I never managed to round up Nino for the visit, but I brought him the best regards of his relatives plus a bottle of their best Cabernet Savignon, a Gold Medal winner and a pricey item. I poured Nino a glass, and he took a sip. He gave me a thoughtful look, reached under the kitchen sink, pulled out a bottle of 7-Up and topped up his wine. "Thatsa better", he commented. He again reached under the sink and pulled out a gallon of jug wine labelled Red Mountain. He tapped his finger on the jug and informed me: "*thatsa* the besta wine". I never again showed up at Nino's house with any red wine which cost me more than ninety nine cents a gallon.

In the spring of 1976, Nino took his old waterlogged skiff out into the bay to catch a few fish for some friends. He ignored the gale flags raised above the Harbor Master's station, and proceeded to row off Del Monte beach. His skiff swamped in the swells and he went under. For all his years at sea, Nino never learned to swim. A little over a week later, his body was recovered, and the entire Italian population of the city of Monterey turned out for his funeral. The harbor shut down, and the boats went out on a memorial regatta. The Italian businesses closed, and there was an elaborate Italian funeral procession down the main street of town. The funeral Mass overflowed the huge church into the streets, and the reception at his son's house lasted over several days to accommodate everyone who came to pay their respects. It was politely noticed key members of the Merrill family were absent, notably Elizabeth. At the last minute, Elizabeth decided she had too much to do at home in Seattle, and didn't come to the funeral. She hurt many feelings, and her affront to the Lucido family will probably never be forgotten. My brother, Paul, and I represented the non-Italian in-laws over those several days, but we were definitely the second string. It was a ponderous event, and neither Paul nor I were quite prepared. We probably muffed important cues and rituals, and certainly weren't versed in Italian etiquette. Thankfully, we were excused due to our age and position as children in the Merrill clan. I came away thinking if anyone wants to throw a party over my demise, I can't object to everyone having a good time, but I'll haunt the first one who thinks about making a maudlin funeral ordeal over my corpse. I promise!

CHAPTER 11

# REFINERY BRATS

Frances Appelgate and her younger sister, Mary, spoke fondly of their Irish mother, Mary Maher. They claimed she came from County Clare, Ireland. According to U.S. Census records, Mary A. Maher was born in the State of New York. Mary Appelgate Stevenson said her mother, Mary, and the rest of the family, emigrated from Ireland in the late 1880's. She said her grandparents were Dan and Ellen Needham Maher. Ellen died in the 1890's, and Dan lived with Duke and Mary Stevenson when he was a very old man. I think Mary Stevenson meant the Mahers came to Iowa in the late 1880's, since there is evidence they were in the United States years before. The most blaring conflict is I was able to track the Maher family back to Pennsylvania by the names, birthdates and birthplaces of several of the Maher brothers and sisters, but *their* parents were not Dan and Ellen in the records, rather James and Mary. It was not uncommon for names to be reversed on the records, such as James Daniel for Daniel James. I have a gnawing suspicion I veered off the Des Moines Maher trail, but the following is where my research took me.

According to the 1900, 1910 and 1920 U.S. Census, Mary A. Maher was born October of 1868 in the State of New York. Her parents were listed as born in Ireland. On the 1900 U.S. Census, Mary's fourth youngest sister, Nellie, lived with the Appelgates. She was born in December of 1879 in Pennsylvania, and also stated her parents were born in Ireland. On earlier Census records, Mary's next youngest sister, Emma, was born in New York, but the younger brothers and sisters were all born in Pennsylvania. The earliest possible record found of our Maher family in the United States was on the 1850 U.S. Census for the State of New York, township of Boston near Buffalo, Erie County. It listed a Daniel, twenty-six years of age, unmarried, a

laborer by trade and born in Ireland. The next evidence was on the 1860 U.S. Census. James Maher, a nineteen year old unmarried laborer, and he lived in the city of Syracuse, New York. Both Daniel and James lived near the Canadian border, and it is possible both men were related, possibly brothers. Without digging up more evidence than the U.S. Census, the odds of James being the father of Mary A., and grandfather of Frances Appelgate, are about 50/50. James Maher may have enlisted as a soldier in the Civil War. He was the correct age for service, and probably didn't marry until the end of the war, judging when his oldest child, Mary, was born.[1]

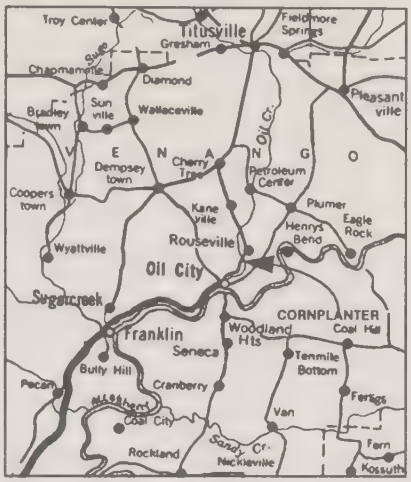
The Maher family was listed on both the 1870 and 1880 U.S. Census in Pennsylvania in a town called Cornplanter, central Venango County. Cornplanter was a village at the mouth of Oil Creek on the Allegheny River. The name of the town changed to Oil City in the early 1860's after more than fifteen refineries and hundreds of oil derricks peppered the landscape, but the outlaying district was still called Cornplanter. On the 1870 U.S. Census, the Mahers were listed in Cornplanter, but underneath was written Rouseville Election District, which meant they lived almost five miles north along Oil Creek between Oil City and the unincorporated settlement of Rouseville. The 1870 Census listed James as an engineer at an oil field, and on the 1880 Census he was called an oil producer. As an engineer, James supervised the construction, maintenance and delivery of oil from someone else's oil well. An oil producer bought or leased interests in underground mineral rights at a given plot, then built his own derrick, pumped and sold his own oil. From Venango County records, James was partners in his oil claim with one of his brothers, John Maher.

The town name of Cornplanter sounded rather quaint, and at first it was a mystery why the town had a name of a field crop. The terrain of Oil Creek was/is rocky, with steep hills and vertical cuts into narrow valleys and river ways. In Eighteenth Century western Pennsylvania, the mouth of Oil Creek was the home turf of a formidable Seneca Chief, whose name translated into English as Cornplanter. For centuries the Seneca knew about the black sticky seepage which oozed into dark pools in low spots. They used the goop for decoration, fire sticks and caulking their canoes. The Eighteenth Century whites found oil a nuisance. For those who moved into Venango County to scratch out a farm in the few flat places, the appearance of oil on their property meant their pastures and fields were ruined, and their land worthless.

In the early part of the Nineteenth Century, oil had a limited commercial value. Farmers dug shallow holes and trenches to collect the seepage, then filtered it through sieves to separate out the grit and rocks. Oil was viscous stuff, due to the paraffins and other impurities, and it was used as axle grease, or as a secret ingredient in snake oil, patent medicines sold from the wagons of drummers traveling from

1. The National Archives has an alphabetical listing of all known Union soldiers on microfilm, but I haven't taken the time to look up Maher soldiers.

community to community.[1] Before the mid 1850's, most people used candles to light their houses; only the rich afforded whale oil for their lamps. By the 1840's, smart business men saw the decline of whaling and oil prices climb. They took a serious look at the potential of the sticky stuff found in the northwestern Pennsylvanian cow pastures.




**Venango County detail:** *Cornplanter was between Oil City and Rouseville. Titusville, about twenty miles north on Oil Creek, was the site of the first oil well in the United States. By 1900, the remaining Mahers lived in Franklin.*

Eastern businessmen sent chemists to western Pennsylvania in 1854 to take oil samples. The surface pools of oil were almost unusable for their purposes, but the oil samples taken from inundated salt wells looked promising. They tested it, and confirmed a high grade kerosene could be boiled off from oil taken from deeper strata. They called it salt and rock oil from its location in ruined salt wells. The first oil company in America was the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company, and on December 30, 1854, it was the first oil company on the New York Stock Exchange, with an opening issuance of $250,000 of stock. The Pennzoil Corporation of today is a distant relative of Pennsylvania Rock Oil Co. There followed a long series of bleeding down assets, reshuffling, reorganizations and bankruptcies, all in the style of the railroad promotions of the day. Like the railroads, a few people became very wealthy, but most were left in debt and penniless.

In 1857, eastern investors sent a retired railroad conductor, Edwin Drake,[2] to Ti-

1. Those bottled concoctions were touted as wonder cures for almost anything, from apoplexy to zits. Their secret ingredients were usually a little oil, a lot of alcohol, and a few additives to enhance the color or flavor. The additives could be mundane herbs, or in some cases poisonous chemicals. The drummer was any kind of salesman who would announce his arrival in town by hiring a boy to beat on a drum as he drove his wagon through the streets.

tusville to drill the first oil well in the style of the local salt wells. The salt wells rarely exceeded fifty feet in depth, and Drake had to sink a 200 foot well to hit oil, quite an endeavor in those days. The technology at hand was a glorified post hole auger, which was only good for limited depths before it bogged down in collapsing dirt. Drake and his engineer came up with a sensational new idea, the one invented by the Chinese 1,000 years before. They rammed a metal pipe (instead of bamboo) down the hole for a well casing to support the drill and protect against cave-ins.[1] They struck oil at 200 feet in 1860, brought it up with a water pump, and emptied it into what was at hand, wooden barrels bought from suppliers to the local whiskey stills. Oil is still measured in barrels.

The first refinery was built just after Drake started pumping oil in 1860; it boasted of six pot stills to boil off paraffins and other gasses. The first cracking still was invented in 1861, if the word invented really applied. An engineer responsible for watching the pot stills fell asleep while on duty. The stills over-boiled, and distilled a volatile new liquid they named *gasoline*, a nuisance of sloppy and inefficient refining until the 1890's. In 1896, Henry Ford was convinced by John D. Rockefeller he could cut the cost of his horseless carriages by fitting them with internal combustion engines powered with cheaply produced gasoline, rather than with Thomas Edison's costly electric batteries.

The Titusville oil strike caused a stampede of thousands of oil prospectors into the surrounding territory. The first barrel of oil pumped by Drake cost $40, but within a year, with so many men pouring into the oil fields and peppering the countryside with wells, the prices fell to $10. Within another year, crude oil was down to ten cents a barrel. The oil fields overproduced, and were dismally managed. Small oil fields were quickly depleted, or left partially exploited when salt water seeped into the claim. Wells were sunk everywhere, and derricks stood shoulder to shoulder with little regard to the terrain or property rights. Most of the wells came up dry, and the prospectors moved on, leaving behind their derricks, tanks and equipment they couldn't take along. Within weeks millionaires with flush oil claims were once again paupers with dry wells, obliged to sell off their claims and equipment for pennies on the dollar. The tent towns and villages, like Titusville, Rouseville, Cornplanter and Oil City, were dirty, sleazy, and rough towns. The only people who made a reasonably steady living were a few merchants, saloon keepers, and of course the professional ladies, who provided entertainment and relaxation at all hours. Everyone else

2. The investors were short of working capital. They hired Edwin Drake because he was given free passes on the railroad as part of his retirement. He knew nothing about wells or refining, but he was clever and resourceful.

1. The invention of the rotating hardened metal drill bit is a more recent invention. Look up any biography of Howard Hughes, and how he and his father made their fortunes.

operated on speculation, and on the fleeting hope of their wells holding out.

Fifteen months after Drake's discovery, there were seventy five producing wells on Oil Creek and hundreds of dry holes. Oil Creek was narrow with steep banks, and a few flat areas where farmers raised a few crops and grazed cattle. Four hundred fifty thousand barrels of oil were pumped from the Oil Creek fields in 1860, and by 1862, three million barrels were shipped to the refineries. The Civil War hardly affected production, and may have improved the prospects. Southern turpentine, which was made into camphene for cheap lamp oil, became unavailable, and kerosene from the Pennsylvanian refineries filled the demand. After the Civil War, thousands of people poured into the oil fields to seek new lives after the devastating war.

Everything near the oil fields was coated with oil and tar; the fields, forests, houses, cattle and the dogs. In some places, the streets were up to a foot deep in oily muck. The swampers in the saloons kept busy sweeping out and replacing wood chips and sawdust on the saloon floors, not for spilled beer, but for the slippery oil tracked in. The Maher children grew up in Cornplanter playing in their yard and along the streets and creek, grimy with tar and oil. Their playgrounds were the iron and wood scrap heaps, broken down derricks, tanks, drilling equipment and old barrels littering the town and vacant lots. Nobody possessed clean shoes or good Sunday clothes for long. Even clean laundry hung out on a clothesline couldn't escape the oily dust kicked up by passing mules and wagons.

James Maher was one of thousands of Irish men and their families to flock into the oil fields. The Venango County Directory for 1872 was almost exclusively a list of Irish names. James and his brother, John, and their families, were the only Mahers in Venango County. The Maher brothers worked a mineral claim near Cornplanter, about six miles up Oil Creek on Blood Farm. The name had nothing to do with a violent scene; the farmer who owned the acreage on both sides of the creek was called John Blood. By the late 1860's, Mr. Blood sold several separate claims on his property. There were dozens of small producers and their oil derricks on his property, including the Maher brothers. Mr. Blood and the other farmers on Oil Creek didn't come away poor; they collected rent for equipment and derricks erected on their land, as well as fees for all the traffic crossing their fields. The downside was the oil fields extracted a toll on their farms. The roads and wells tore up the land, and the dirt and water were contaminated with sludge and slag from drilling. After the oil was depleted, and the prospectors moved on, the Oil Creek farmers were left with the hulks of worn out tanks, pipes and broken down derricks. To this day, there are scars on the ripped out land and creek beds, and the litter of rusted out tanks and drilling equipment.

Drilling for oil in Pennsylvania was not as convenient as wells sunk later on the flat plains of Texas and Oklahoma. The northwestern Pennsylvanian creeks and ridges were rocky and steep. Equipment and supplies had to be hauled up and down the hills by mule, and in some cases, on the backs of the oil prospectors. Exploration

techniques were akin to wildcatting, or an educated guess of what was several hundred feet below unknown strata of rock and sand. On Blood Farm, the oil men had to drill about thirty five feet before they reached siliceous rock, then another fifteen feet until they hit ordinary shale. At 200 feet they reached sand rock, and another ten or fifteen feet gave them another layer of shale. The second shale was about 100 feet thick, and then there was another twenty feet of sand rock, followed by yet another 150 feet of shale and twenty more of sand rock. Wells had to bore through alternating layers until reaching a depth of between 500 and 800 feet, where a pool of oil could be tapped. They had to pump it out with a steam powered pump or by hand, pipe it into large holding tanks, then draw off the oil into small (fifty five gallon) wooden barrels. Most people hired teamsters to load and transport their barrels to the Allegheny River docks.

Titusville was the first hub of oil production. In 1859, the area pumped enough volume for the producers to decide they would build a pipeline to the new Oil City refineries. Until then oil was hauled by teamsters in huge tanker wagons to barges on the Allegheny River, and shipped to refineries in Pittsburgh. The pipeline threatened their jobs, and they organized a strike. The Titusville strike was the first organized labor strike in American history, complete with picket lines, sabotage, riots, and oil company goons beating up strikers.[1] The pipeline was completed the next year, and the strike was broken. The teamsters had to find other work, or settle for jobs they could find in the outlaying areas. With centralized refining and a pipeline, Titusville was no longer the hub of oil production. New areas were explored, opened up, and wells sunk near places with imaginative names like Petroleum Center, Pit Hole and Petrolia.

The Mahers came to Cornplanter between 1867 and 1869, judging by when Mary's little sister, Annie, was born. The information given to the Census takers by Mary Maher Appelgate differed from the Census information her parents gave in 1870 and 1880. The early Censuses stated Mary A. was born in 1866, and her sister, Emma, in 1867, but confirmed both sisters were born in New York. Annie was born 1869, Nellie in 1971, James W. in 1874, George S. in 1876, Margaret T. in 1877, and Rose C. in 1879; all were born in Pennsylvania. On the same Census records, James Sr. stated he was born in 1841 in Canada, and both his parents were from Ireland. It is possible James was also born in Ireland, but emigrated to America through Canada like thousands of other Irish. The passage fare to Canada was less expensive, and crossing over to the United States was a ferry boat ride across the St. Lawrence River. It is also possible James was inclined to state he was from Canada, rather than

1. The fledgling association of wagon drivers evolved into one of the most powerful and corrupt labor unions in the United States: Teamsters International.

Ireland. In the mid 1800's, there was a great deal of prejudice towards the Irish in both Canada and America. His wife, Annie, stated she was born in 1846 in New York, and her parents were Irish. The point of origin discrepancies are not such a big deal; the Mahers were Irish, and the name is common in County Clare. The disturbing point is both Frances and Mary Appelgate, the ones to know their own grandparents's names, said their names were Ellen and Dan, and Mary and James turned up on U.S. Census records with children whose names matched the aunts and uncles.

By the late 1860's, the railroad came to Oil City. The route was to Cleveland, rather than to the established refining center of Pittsburgh. Cleveland was directly west from the oil fields, as the tracks were laid, but railroads chose their routes with other interests in mind than convenience. It might be interesting to see what Cleveland offered the railroads for their business, and who made out on the impending railroad contracts. As soon as the railroads committed to running a line from the oil fields, Cleveland built refineries. The city had a thriving business with the Midwest as middlemen for shipping products from its docks on Lake Erie. During the Civil War, Cleveland became a major Midwestern industrial center and mercantile hub, and stayed that way.

After the Civil War, Cleveland attracted all kinds of adventurous entrepreneurs. A bright sixteen year old bookkeeper saw the opportunities, and saved his wages to invest in Cleveland's future. By the age of twenty-six, he worked and saved enough to go in with a partner to buy a small refinery. John Davison Rockefeller entered the oil business. Rockefeller looked after the refinery's books, and kept an iron hand on expenses. Before long, he bought out controlling interest in the refinery. He reinvested, expanded, and increased volume production until he was able to drop the price of kerosene from six cents a gallon to three cents.

The three railroads servicing Cleveland jockeyed for Rockefeller's trade to haul his new fleet of tank cars. John D. shrewdly bargained for lower shipping prices, which may sound like good business, but it must be remembered the railroads were, and still are common carriers. They were subsidized and backed with public concessions and money, and they were obliged to set fair and impartial rates for everybody without preference, or so it said in the railroad charters. The years after the Civil War were the era of great business opportunities, and nobody in their right mind ran a railroad for the good of the public with the smell of tremendous profits wafting in the air. Rockefeller officially paid the going rate like other refiners, but the railroads quietly and illegally kicked back a percentage of the rate to keep Rockefeller's business.

By 1871, the price of oil fell due to overproduction. Rockefeller figured the cause was too many refiners competing for the business and shaving profits. He went on a campaign to buy and squeeze out the competition. The railroads were not to be left behind, and their best customer was given a *drawback* to keep his business. The *drawback* was a shifty arrangement whereby the railroads quietly proposed to Rock-

efeller to have his rival producers subsidize Rockefeller's freight. The trick was to publicly charge everyone the same rate, but to really overcharge the independent refiners, then lower Rockefeller's. On the books, the railroads showed the correct rates for the overall tonnage hauled. They failed, or were not required, to list each contract, nor note some tanker cars were more costly to haul than others on the same train. Some refiners paid exorbitant rates to balance off Rockerfeller's special low rates. To disguise the deal, Rockefeller's drawback was laundered through a bogus company, the South Improvement Company. When the railroads announced they were to raise rates to all, except the South Improvement Company, the independent producers caught wind of the scam. They formed the Petroleum Producers Union in Titusville, and vowed to boycott anyone associated with the South Improvement Company. They convinced the newspapers to vilify the South Improvement Company, and the papers named names, including John D. Rockefeller. There was nothing illegal with the scheme, not then. Today the whole lot would be indicted, fined and thrown in jail.There certainly was a question of the morality of the whole deal, but the devout Baptist Church pillar and Sunday school teacher, Rockefeller, clearly separated business from morality. He believed God gave him the Divine Gift to make money, and it would be a vile sin not to prosecute His Will by all means available. By 1880, John D. Rockefeller was the most pious man in the United States.

In the 1870's, kerosene was cheap, and almost everyone had kerosene lamps. Rockefeller decided to make the oil business even more efficient and profitable, but he had to control all aspects of the industry. Until then, there were four separate levels of the oil business: oil production, refining, distribution and marketing. Rockefeller decided his Standard Oil Company would take over the entire oil industry, from digging wells to stocking cans of kerosene on the shelves of general stores throughout the country. One of Rockefeller's subsidiaries, Acme Oil, was ordered to take over the small refiners and producers along Oil Creek, such as the Maher brothers. Acme Oil pressured the small fry to either sell out or get out, voluntarily or by forceful means. Suddenly, non-compliant independents discovered the railroads would not ship their oil, refineries became reluctant to process their oil, and their mineral rights were suspended or litigated away from them. Their workers were beaten up on their way to work. A stubborn independent's derricks and equipment were mysteriously wrecked in the night, and his holding tanks sprung gaping holes. The independent oil men responded by banding together in the late 1870's to build their own pipe line to Cleveland to avoid Rockefeller and his railroad pals. Rockefeller ordered the railroads to refuse right of way across their tracks, and they forced the independents to transfer their piped oil to tanker wagons to cross the tracks to pipes on the other side. Often, a train would be conveniently stuck or sidelined in front of the pipeline terminus. Rockefeller built his own bigger and better pipelines, and the independent oil men were ruined. In the 1870's, Standard Oil refineries put out 10% of the nation's capacity of kerosene; by 1880, they put out 90%. By the mid

1890's, Rockefeller had complete control of oil production in Pennsylvania, and produced 25% of the world's supply of kerosene.

James and John Maher were two of thousands of oil producers, refiners, warehousemen, barrel makers, engineers, teamsters, retailers, and other related businessmen forced off their claims and out of business by Standard Oil and its subsidiaries. John Maher stayed in Oil City, and took work for the oil producers set up by Rockefeller. According to a 1910 Venango County record, John died and left behind his widow, Mary, and several grown children and their families. His brother, James and his family, dropped out of sight. On the 1900 Iowa Census, Louis and Mary Maher Appelgate stated they were married in 1889, which meant the Maher family were in Iowa a few years before, or several Maher children moved to Iowa on their own. The public marriage records for Louis and Mary were not found in either in Polk or Story Counties, which is not too significant. Until this century, the only public records that elicited legal interest were death notices; the bureaucrats had to make sure they collected inheritance taxes.[1] The 1890 Census is unavailable, and the Maher family was absent from 1900 Pennsylvania and Iowa Census. They could have died, weren't home, were overlooked by the census taker, or were in transit between homes.

**Des Moines, May 1915:** *Mary Maher Appelgate holding her grandson, Jack Merrill.*

On the 1910 Census, living next door to the Appelgates was a Des Moines city cop, William J. Maher (James William on earlier Census records), Mary's younger brother. He was born in 1876 in Pennsylvania, and his parents were Irish, which fits

1. I haven't contacted the local Catholic Archdiocese for church records. The Appelgate-Maher marriage was Catholic, possibly at St. Augustine's in Des Moines.

earlier records. Finding William next door inferred the Mahers moved to Iowa together. There were no other pre-1900 Mahers in Iowa, but the missing 1890 Census would have been the key. The 1910 Census tracked the elder Appelgates, William and Fanny, to the northwestern Iowa town of Highland, Palo Alto County. Living nearby was Michael M. Maher, but it is unknown if he were a connection. The Maher name was not very common in Nineteenth Century America, and they were not such a tangled maize as the Appelgates. It was easier to look at all the Mahers whenever the name surfaced, but not easier to track down our specific line.

The grand irony of the Maher story is Jack Merrill was born in Cleveland, the seat of John D. Rockefeller's empire, and he spent his working life on the payroll of Standard Oil of California, one of the several companies broken off from John D. Rockefeller's Standard Oil empire via the Sherman Anti-Trust Act of 1911. I doubt if Jack knew he was born and baptized in crude oil via the legacy of his grandmother's family in the Pennsylvania oil fields, nor did he know of their plight as independent oil producers forced out of business by his beloved Standard Oil. Perhaps he knew and didn't care. Perhaps I tracked the wrong Mahers.

CHAPTER 12

# MISCREANT MERRILL

Frances Appelgate's first husband, Jack Merrill's father, was Albert Anthony Merrill. Almost nothing is known about the man. When we asked about him, we were usually informed he died when Jack was two years old. Years ago one of us dangerously pressed the issue; Jack bellowed out his father walked out on him and his mother, and if we dared ask about him again we would be beaten. I had a secret suspicion the unmentionable Merrill person was not so bad; if he indeed walked out, it was away from abusive tempers and mean behavior. It is unknown when or why Albert was cut out of the family, but he didn't die when Jack was small. Elizabeth Merrill was ordered by Jack to close off Albert from his grandchildren. According to family sources, she occasionally corresponded with the man, but burned his letters so we would never know about him. Not everything about Albert Merrill was destroyed. After Elizabeth died, we found her wedding certificate and Jack's birth certificate, and both documents had the name of the unmentionable grandfather. Albert Merrill did not die when Jack was two years old (1916); the man came to Seattle on October 6, 1937 for the Merrill/Fitzpatrick wedding. He signed their wedding certificate as a witness; his signature was next to his ex-wife's, Frances Appelgate.

According to the above documents, Albert Merrill was born in Kentucky in 1888. Jack Merrill was born in Cleveland, Ohio, August 26, 1914. According to his birth certificate, his parents had been living in Cleveland only nine months. Frances was listed as a bookkeeper, and Albert was a salesman. There is no record of their marriage in Iowa or Ohio State records, nor in the local records kept in the courthouses of Polk County (Des Moines), or Cayahoga County (Cleveland). I didn't check adjacent States, in case they eloped en route to Ohio.

In Frances's photo album, there are pictures of Jack dating from November of

1914 to Jack's graduation from high school in 1931. The dates Frances wrote under Jack's baby pictures started when he was three months old, with at least one picture every month until his first birthday, then the pictures were less frequent. All of the early pictures were taken in her father's house in Des Moines; the later pictures were taken in Kansas City, or summer vacation in Des Moines. By a loose observation, the Merrill/Appelgate marriage broke up by the time Jack was three months old. On the 1920 U.S. Census for Des Moines, Frances and Jack still lived with her father and the rest of his household. Frances went by the name of Merrill. Within a year, Jack was sent to a boarding school in Ellsworth, Minnesota, and Frances probably moved to Kansas City. It is unknown when or where Frances filed for divorce. It is likely she is on record either in Jackson County, Missouri, or Polk County, Iowa.

Albert Merrill's birth place of Kentucky, written on Jack's birth and wedding certificates, was the next clue. The 1900 U.S. Census for Kentucky listed an Albert A. Murrell, born 1847 in Kentucky. He was single (possibly a widower), and lived in Lang Valley, Adair County. Albert Murrell's age almost eliminated him as our grandfather, but the coincidence of his name keeps him on the possible relative list, especially since census takers were/are notoriously inaccurate. The U.S. Census of 1910 and 1920 are both alphabetized State by State. I went through all forty eight, and did not find Albert Anthony Merrill. It is possible he was still a salesman and on the road when the census was taken. There were four or five Alberts in both 1910 and 1920, but none of them looked correct for their age, occupation or family affiliations. Those items don't mean he wasn't one of them, but unfortunately, there is not enough information to corroborate with the Census records. On the 1910 Iowa Census, a school teacher by the name of Albert S. Merrill lived with his wife and family a few streets away from the Appelgates. His age was close to Albert Anthony's, but he was born in Iowa. Albert S. became Des Moines Superintendent of Schools. I don't know if he were a connection, but he lived in the neighborhood. He was on the 1920 Census and in later Des Moines City Directories as late as 1938.

The earliest existent Census of Kentucky is 1810[1]. A small group of Merrills lived near the Ohio River, which was the usual migration pattern for western peoples, including the Appelgates. On the 1900 Kentucky Census of Kenton County, in the district of Saufordstown, a farming community outside Covington, there was forty-one year old Mary Taylor. She was listed as the household head, and married five years. Her husband was not in her household, but living with her were her older children by a previous marriage: Charley Merrill, aged twenty-one, Albert Merrill, aged thirteen, and a married daughter, Laura Strothers, aged eighteen. Laura had a two

1. The British burned down Washington D.C. during the War of 1812, and all Federal records went up in the blaze, including the censuses. Early census records have since been reconstructed from copies kept by the various States, though many are not complete, and a few copies were lost or never kept, like Kentucky's. Another major blank in the records is the 1890 U.S. Census, burned up in a fire in the Commerce Building in 1921.

year old daughter. The only adult man in the household was a cousin, thirty-nine year old Frank Strothers. The age and location is a good fit for our Albert, but not conclusive. All the Merrill children were listed with their mother born in Kentucky, and their father born in Pennsylvania. Mary Taylor stated she was born in Kentucky.

The critical 1890 U.S. Census is not available, but on the 1880 Kenton County Census, there was Charley, age one. His parents were Ad, aged forty-two, and Mirah, aged nineteen. Both parents were listed as born in Kentucky. The Census taker had atrocious spelling, and the page with the Merrills was filled out in a fast and scribbling hand. I have a suspicion Mirah was a phonetic spelling of a Kentucky drawl for Mary. The name Ad was a nickname for something else, like Adam, Adrinium or Addison, and the census taker didn't bother to take down the man's complete Christian name. As everyone on the page was listed from Kentucky, it is probable the impatient census taker didn't bother to ask or write down the correct information. At any rate, Mary, or Mirah, had the same birthdate as Mary Taylor, and Mirah's son, Charley, was the same age as Mary Taylor's Charley.

On the Kenton County Census for 1870, there was a William Merrill, aged forty-four and born in Ohio. His thirty-eight year old wife, Sarah, was born in Pennsylvania. Their children were Addison, aged twenty, born in Pennsylvania, Mary A., aged eighteen, born in Ohio, Albert, aged ten, Perry, aged thirteen, and George, aged five; the latter three were born in Kentucky. The above 1880 Kentucky listing of Ad is possibly short for Addison, which puts the twenty year old 1870 Addison on the list as a possible distant grandfather. Another family name on the same 1870 Census record was Addison's brother, Albert, which gives William Merrill's family points in favor of tracking our line of Merrills. The 1860 Kentucky Census had a W.J. Merrill, aged thirty-four, and his wife, Sarah, aged thirty-three. They were in Logan County, possibly the above William's early household in Kentucky.

Since Albert's father was recorded from Pennsylvania, I went to the 1850 Pennsylvania Census and found six Williams. None of them looked correct, but they were not discounted completely. I searched 1850 and 1860 Ohio Censuses, since the above William was listed from Ohio, and one of his older children was born there. Ohio was littered with Merrills, many just across the Ohio River from Kenton County, Kentucky. There were far too many Merrills to explore without better clues.

The next wild shot was to see who was on the list of Union soldiers in the Civil War. There was a long list of Merrills, and several Williams. The Confederate records in the Virginia State Archives also has a sizeable list of Rebel Merrills, mostly from the border States along the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers. On both sides, there was an impressive list of officers, including one Union General, Brigadier General Lewis N. Merrill, the hero of the Battle of Hartsville, Ohio. I have no idea if the General is related, but a few of his Merrill relatives settled in Kentucky in the early 1800's. The General mentioned there was a serious schism in the family over loyalties during the Civil War. One brother was hanged for having the wrong loyalties in the wrong part of Kentucky. If I can get a hook on our Kentucky-born Albert Antho-

ny, and find he is connected to the General, I have a clear path back to the first Merrill on colonial soil: Nathaniel Merrill, born c. 1600 in Salisbury, England, and landed in Ipswich, Massachusetts in 1633. He spent his life in Newbury, Massachusetts, and his descendants migrated into New Jersey about the time as the Appelgates, though they migrated west through Maryland and North Carolina before landing on the Ohio River and settling both sides, Ohio and Kentucky respectively.

At this point, tracking the Merrills is on the edge of the ridiculous. Relying on U.S. Census data is too vague without substantiating public records, and military records mean nothing without background material. The State of Kentucky was the worst State in the Union for requiring and maintaining public records. It wasn't until the 1920's Kentucky decided to require municipalities and counties to keep vital statistics records. I couldn't come up with Kenton County or Kentucky State marriage, birth, or death certificates for the years involving our Merrill family. On the 1923-24 Covington/Cincinnati City Directory was listed an Albert Merrill, a helper (business not described) and residing at 422 E. 13th Street. On the 1936-37 directory Albert is a resident a couple doors away at 417 E. 13th, but nearby was Charles E. Merrill, a boarder at 615 Greenup Street. The names and city are too close of a coincidence to discount. Our Albert Merrill may have returned to his home town of Covington after his break up with Frances Appelgate. I have no evidence of Albert in Kansas City.

There is a tantalizing slab of Merrill history with trails back to the early colonial days of Massachusetts Bay. They arrived in North America the same time as the Appelgates. The Merrills were early frontiersmen and women, like the Appelgates, and they followed similar migration routes west through Ohio, Tennessee and Kentucky. Merrills were famous outlaws, Jayhawkers, tent preachers, doctors, stock brokers, lawyers, local and State politicians, and university professors. Albert A. (Adams) Merrill was a self taught inventor of airfoil designs, and a founding member of the Boston Aeronautical Society in 1894. He taught at Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1913, and California Institute of Technology from 1918 to 1928. He was an early pioneer of aeronautics, and invented in 1928 a movable wing, tailless airplane called the *Dill Pickle*. On its maiden flight, the *Dill Pickle* crashed into a haystack, and so did Albert A. Merrill's tenure at Cal Tech.[1]

The vindictive streak in our family to shut out Albert is unfortunate for several reasons, but I find it a damned nuisance. There are plenty of interesting people who went by the name of Merrill, but until I get a good lead on our Albert Anthony, it is nearly impossible to work backwards in time to come up a historical profile of the family. The main players in the Albert Anthony Merrill saga are dead, and if anyone remembers anything about the man, and can pass on any information, please do so.

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1. A photo of Albert Adams Merrill, born in Massachusetts in the 1860's, is shown in a room at the Air and Space Museum, Washington D.C., of the early Twentieth Century aeronautical development displays. He is in a 1910 group picture taken with early aviation innovators Wilber Wright, Walter Brookins and Ralph Johnstone. The picture and information on Merrill are also written up in *Millikan's School* by Judith R. Goodstein.

CHAPTER 13

# *MARY DOROTHY*

Mary Fitzpatrick's oral history, *Rambles Through My Family History*, was dictated to her daughters, Marie and Elizabeth. Mary was hesitant to set down her thoughts in writing; she thought the modern generation wasn't interested in hearing about old fashioned customs and events. She kept a low profile, concerned people would think she were telling tall tales, or turning into a blathering old lady. Until her death, Mary had a well-earned pride in her ability to keep her mind active and alert. She was quick with a razor sharp repartee whenever someone assumed she was an ignorant, senile old lady. Her sense hearing degenerated through the years, but not much went past her unnoticed or unforgotten, as many of us can attest.

For the most part, the following is as set down by Elizabeth and Marie. I didn't edit the structure or the syntax, since the text is an oral history. The only additions were the insertion of a few of Mary's stories written in her own hand from previous rough drafts, but omitted in Elizabeth and Marie's final write up. Occasionally, I substituted a few of Mary's own written variations of a phrase or two. I reversed the ending chapter of her original document, and put it up front as an introduction, since her ending sounded more like a lead-in. I added footnotes to back up Mary's story with research more than for correcting her accuracy. There were few errors; Mary had an incredible memory for facts and incidents. If anyone is reading Mary's history for the first time, I might suggest first going through without getting mixed up in the notations to avoid losing the flavor of Mary's personality.

# RAMBLES THROUGH MY FAMILY HISTORY

BY MARY GILBRIDE FITZPATRICK

*I am the eldest of living relatives who knows about everyone on the enclosed Family History of the Lavins and Gilbrides. I made a faint promise to Grace Lavin McKain to make up a Family Tree, and though I do not feel qualified to do so, I am doing so out of a sense of obligation to a dear friend and cousin. My information is based on memory and not on research. Also, it is not intended as a finished piece of work, but rather as a starting point for one of the newer generations who some day may become fascinated by the study of genealogies.*

*Thursday, January 22, 1976*
*3200 East Lexington Way, Apt. 198*
*Mercer Island, Washington 98040*

## PREFACE

Two years ago, I took my first airplane trip. My daughter Marie and I joined a charter flight organized by the University Presbyterian Church Choir and the Blessed Sacrament Choir. It all began when Marie wanted me to accompany her as she attended a convention-type meeting, called a Chapter, of her Franciscan community in Wickham, Hampshire, England.

I was old enough to know that anyone attempting to travel with a group should have enough strength and energy not to hold up the pace for the rest, nor be a burden in any way. Though I was ninety-five years of age at that time, I took the chance. From experience, I knew what to wear and brought as little luggage as I possibly could. We arrived at Shannon Airport at 4:00 in the morning, and it was teeming with rain. Marie's International Driving License had not been forwarded to

the Automobile Rental Office, as she had requested, so we took a bus into Limerick City, and rode an ancient railroad train to Dublin, where an old friend and neighbor of the Fitzpatrick tribe awaited us to take us ninety miles away to Cavan County. During the long trip, his four year old redheaded son entertained us with all the antics he could think of. I asked his father if he would sell his little son to me. The four year old made it very clear to me that he saw no humor in my question.

Our relatives in Cavan of course knew we were coming, and we were met with true Irish hospitality. We had to depend on others to get around to visit the other relatives, and Tom Francis Brady was a most gallant chauffeur and guide. We stayed at the home of one of Frank's nephews, Frank McGovern, and his charming wife, Kitty, in Uragh, between Milltown and Belturbet in County Cavan. It rained pretty constantly, but there were enough bright spots so that the farmers were managing the win the hay. This was perhaps fortuitous for us, as Tom Francis drove us around during the rain, and spent the sunny hours saving his hay crop.

After a week visiting relatives and the countryside, we returned to Dublin the same way we came. Then from Dublin we took another airplane to London, where we were met by a friend and a car from Park Place, Wickham, the Franciscan house where Marie worked for so many years. Marie renewed old acquaintances, and I met many nice, wonderful people from all over the world, such as India, Ethiopia, France, Switzerland, and other such places.

Park Place was originally an old manor house. There is an artificial lake complete with dams and drains and shooting blinds, where the lord of the manor used to hunt. His fish breeding pond is still there. He was an officer in the Indian Colonial Army, so he brought back a sense of the exotic with him to England. Park Place is planted with groves of trees, and all sorts of exotic plants and flowers. The Sisters now raise vegetables, chickens, rabbits, and pigs, all of which help to supply food for their Pastoral Center and School. They have several school buildings on the grounds, and fields for games and exercise.

While staying at Park Place, I had a private bedroom on the first floor, and took my meals with all the visiting delegates. My room was right next to their new chapel, which was built in an elliptical shape. There are no pictures, no statues, no Stations, or Way of the Cross - just movable chairs and kneeling benches, which also serve as footstools. There are no side altars, just a long stone table in the middle to serve for the Sacrifice of the Mass. The Tabernacle for the Blessed Sacrament is a small brass enclosure on a pedestal off to one side.

We took many tours into the English countryside, and visited many museums and cathedrals. One interesting old castle we visited, called Longleat House, had a pet cemetery beside the great house. The graves were covered with handsome monuments, and the day we were there, fresh cut flowers had been placed on several of the tombs. An aura of sadness swept over me as I thought of the loneliness of the owners of those departed pets.

After viewing so many architectural wonders, such as the Cathedrals of Winchester, Salisbury and Wells, and seeing the evidence of years and years of hard labor that went into elevating those magnificent structures, I was made to be ashamed of myself for complaining of doing hard work as a child.

At the windup at Park Place, Wickham, a London school teacher, and friend of Marie's, took us to her home in London. When we arrived there, her mother had a beautiful fried chicken dinner prepared for us. Mrs. Newburn-Crook is crippled with arthritis, and pulls herself about in a wheel chair, but manages to do everything for herself, including such things as making mosaic pictures and glass engravings. Her husband, John Newburn-Crook, was a fairly renowned artist and sculptor in the 20's and 30's in England. He founded the Manchester College of Art, and later lectured at the Royal College of Art in London. I was privileged to see and touch many of his masterpieces there in his wife's home. I slept in a bedroom off the main hall, which was lined with books, part of three libraries which the artist had inherited. I saw several pictures, and two statues at least for which Mrs. Newburn-Crook had served as model for her husband.

I never dreamed London would look so old. It seemed there were chimneys everywhere. Finally, (Sister) Bernadette drove us over to Heathrow Airport, where we caught a plane to Glasgow, Scotland. We were able to see the sights in Western Scotland. We hired a taxi from Glasgow to Prestwick, where we met our friends from the Tour, all 259 of them! We had a pleasant, uneventful flight back to Seattle. Jim, Elizabeth (Merrill), and Barney, Mary and Tim (Keefe) met us a Boeing Airport.

This past January, I had my eighth airplane ride. I never dreamed of taking another trip. It came about so easy: there was an invitation to my granddaughter Barbara Jo's (Fitzpatrick) wedding to take place in Tempe, Arizona, in January, with an airplane pass from Terence (Fitzpatrick). Now, I just couldn't refuse to go to Barbara Jo's wedding. I had just received a new white coat. I just had to go to that wedding! Perhaps I am bragging, but I think I was the best-dressed person on that plane, and also at the wedding - the bride excepted! At least that's the way I felt.

It was so good to see Elizabeth going to the wedding, and I felt so safe when Terence met us. But right then and there, I realized traveling was not exactly my cup of tea anymore. I just could not keep up to their walking pace, so a wheel chair was in order. All in all, it was a great experience, and I shall always be grateful and happy to have been present at Barbara Jo's wedding, and to have spent so many happy hours in Terence and Barbara's home.

Leaving Tempe, Elizabeth and I flew into Reno, where Frank Merrill met us. We went out to Frank and Lynda's lovely home on the Truckee River. I was surprised to see how grown-up David is...

I felt really good in Reno, but by the time I arrived home in Seattle, I was feeling tired, and after going to bed, by morning, I couldn't breathe, and was soon on the way to the hospital with Marie. After a series of X-rays, it was determined I had a severe case of bronchitis and a form of flu. It took all of February to see me through that! I stayed home and Marie was my nurse. I surely was ill, but hated to admit it. During my convalescence, I completed the first part of my *Rambles Through My Family History*, and then decided to burn the rest of it. However, when Lynda and Frank Merrill visited this summer, 1976, Lynda encouraged me to preserve and complete it. Lynda jotted down the highlights, which I had already destroyed, and gave me the steam to get going again.

So, here it is - such as it is! *Amen*!

## PART I

I am an American. Just ninety six years ago, on August 24th, 1879, I was born in a lumber-constructed house, which had belonged to my father's parents, overlooking Round Lake, Le Sueur County, Minnesota. An oil painting of this house hung in the State Capitol, St. Paul, for years. Most houses were made of logs at that time, so our house stood out and was called Castle on the Hill.

**Mary Dorothy Gilbride:** *1879 tintype taken in Elysian shortly after her birth.*

Our heritage can be traced back to the Emerald Isle to the time of St. Brigid, about 450 A.D. Brigid was, legend has it, the daughter of a wealthy pagan prince on one hand, and in other places we read that her father was a pious, wealthy man who even had built a private chapel on his very extensive estate. At any rate, our Gilbride ancestors were servants of Brigid, who later became Abbess of a monastery, which stood on the present site of the town of Kildare. The name *Gilbride* is a derivative of our ancestors's role: *Gil* meaning servant, and *Bride*, Brigid. There is a coat of arms for the Gilbride family in the Main Library in Seattle. On it is shown a chapel, nearby an oak tree, and the motto: Sturdy as an Oak.

Ireland is known as a Land of Saints and Scholars. Also, it has known poverty and oppression. There was a time, in fact, when the natives were not allowed an education by the oppressive laws of England. The hedgerows became hiding places for schools and schoolmasters. My own mother's grandparents went to school in the hedgerows, and told and retold their vivid experiences to their children and grandchildren.

During the time of the Potato Famine in Ireland. Circa 1847, people were desperate with hunger and illness. Many, including my father's family, the Martin Gilbrides, emigrated to America. In fact, Martin Gilbride emigrated first, settled in Pennsylvania, and then sent for his wife, the former Mary Newcomb, and his children, Brigid, Rose, Martin Francis, James and Frank.[1] They left Ireland in a sailing vessel![2] The boat drifted into the Belt of Calms, and remained thereabouts for three months. Rose became ill, and died of dysentery, and was buried at sea. My father, Martin Francis, was only two years old, and would have died too, if it weren't for oatmeal gruel, his mother said. When they finally arrived in America, they were met by my grandfather, Martin Gilbride. Needless to say, they were famished and ready to drop in sheer exhaustion. Columbus had it better. They lived in Pennsylvania, where they took to the coal mines.

In those days in the American colonies, the Irish immigrants did not travel down a pathway of roses. It was almost impossible to find jobs. Employment signs read: "Irish need not apply", and other signs read: "Irish not allowed". And there was the well-known ethnic name-calling: the women were called biddies, and the men Micks.[3] The most difficult and undesirable jobs fell to the lot of the immigrants; many became coal miners. My own father was nine years old when he drove a mule in the coal mine where his father worked. Can you imagine a little nine year

1. James J. was born February 3, 1850 (died October 24, 1871). Frank was born September 3, 1855, both in Hamesdalehaum, Pennsylvania.

2. I may have found Mary Newcomb Gilbride and her children in *Famine Immigrants*, a five volume National Archives listing of ship's manifests of the mid 1800's. Mary was recorded as twenty-four years of age. Her children were not listed by name, which makes this record inconclusive. She was a passenger on the bark (sailing ship) Jamestown, which departed from Liverpool, and arrived in Philadelphia, September 17, 1849. Sailing barks were converted cargo ships rigged to pack 500 to 600 passengers on board. There was no privacy, and rations and water were in short supply. Most of the Irish were packed below in the cargo holds, but fifty to seventy five of the lucky ones were allowed to live on deck during the crossing of the Atlantic. Slave ships of the same era rarely packed more than 200 below decks. Slaves were valuable commodities, the Irish were not. The timing and port of entry were about right, and so was Mary's age and traveling alone with her children. There were no other Mary Gilbrides in the manifest books, nor were there too many Gilbride famine emigrants. There were two Bernards, one Owen and one John; two arrived in 1847 and two in 1848. I can't say if they were relatives or not. Some entry ports required the ship captains to enter a short description of each passenger, and it was grueling reading. Most of the Irish were in rags, some almost naked, wracked with disease and starvation. Upwards of 20% of the famine Irish died at sea.

3. The U.S. Census takers of 1850 and 1860 assigned to canvass Irish communities and neighborhoods often wrote down a surname more or less correctly, but sometimes they didn't understand the accent, or didn't care to write the correct Christian name. Many men were listed as Mick, and women as Biddie. Biddie was an archaic Saxon word for hen, but came to be a derogatory term for a woman. Mick was a racial slur on the Irish.

old boy rising at 4 o'clock in the morning to be at the coal pit when the day shift started? But his mother was good to him. One morning, he arrived a little early, and saw a black object across the street. It frightened the life out of him being so young. When workers arrived they found the object was a dead man.[1]

Even so, he had a better education before leaving Pennsylvania than any of his four sons had later in Minnesota. He learned to sing nice songs, recite prose, play games and lots of things that we kids at home never did learn. Then he could dance too. You know, Jim (Mary's brother), and the rest knew what a marble was, but couldn't play a game. My father's fingers were crippled with the long siege of marble playing.

The Irish tended to strike out for education, and today no one can look upon the Irish as second-class citizens. They helped to make America what it is today. The roll of honor is a long one, and the names are glorious. Their ascendancy began years ago when New York City was riddled with crime. No police could be found to cope with the situation, until an Irishman named Mulroony accepted the job, and made New York City a model of law and order. Mulroony was the beginning of a long line of Irish cops.[2]

The Civil War was long and terrible. My father was eighteen when the Civil War broke out. The railroads were in full swing to the West, so he joined railroad construction.[3]As he grew older, he was quite adept to the ways, and the company offered him any job up to the highest office. He just would rather work for a boss, so he refused. When he married mother, he surely married the best boss in the world. He didn't want responsibilities, but mother accepted that challenge.

As time went on, and father was over thirty, the railroad had reached into Minnesota.[4] A relative in Pennsylvania passed away (so) the Gilbrides purchased this

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1. I have records of the Giilbride and Newcomb families in Harrisburg and Pittstown, and those were mean, tough towns. The Molly Maguires, a secret anti-landlord terrorist society of Nineteenth Century Ireland, came to America in the 1850's. They developed a following among the oppressed coal miners in Pennsylvania. Harrisburg, Scranton, Wilkes-Barre, Pittstown and Luzerne were hotbeds of Molly Maguire activities. Patrick Mullin and his brother, Michael, were listed on the 1850 Wilkes-Barre U.S. Census as laborers. According to historical sources in Minnesota, Patrick, Michael and Patrick's future brother-in law, Thomas Murtaugh, were Molly Maguires.

2. I think she meant William Muldoon, born in New York of Irish parents. He earned his living as a bouncer in dance halls down on the Bowery near the wharves. Later, he worked as a longshoreman cab driver. In 1876, he became a policeman assigned to patrol the tough Irish section of town nobody else wanted to enter. He organized the Police Athletic Association, and won national fame as a wrestler. In 1921, the Iron Duke was named chairman of the Boxing Commission of New York. As you may guess, Muldoon was a big, tough Irishman. He commanded a great deal of respect, one way or another.

3. Martin was born November 18, 1846, and he was only fourteen when the war broke out. By the time he was eighteen, the war was over.

place and decided to farm. Leaving Pennsylvania, and reaching Dundas, Minnesota, his parents, and the Lavin family, took up homestead acres near Round Lake. It seems an official on the railroad owned land and a frame house up in the hills in Minnesota by Round Lake. It was quite a house for such a remote part of the West. The furniture was of cherry wood. The house was surrounded by an apple orchard. The acreage was hilly, yellow clay, nicknamed Vinegar Hill after a famous battle site in Ireland.[1] I am not sure whether or not if my father's brother-in-law, John Lavin, was a coal miner or not. But I do know that the Lavins had ten children: six boys and four girls. Mrs. Lavin, my aunt (Brigid Gilbride), was about eleven years older than her brother Martin, my father.[2] At any rate, the Gilbrides and Lavins quit railroad work, and started farming on their homestead land.

The Lavin family built a huge hand-hewn log house to accommodate their ten children. John Lavin was a deeply religious man, and installed an altar for Mass. His children were naturally inclined to be quiet and soft-spoken. My Grandmother Gilbride would call them The Quiet Creatures. Their home was nicknamed the Convent on the Hill. Discipline was not a problem in that household, that is sure.

People addressed Brigid Lavin as Lady Beezy Lavin! She was tall, willowy, dainty of face; in appearance very like Whistler's Mother. Her going-away clothes were elegant. They surely must have been purchased in Pennsylvania before coming to Minnesota. Never in all my memory, as a youngster, had I seen anything like her apparel. But, I never once heard her speak. Kate, a daughter, visited us a few times when I was a teenager.

When John Lavin, Jr., a son of about twenty-five years of age, got a job on the railroad nearby, he lived with us. He stayed with us for two years in our new log house near Duck Lake; he slept upstairs. I have a vivid memory of him during that period, although I was only three years old then.[3] His lunch bucket was oblong with a tin cup clasped to the top of the lid. An antique store near me, called Ye Old Glory had a similar lunch bucket hanging near the ceiling. I asked the dealer "How much" he would sell it for, and he told me that it was so old it was not for sale. It ran through my mind at that time to try to buy it for Grace (Lavin) just for fond memories.

John, like his brothers and sisters, was a quiet person. My mother said the most he ever said in the two years at our house was "yes" and "no". But one bright day,

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4. The Gilbrides arrived in Minnesota in 1865, and they bought their property of 153 acres from Mrs. Nancy I. Manwuring, October 21, 1865, for $1,000. Martin was nineteen.

1. Vinegar Hill was the site of the defeat of the Wexford insurgents by the British and Orange yeomen, June 21, 1798. They were viciously put down by the Governor General of Ireland, Charles, First Marquis of Cornwallis, the bungler of the Battle of Yorktown of the American Revolution.

2. Brigid was born January of 1848. She was two years younger than Martin.

3. She was five years old. The railroad came through the neighborhood November of 1884.

he broke his silence by saying to Mother, "Would you please ask Mary Shanahan if she will marry me?" Mary Shanahan was a daughter of neighbors, who were frequent visitors at out house. My mother was struck like a bomb with John's request. But, of course, she acquiesced. I was so young I can hardly remember, except for the day he brought home a sack of sugar candy for Mary Shanahan, and poured its contents out onto Mary's quilting frame. I am vague about the rest. I know the marriage took place. And I know the couple received twenty eight fancy kerosene lamps for presents. My mother was the happy recipient of one of those lamps.

John Lavin Jr. then purchased thirty eight acres overlooking Duck Lake across the road from our farm. There he built a house where Mattie and Florence were born. Then he was transferred to Waterville, Minnesota, where Marceline was born. The next move was to Mankato, where they lived for years. Ethel, Elliot, Ben and Grace first saw the light of day there. Then they returned home again to the house on Duck Lake. John was quite ill his last winter there.

Mary Shanahan Lavin had an Uncle, Frank Bergen, a granduncle to her children, who lived with the family. He was a kindly, religious man. He didn't smoke, chew or drink. In fact, he didn't even swear, except to say "jeekers"! He enjoyed bazaars and the thrill of games of luck or chance. I don't know how he ever managed it, but he was always immaculately dressed. He wore maroon-colored suits. His hair was sandy-colored, and he wore a beard. When we were little kids, he would pass our place to go to visit his sister, Brigid Shanahan, and he would bring an armful of stick horehound candy, and leave each of us children a piece. That was a treat because our folks never bought candy for us, nor toys.

The final move for John (Lavin) was to Sedro Wooley (Washington), where he purchased twenty acres on the best land, and had a five-bedroom home built on it, and granduncle Frank went along too. He (John) read a lot, tended the garden, and was company for the children when the mother took a trip home, or visited Dr. Ben in Chicago. She was proud of her children, and rightly so. They inherited so much goodness without special training. They never had to do a tap of work, only when they felt like it. They were quite a contrast to us kids across the road, who were little slaves when we were able to stand.

Florence and Marjorie (Lavin) took up the millinery trade in Sedro Wooley. They made a success of it too! Whenever Florence, Marjorie, Ethel, Elliot or Grace would go to Church, or to the city, the girls wore beautiful hats of their own creation. The townspeople would say, "My, you beautiful girls do wear the most attractive hats! How about making a hat for us?" And so their business grew!

I was thirty-nine in 1918; that was the year that John died of asphyxiation in the Cascade Tunnel.[1] He was a young man, only fifty-eight at the time. The chil-

1. The Cascade Tunnel is at Stevens Pass, Washington. It is a 7.8 mile long tunnel through the Cascade Mountains, the longest tunnel in the United States.

dren always thought their dad was the best ever, so they really felt this loss. John was very much admired for his personal appearance, too. He could fiddle and sing as well. His favorite song was "Sweet Annie Laurie" and yet he was the one who named his youngest Grace Virginia.

**Grace Lavin and John Fitzpatrick c. 1916:** *John and Grace were "almost engaged", but John dropped her for Evelyn Delayne. Mary Fitzpatrick did not think too highly of John for his treatment of her cousin Grace.*

When the children were grown, and Ethel was completing her nursing course at Providence Hospital, Seattle, she and the others spent a great deal of time at my house. One day Ethel asked, "Why were our folks always such good friends with yours?" It came to me then, that like so many people, she and her family had never discussed, or been interested in, family relationships. I explained that her father's mother (Brigid Gilbride Lavin) was my father's sister; that this made me a first cousin to her father, John, and a first cousin once-removed to her. It would have been much simpler if I had drawn up a Family Tree like the one attached. Visual aids are so much more effective than words. Then she could have seen at a glance that the good friends who lived across the road from each other on Duck Lake were relatives too.

## PART II

Mary Ann Mullin, my mother, was born in Parkersburg, Virginia, now West Virginia, in the year 1851 on August 29th.[1] Her parents were Patrick Mullin and Brigid Murtaugh, Irish immigrants. The Murtaughs were from near Belfast.[2] Grandpa Mullin, and his people, were fishermen from the West Coast of Ireland, and were related, it is said, to the Black Irish, descendants of the survivors of wrecked ships of the Spanish Armada. Priscilla Mullin, of *Mayflower* fame, was grandpa's cousin.[3]

Then from there, West Virginia, they went to Ohio.[4] Uncle Mike was born in Ohio (1855). I don't know the mode of travel, perhaps by oxen. Then as Horace Greely said, "Go West young man", perhaps grandpa, being young, followed the advice. The government gave immigrants the opportunity to take up homesteads in Minnesota, so onward grandpa and family went, and with the three families of Murtaughs, they claimed 640 acres, or 160 acres each.[5] Right there mother's people were the first white settlers in Southern Minnesota. This land was heavily timbered with three lakes amid it all. Grandpa was a fisherman in Ireland, so it was easy on that score between clearing the land of timber to make way for grain, corn, sugar cane, garden.[6] There were cows for milk and butter, the sheep for wool, and apples and plums. Grandma spun wool. You saw the spinning wheel, which is now about

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1. August 29, 1854, according to U.S. Census, and Patrick's affidavits in his pension records.

2. They were from County Mayo, the Parish of Kalladin (Kalledan, in the records, near Knock and Cloonfallagh), as per John Madigan, a grandson of Brigid Murtaugh. The Marysburg cemetery records show the same. The Belfast Murtaugh clans were Protestant Scotch.

3. Whoa! The part about the Spanish Armada may be correct. Several Spanish ships were driven ashore along the coast of Mayo. Although the English ordered the locals to turn over, or kill the Spanish sailors, many were secreted away, and spent the rest of their lives with the local Irish. The Priscilla Mullin part is farfetched. Mullin is a very common name in Ireland, and the *Mayflower* Mullins were Protestants. I admit, I did very little research on the *Mayflower* Mullins, so it is possible there may be surprises. If someone cares to look into the story, there is plenty of information on the *Mayflower* families.

4. Brigid Murtaugh and Patrick Mullin were married December 8, 1853, in Barlow, Ohio. Barlow is about fifteen miles from Parkersburg. In 1854, when Mary Ann was born, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad crossed the Ohio River at Parkersburg, and I'll guess the Mullins were in Parkersburg working on the railroad. John Madigan had information of the Murtaughs working on the railroad. Several Murtaughs stayed with the line until it reached Cincinnati, then migrated north to Minnesota to join the rest of the family.

5. The early Murtaugh landowners were Tim, Michael, John and their father, Thomas.

6. They had plenty of maple trees, and tapped the sap to make loaf sugar and syrup. During the Civil War, when Southern cane sugar became unavailable, they grew sweet sorghum, (not tropical sugar cane), a variety of cereal grass used principally for making molasses and for animal forage.

120 years old, a collector's item. There was a smoke house for smoking fish, bacon, ham.

The Indians were the original owners of the land. Therefore, when the Irish and German immigrants began moving in, and taking possession of their lands, the Sioux Tribe started an uprising. They had something to say about these poachers, so they were aroused to the white man taking their rights, so up with the tommy hawks, or hatchets, and murdered 700 whites. In the meantime, mother and her people got wind of the uprising, and fled on foot to the block house in St. Peter fourteen miles away. My mother was about nine years old, and remembered running barefooted to the block house, and you may be sure they were aware of the horror. I don't know if grandpa was in the Civil War at that time. He may have been in training.

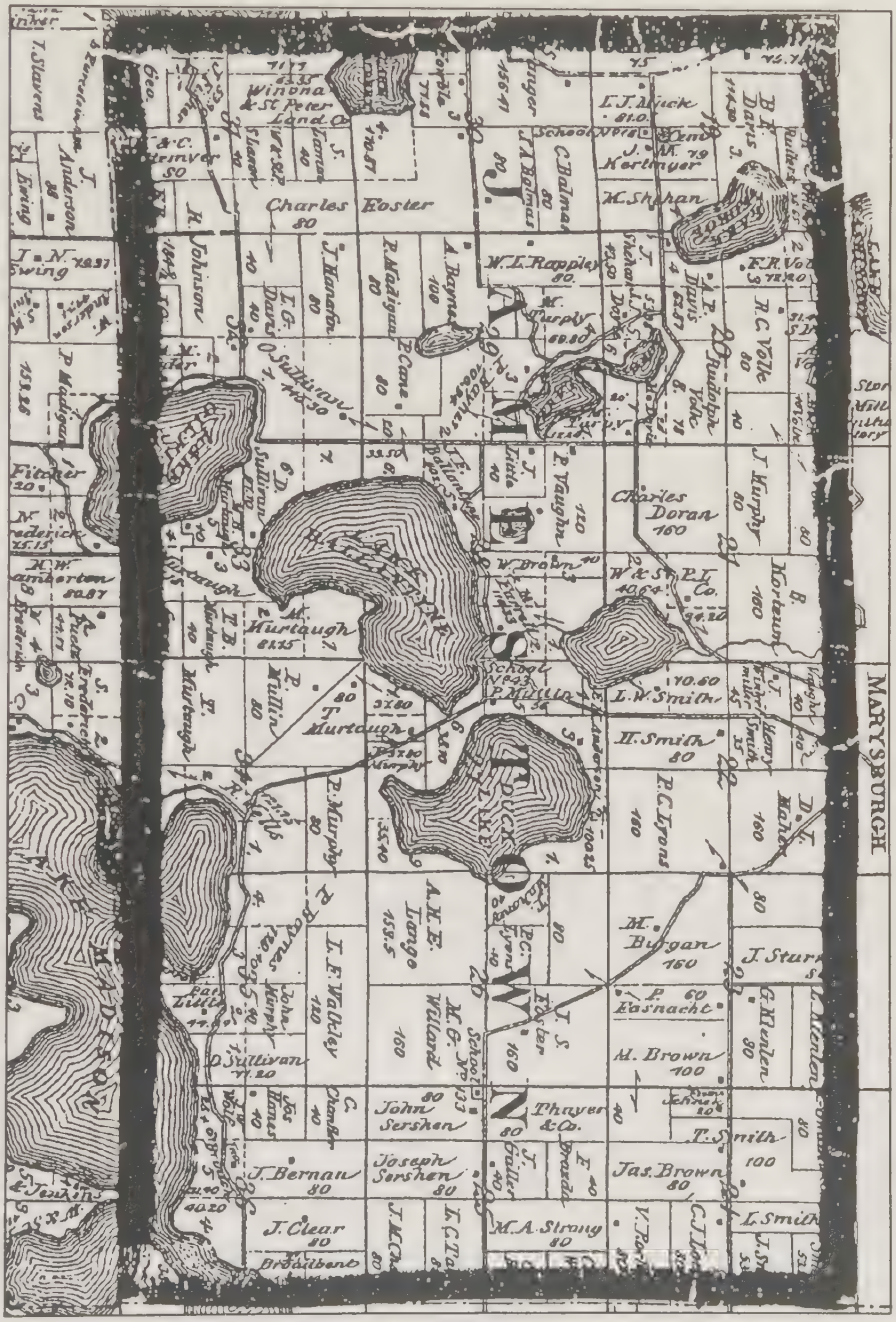
As a consequence, the government gave orders to build a scaffold at Fort Sibley, and in public view the civilians hung thirty eight of the ring leaders of the Sioux Tribe, and sent the remaining Indians to a Western Reservation.[1] It was a terrible sight, especially for the Indians who knew what was happening. The reason this is not on the records is that it is a black page in our history. Saloons and soldiers for years would put up pictures of the Indians hanging in Mankato. I can remember those pictures. A very large oil painting of the hanging is owned by Joe Burgess in Menlo Park, California. Elizabeth (Merrill) searched libraries around the Bay area for the hanging of the Indians, but was unable even to find a write-up.[2] Joe Burgess, a pupil of mine in 1904, wrote me that she would be welcome to see the large oil painting of the hanging in his library, but she never accepted the invitation. I have a picture of the painting in my album. I don't know when grandpa went to the Civil War, but the family did suffer some hardship at the time with some fear of remaining stray Indians.[3]

The Indians of the Winnebago Tribe were good friends of the Mullins, and were missed when they moved away. My mother, when a child, cared for the very young papooses while their mothers went fishing. About ten would be lined along the wall strapped to their (papoose boards), and never cry. Grandma always kept cows, so my mother would get a bowl full of milk and spoon, and pass from one to another with a spoonful of milk just to hear them smack their lips. She said it al-

1. The army did the hanging, not at Fort Sibley, but in the town square of Mankato.

2. She didn't look very hard. There is plenty of information on the subject.

3. See Chapter 18 for the Sioux Uprising. Grandpa Mullin's service in the Civil War was as an Indian fighter in Minnesota. There was a great deal of hardship on the farm. Patrick was away for almost a whole year. The oldest child in the family, Mary Ann, was only eight years old, and with other men in the area away chasing Indians, there were few left besides women and children to plant and harvest the crops, tend the animals, chop firewood, keep watch for Indians, and look after the upkeep of the property.




**Jamestown topographical detail from: *1879 Map of Blue Earth County* - Warner and Foote.** *The original Mullin parcel was the eighty acre parcel below Duck Lake belonging to Patrick Murphy on this map. The Mullins filed for their land October 16, 1857. On August 20, 1858, Thomas Murtaugh sold Patrick Mullin one half of his quarter section, the triangle split section shown on the map between the two lakes. Both Thomas and his brother, Timothy, registered their land November 18, 1856. The Mullins were present in 1856, but they didn't register their land for another year. When the Gilbrides came in 1881, they bought some of John Murphy's land. Their first log house was about where the number 9 is, and the later frame house above the five of the 35.40. In 1879, neither the Cannon Valley road (Wisconsin Minnesota and Pacific Railroad), nor the village of Madison Lake existed. The village was built on the R. Wells property, bought and developed in 1885 by Patrick Mullin's son-in-law, Lewis Fitcher. The hike to Marysburg was about four miles from the Duck lake property; to the future Madison Lake, about a mile. Next to Marysburg is the D.L. Maher place, an interesting possibility.*

ways "did her heart good." In those days, there was no pay for baby-sitting, but the mothers gave my mother beautiful bead work. Grandpa would go from his homestead to the nearby Indian camp, and watch the Indians roast dog over an open fire using a pole and cross sticks. One day, an Indian walked into the house, took up a jug of molasses, and drank every bit before setting the jug down. He must have been sick after his drink. It wasn't long afterwards (the Uprising), the government sent all the Indians to a reservation. I don't know if any white woman married an Indian, but I did of white men marry squaws. My seat and roommate in Mankato was part Indian.[1] I didn't know this until a few years ago.

Father, in his thirties, and two younger brothers, one died, joined the young folks in the neighborhood for dances. Uncle Mark (Mary's brother) told me recently that he was the life of the party because he could sing and dance, something his children couldn't do. I didn't witness this aspect of my father. Uncle Mark said he would sing "What Villain Killed Mrs. Flaherty's Goose?", a song he would sing when courting my mother.

His home was some distance from where mother lived, but it was called the Castle on the Hills. Anyhow, Aunt Margaret (Mary's sister) got a worker on the Mankato paper to look up the record of father's and mother's wedding. The paper gave the account they were married 10:00 at night. Surely it must have been 10:00 in the morning. It told of grandma Mullin singing at the reception. I never did get to read that article.[2]

Anyhow, they lived with father's people in the Castle on the Hill, where I was born. An artist was going through the country and was struck with the beauty of this Castle and painted it. It hung in the capitol in St. Paul for years. They bought a second sale homestead on the shore of Duck Lake, and built a log house. It had two bedrooms upstairs, and one down. The stair steps and floors were bass wood - the whitest wood I ever saw. [3] Then when I was sixteen years old, a frame house, now standing, was built with a grove at the north side for a windbreak and facing the village in the distance. [4] The winters in the new home were surely comfortable with the addition of a windmill and a cistern. My father enjoyed this (sitting on the porch), reading papers, and arguing politics in his dying days. He suffered off and

1. Cora Tabor was Mary's friend and roommate at the Mankato Normal School.

2. They were married November 18, 1878, at the Marysburg Catholic Church. The witnesses were uncle Michael Mullin and Sarah Little, a friend and neighbor. I searched microfilm copies of the *Mankato Record* from November 1878 through January 1879, and I didn't find the article. Perhaps it was in another paper.

3. Bass wood is from the Linden, or Tulip tree.

4. Unfortunately, the house was torn down a few years ago.

on twenty years with cancer, but living near Rochester, where world-renown Dr. Mayo practiced, his illness was prolonged. He would be 118 years old now.

He (grandpa) built and operated the first hotel in the new village. It was called the Lake House, overlooking Madison Lake. After its closure, it was their home. Grandma was bedridden after an operation for gallstones, and developed palsy. I stayed with them for two summer vacations. She was easy to care for. Grandpa would milk cows on a farm adjoining the village, care for the chickens and garden in the village, and also help me cook fish and meat. His hand was crippled from blood poisoning, and he had an operation for cataracts on his eyes. Grandpa used to walk to Mayo's Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, fifty miles away.[1] As it was hard to find a nurse to care for them, the Mullins moved to the Soldiers Home (Minneapolis) where grandpa fell down two flights of stairs, and broke his back. Grandma was bedridden, and died later, after I returned to school.[2]

Grandpa was a Civil War Veteran, stood 6'2", and was sturdy in every way.[3] Some of his descendants of early years always enjoyed the story of the day he and Grandma drove their horse and wagon to St. Peter, a town fourteen miles distant. It seems St. Peter must have been a shopping center, besides the military barracks. By the side of the road, an owner of a house had a sign: "I can lick any Irishman passing this way". Grandma, being of a nervous type, tried to distract Grandpa's attention. He said nothing, but sat stiff on the spring seat beside grandma. On their return from St. Peter by evening, lo and behold, grandpa stopped by the sign, and went to the house and ordered the owner of the sign to show his strength with P.M. Mullin. Of course, grandpa, with his strength and military training, beat this man to a *putty*, and made him remove the sign. Now days, Grandpa would be arrested. In the meantime, grandma fretted and fumed, and shook like a leaf. I don't think that she ever went with him on a trip again.

The Mullins were so different from their children; both had a fair education; she could sing, recite poetry, and he read the papers daily, and he was clerical officer on the school board. Neither lost their social graces, and felt at ease at all times when friends would visit, and were glad the visitors remembered them.

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1. The crippled hand was from a sabre injury from his army service in 1862. He also suffered from arthritis and hernias, which means it was unlikely he walked very far. Madison Lake was on the railroad line, and I'll guess the old man walked only as far as the station, and rode to Rochester. Cataract surgery was a new, tricky procedure in those days. It was indeed performed by the Mayo Clinic, but I cringe thinking about the instruments and technology they used. Apparently, Patrick Mullin kept his vision.

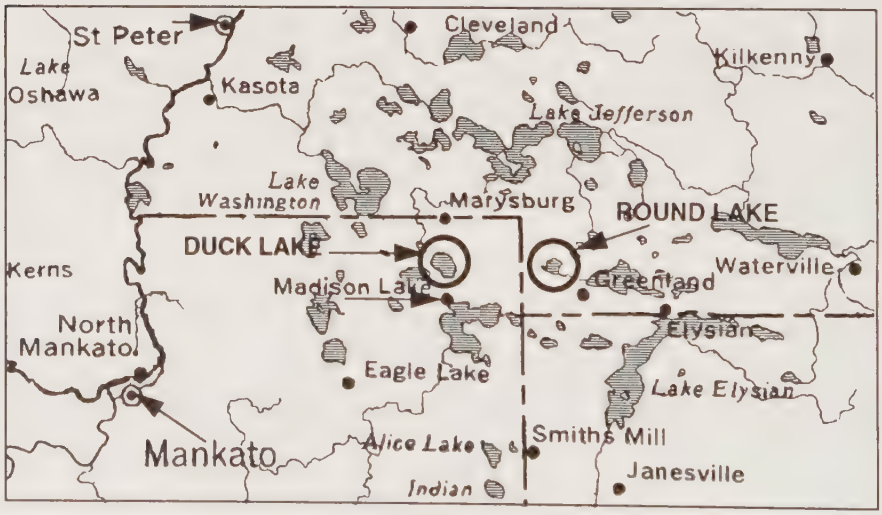
2. Patrick Mullin died of the aforesaid injuries at the Old Soldiers Home, April 1918. Brigid Murtaugh died the year before, November 1917. Mary Fitzpatrick was already in Seattle.

3. He was bigger than Mary, but only 5'8".

Mary Ann Mullin and Martin Gilbride, my parents, made their first home for over three years at his parents' home on Round Lake. (In 1882) they purchased a homestead on the shore of Duck Lake, near Madison Lake, where they built a log house.

As we children grew, the lake was our only play field, for the land was completely covered with a forest of trees of oak, elm, sugar maples, and trees too numerous to mention, flowers everywhere, also nuts and berries. The lake was full of fish, such as sun fish, bullheads, croppies, perch, etc. Imagine the labor in clearing the land for crops of wheat, corn, and a garden! There was pasture land, but it had to be fenced for safety of the animals. With all this work, the folks did not have time to catch fish for a meal, or pick berries and nuts either. My father was a city guy, and mother a farmer, so this put my mother into the position of being boss. This was fine by my father. He never wanted to take responsibilities, and declined positions as an official, or boss on the railroad when offered to him, but when he married my mother, he married the best boss in the world. He didn't seem to object. She kept his nose to the grindstone until he was eighty-three years of age. She discovered then that his working days were over, and ordered him to retire from work.

There were four boys and four girls in our family. Mother did the disciplining. Father would say: "If the children don't behave, they will be the laughing stock of the country. That's O.K. with me." My mother worked more than most women in those days, especially in the fields. Then rearing eight children was no picnic either. Every child at our house had to work as soon as they were able. Being the eldest, I had to baby-sit, cut and husk corn, dig potatoes, and do housework when mother was in the fields. I think so much responsibility made me mean!




**Gilbride and Mullin neighborhood:** *The Mullins lived near Duck Lake. In 1885, they moved to Madison Lake; they were one of the first residents. The Gilbrides lived on Round Lake. The distance between the two families was three or four miles along the road connecting St. Peter to Marysburg, Duck lake, Round Lake, Elysian, Waterville and Fairbault to the east. Both the Mullins and Gilbrides attended church in Marysburg.*

## PART III

As I rambled through this family history, being the eldest, I did not want to write too much about myself, fearing relatives and friends would think I was bragging or exaggerating. So I kept a pressure on myself and thoughts. Now relatives and friends think differently, and ask me to write more about myself and activities as I grew.

The schoolhouse was over a mile away through our wooded homestead, with no pathway or roadway leading to it.[1] It was a case of crossing ditches, climbing rail fences, creeping under barbed wire, over fallen logs and through the underbrush. And wolves roamed through these wooded areas. Uncle Tom Mullin shot the last wolf, and was given a $25.00 bounty for its hide! Imagine children traveling back and forth to school under such hazardous conditions. When winter brought howling winds, snow, hail, rain, sleet and sometimes temperatures of 18° below zero, it is a wonder that we were ever educated.

I started to school when eleven years old, one half of the time I was absent to help care for babies, and wash dishes when mother worked in the fields. Later, I cut and husked corn, dug potatoes. You will not believe I had callouses on my hands, and a corn on a little finger caused by a husking pin. As in many farming communities, the children at a very early age assumed important rolls in the working force. Yes, my brothers had to work too, but they were never given responsibilities, like baby-sitting, or supervising the premises when the folks were absent, or gone to the village.

The neighbor farmers were blessed with many sons, so there were no girls for playmates. I had to play by myself all the time. My brothers resented the presence of a girl in their play, and of course, the swimming hole was out-of-bounds for girls, as the boys had no swimming attire, and went skinny-dipping on their own. They would harass me, and call me horrid names to make certain I wouldn't enjoy their company. They often called me Bounce after a neighbor's shaggy, grey dog, whose eyes were covered with his long, grey mane. No doubt, I did have long, unkempt yellow hair, like Bounce, for mother was too busy to comb my hair. I remember when I was nine years old, mother was in a bad humor, and bobbed off my hair. Then the boys had a new song to sing: "Ticky, ticky, Tom Boy! Half boy, half girl! Ticky, ticky, Tom Boy!". Standing far off, I would watch the boys playing mumbly peg, horse shoes or jump rope, and I would long in vain to play with them. So, I never learned to play with children my own age, and suffered much from this loss. Well, I didn't think it exciting when mother, or any relatives mentioned any thrilly events of the early days in Minnesota. I was a mere child, and was to be seen and not heard; so if (I had) any of the scary feelings, I had to subdue it. It was my job to

1. See map on page 219. School No. 43 adjoined the Mullin parcel between Ballantyne and Duck lakes, a little over a mile from the Gilbride place on Duck lake.

stir the blood of the butchered hogs, to keep it from clotting, for blood sausage. No growling, I had to shut up. You see, mother knew how to handle the situation.

When I was about eight years old, I must have seen pictures of dolls in the newspaper, or perhaps seen dolls my cousins owned. At any rate, dolls were on my mind. One day, I overheard my father saying he was going to Waterville with a load of hogs. So I thought up a scheme to get a doll. I went to bed early that night without removing my day clothes. I slept fitfully that night upstairs in our old log house, with one ear cocked for the noise of my father's departure. When 4 A.M. came, I ran down the stairs, and asked my father to buy me a doll. And sure enough, he did! The doll was twelve inches long, with a sturdy body, hands and feet, but the head was made of plaster of Paris. And now I had to find a name for my doll. In Pennsylvania, where my father grew up, he admired a beautiful singer of *world fame* named Belinda Jane Eliza. Father suggested that would be a good name for my doll. And so it was! Frequently, neighbors, friends, relatives and travelers from distant farms would drop in or come for a visit. I would make certain to be conspicuous by holding my doll so that all could see. Without fail, they would ask: "What's your dolly's name?" When I would answer with "Belinda Jane Eliza"; there would always be a loud guffaw - every time.[1]

I was allowed to attend a birthday party for (first cousin) Virginia Mape when she was about four years old. I must have been about thirteen. There were twelve or fourteen cousins there. We had a great time playing in the plum orchard until I tore my dress on a branch. Then the fun resumed on the hard dirt-surfaced road in front of the house. All my cousins were having a jolly good time, skipping and dancing up and down. But I was sitting on the steps watching, when one of my aunts said to another, within my hearing: "What is the matter with that poor child, she doesn't join the children playing?" One of my aunts, Mrs. Jack Murtaugh, replied, "I believe she is worrying that her mother will scold her because she tore her dress out in the plum orchard." So, one of the aunts came over to console me, and said: "When you return home, you back up the stairs, and your mother will never see that tear." And, do you know, Mother never did discover it. I must have drawn the tear together, somehow, and stitched it by hand.

A neighbor across the road from us had two teenage sons, and then two babies, a year apart. The mother found caring for the infants impossible, so they hired a girl to help out. That was how Libby Morehouse, a fourteen year old girl from a southern Minnesota city, came to the neighborhood and spent a summer with us. She

1. Belinda Jane Eliza, or whatever her real name, was probably a music hall, or bawdy house singer, who worked the coal mine towns of Pennsylvania. She was not an opera singer on the salon circuit, nor did coal miners spend their Saturday nights listening to Rossini in Philadelphia opera houses. I searched Vaudeville records for Belinda Jane Eliza, but she predated Vaudeville. The Pennsylvania historical people might have some old notices or posters.

gave a real lift to my childhood spirit. While the babies were napping, she would come out, round up the neighbor boys - my brothers, a Swedish neighbor boy, and one I remember called Billy Ryan, and myself. Libby belonged to the Salvation Army, and was especially skilled in singing and marching. She would line us all up behind her, clap her hands to keep time, and had us all marching everywhere. Believe me, there was no giggling, pushing, shoving or harassing then. The discipline was perfect. When school began in the fall, she left us and returned to her home. She was surely missed. We never heard from her again. Eventually, even the neighbors for whom she worked moved to North Dakota. They corresponded with mother for a while.

The next summer after Libby Morehouse left our midst, I was thirteen years old. A new experience was awaiting me. A Cathechism class was formed at Marysburg,[1] a mile away over a well-traveled road. The children, thirteen years of age or over, were to receive their First Communion after studying and successfully passing an examination on the entire booklet. There were about forty children in the class. The pastor who prepared us, Father Dan Sullivan, was a kindly man, about forty years old. He enjoyed teaching us, and we loved him, although it was all very serious business - not even a hymn before or after class to set a better mood. I guess we were all tired after traveling over a mile before meeting at 1 P.M., and we all sat quietly and recited when called upon. I, for one, enjoyed the class. I studied and memorized the Cathechism most of the time while washing dishes in the evening. The kitchen window faced the west, looking over the lake towards the sunset. I would brace my booklet on the window sill. No one was around; my folks were doing chores and my brothers were playing. So, while washing the dishes, and watching the colorful sunsets, I'd chant out the Questions and Answers of my Cathechism and committed them all to memory. And it wasn't just an idle exercise either, for it was then that I began to straighten my crooked ways. I had so much responsibility, that I had become really mean and cranky. From this time onwards, those traits began to vanish.

When October 2, 1892 rolled around, I passed the examination, and was accepted for my First Holy Communion. A white dress, white gloves, and a white veil were readied for *the* day. My outfit was the most expensive of all the girls, but it had no style. Mother didn't believe in style. Even if she did believe in it, it was not a natural trait of hers. All the dresses of the other little girls were short to the knees, but mine reached to the floor - just in case I would grow. Children outgrowing clothes made work for mothers in large families, but as you know, I didn't grow.

1. Marysburg was an early stagecoach stop with a general store, a blockhouse (wooden stockade built in a square), and later a small settlement with a school and Catholic church. Marysburg was platted in 1859.

I'll always remember the little Smith girls. They passed the examination with flying colors, but they were too young, not thirteeen years old yet, so they were told they could not make their First Communion. They sobbed and wept aloud. The pastor felt so sorry for them. He stood there in front of us penciling something in a booklet, and then gave permission to the two little girls to receive the Eucharist like the rest of the class. This was Saturday, and First Communion was on Sunday, the next day. You can imagine the flurry when their mother had to get two little girls dressed up within one day's notice. The two had worn little twenty five cent dotted-Swiss dresses all summer to classes. In those days, dotted Swiss was ten cents a yard. When the two girls arrived home, their mother stripped them, got out the wash tub, and washed, starched, and ironed those two dresses. In the morning, those two little girls looked as though they had popped out of a band-box. They had shinny black slippers and white socks. Mrs. Smith was just a poor farmer's wife, with about seven almost-grown children, but she had style. And she wasn't worrying about pinching pennies. When she made a dress, she didn't allow for growth with unsightly hems and unstylish lengths, like my mother did. But then, I must remember my mother was a young farmer's wife and I was the eldest of six children at that time.

As I said before, I started to school when I was eleven years old, but was absent half the time on account of work at home. Consequently, I was nineteen years old when I finished the 8th Grade Review Class before officially being admitted to Mankato Normal School. In the country schools, some of the teachers didn't even have a good 8th grade education.

Cora Taber was a seatmate of mine, and later a roommate, in Mankato. She never missed a day of school from the time she was six years old until she finished Mankato State Normal School. My mother could never understand why I was not as brilliant as Cora Taber. "No one is so blind as the one who doesn't want to see." Missing so much schooling in my early formative years made it very difficult for me, and it seemed to me that I was always trying to catch up.

With our family almost full grown, the old log house was becoming uncomfortably small. So, a new seven-bedroom frame house of Georgia Pine[1] was constructed on the east side of Duck Lake. There was a grove of trees to the north and west to shelter us from the blustering northern and western winds, which blew across the frozen lake in the winter. This left us without a lake view, or a view of the setting sun, but we could see the village of Madison Lake a half mile away. The highway passed in front of the house.

Just before moving into our new house, my sister Grace died. She was only

1. Southern goods were readily available from the Mississippi River trade, but it is curious why they imported Georgian lumber. Minnesota was a major lumber producer.

**Duck Lake house:** *The house was built in 1896, and torn down around 1988. The date of the photo is unknown, but the lady standing in front was Mary Mullin Gilbride.*

eighteen months old. My mother really felt badly about losing Grace. We all got the measles at the same time. I lost all of my hair, so you know how sick I must have been. My mother kept working in the fields, so I had to get up and take care of Grace. I'll always remember how thirsty we were, and we were forbidden to drink water. At that time, it was supposed to be bad to drink water when you had the measles. I can remember my brothers crying for water, and I sneaked it up to them. Then when I was so sick, and wanted water, my brother, Mark, brought me up a plate of salted bacon. I thought I'd die! Then one day, Aunt Lizzie was at the house, and when she heard me crying for water, she brought me up a great big white cup of water. It tasted *so good*. I'm still grateful to Aunt Lizzie for that kindness. It was the month of May and the builders were still working on our new frame house. I was still weak from the measles, but I would dress up warm and bundle up Grace. She loved to visit up at the new house with me. There was something about it; she would laugh and nearly leap out of my arms when I'd bring her up there. She began to laugh and leap, but then she slumped down in my arms. She must have been beginning to die then. I took her home. After dinner, my mother took Grace, and she must have noticed that she was dying. She sent for my father. A lot of friends and relatives came in, and everyone stayed on until Grace died at 1:00 A.M. Aunt Lizzie came into where I was trying to sleep and told me.

We enjoyed the new frame house. But for me it was a new house, but not like a home. I was meditating on whether life on the farm would get me closer to heaven; whether "all work and no play was going to make Jack a dull boy", *or* whether I might find a new life with more friends and more time for pleasure. Actually, I had a secret ambition. I wanted to have a small business and to own a stone house. But, I had no capital. I would have preferred to go back under the porch and eat throw-away crusts of bread, rather than ask for one red cent from my parents. They were the most prosperous farmers in Blue Earth County at that time; they never had a crop failure. But mother had a poor mouth, and would speak of ending up at the Poorhouse, where uncle Bob Madigan, and Uncle James Mullin, her brother (Tina's father) were Superintendents.

## PART IV

My teaching career began after I graduated from Mankato State Normal School, at the age of twenty-three (1903). My first appointment was to a one-room school, Sugar Grove School, in Jamestown township, Blue Earth County. (See page 219, the small square in the middle of Section 19, upper left.) There were about thirty eight pupils, ranging from Grade One to Grade Eight. The oldest children were about sixteen. Henry Smith, and a Miss Magnuson taught there, before leaving for greater things, and I only stayed there nine months. But while there, I had the pleasure of rooming and boarding with Aunt Kate Madigan nearby. Uncle Bob (Madigan) was in Todd County with Henry, his son. There was just Blanche, Charley and John at home with Aunt Kate. Four year old John was a joy to his mother and myself, but a nuisance to his sister, Blanche, and to his brother Charley. John used to sneak upstairs and go through Blanche's belongings, much to her dissatisfaction, so she warned him that she had a green snake up there, which would surely bite him if he continued going through her belongings. Her ruse worked perfectly, and kept John away from her personal affairs until Uncle Bob came home and heard about it. Uncle Bob took John by the hand, and both of them went upstairs and went through all of Blanche's boxes. When they came back downstairs, John stated: "There are no green snakes up there." Blanche never said a word.

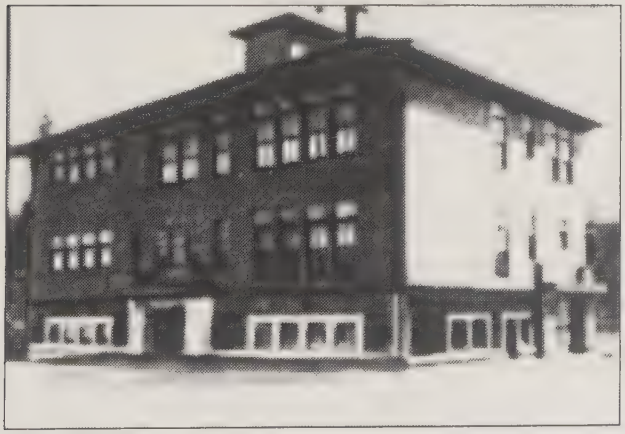
My second teaching appointment came by a stroke of good luck. Billy Freeman, Blue Earth County Superintendent of Schools, and his girlfriend, Miss Bennett, borrowed our boat on Duck Lake for an outing. On his way home to Mankato, he stopped at our house, and asked me to apply for a position in an Eagle Lake school. Since it was a larger school than Sugar Grove, and had a principal, I applied and accepted a post there. Discipline got out of order the year before, so I had to apply pressure on behavior besides teaching. I taught the first four grades there, and the principal, Mr. Van Kirk, a Seventh-Day Adventist, taught the upper grades, 5th to 8th grades. I always liked Mr. Van Kirk. He was a self-educated man, and was really good. I remained there at Eagle Lake for three years and won many lifelong friends. I taught Joe Burgess and Mark Burgess. The town was named Burgess to begin with, and was later changed to Eagle Lake. I still correspond with Joe Burgess, who lives in a retirement center at Clear Lake, California. He must be seventy-nine years old. And many friends I met in Eagle Lake became lifelong friends. There were Maude and Clara Burgess, and Junie Wagoner and Maysel Wagoner. Maude and Clara are still living. Maude still lives and paints in Hot Spring, Arkansas, while Clara still lives and teaches piano in Mankato, Minnesota.

My next move was to the village of Cleveland. I accepted an appointment, but got cheated out of a month's salary. The District ran out of funds, and Superintendent Ambrose Hays closed down the school at the end of eight months. He laughed at me getting stung, but I didn't! That left me short $35.00. I boarded and roomed

**Cleveland School:** *Mary taught there eight months, 1903 to 1904. She was shorted a month's pay when the school closed a month early.*

**Sandborn School:** *Mary's last assignment in Minnesota, 1907 to 1909. If she spoke German, she would have had a permanent position.*

**Eagle Lake School:** *Mary's second teaching job, 1904 to 1907. Photo was taken in 1941; Mary Fitzpatrick is seated in front.*



**Logan School:** *Mary's last teaching job, Centralia, Washington, from 1909 to 1911.*

with John and Martha Bramsche. Of course, I always called them Mr. and Mrs. Bramsche. Her maiden name was Schickling, German. We remained good friends until they died in Riverside, California, a number of years ago.

My last appointment in Minnesota was to Sanborn, Minnesota. I accepted a two year job. If I spoke German, the Board would have hired me (permanently). There were six teachers on the staff, and wages were only $40.00 per month, barely enough to save. My pupils, Esther Weber (Simmons), Aurellia Scharman and Loretta Ripley (Yeager) still correspond with me. Esther, whom I taught in the 4th grade, is probably the most faithful correspondent of all. No occasion ever slips by,

**Mary Dorothy Gilbride:**
*Photo taken c. 1905.*

be it St. Patrick's Day, my birthday or Mothers Day, I can always count on a card and best wishes fron Esther. she must be seventy-six years old now.

While in Eagle Lake, I boarded and roomed in the A.R. Cook Hotel on Front Street. I paid $10.00 a month, and had orange juice for breakfast every morning. [1]

1. To Westerners, orange juice is nothing unusual, but oranges were a great luxury, and quite expensive in a small 1906 Minnesota town.

stayed there three years. Mrs. Cook's sister, Mrs. Haskell, ran the post office in Madison Lake, so it seemed like a small world to me. Mr. Cook was the son of the Methodist preacher in that town, and his brother was the pharmacist

**Frank Fitzpatrick and Mary Gilbride:** *Wedding pictures taken around October 2, 1911, Seattle Washington.*

In 1909, the setting sun on the western horizon seemed to beckon me to *go west*, so I did. I arrived in Seattle, Washington, during the A.Y.P Exposition.[1] I arrived at the King Street Railway Station. The Traveler's Aid recommended me to the worst hotel in town - on King Street![2] I locked my door, and shoved the bureau

1. Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition was a grand promotional fair to lure people out to the Pacific Northwest. It was sponsored by the railroads and venerable city fathers with an eye to selling real estate and generating business. In 1909, the Alaska and Yukon gold rush was still active, and the Seattle merchants considered the gold fields and trade with western Canada and Alaska their personal enterprise. The fair was a showcase for their ambitions.

up against the door, and still I didn't sleep all night. The next day, I checked out and found a nice room up on 12th and Alder Street (near present day Seattle University).[1] I decided I needed a change from teaching, so I applied for a job at the Bon Marché on 2nd and Pike Streets, and got a job in the jewelry department. My wages were $8.00 a week. However, if you lived at home, your salary would be reduced to $5.00 per week. That autumn, I bought a hat for $7.00, and didn't have enough money to pay cash, so I charged it. The news spread through my cousins and friends in Seattle that Mary Gilbride, with well-to-do parents in Madison Lake, had to charge a new hat in Seattle. This hurt my pride a bit, and I went over to Brentnell's Teachers's Agency, and applied for a new position. This turned out to be my last day at the Bon Marché. I walked to my room on 12th Avenue to save money. My landlady, Lena, called me down to take a telephone call. It was Mr. Brentnell from the Teachers' Agency. There was a school opening in Centralia, Washington. An influx of lumber workers caused a sudden growth in the school there. I didn't hesitate; I accepted the job.

I had to borrow $5.00 from Lena to get to Centralia. On the way I felt like a human being once again, not a dummy clerking for $8.00 a week. In Centralia, I was to get the fabulous salary of $60.00 per month.[2] I was Assistant Principal to Beryl Dougherty. There was a staff of four at Logan School, Mr. Dougherty, Agnes Peterson, Sarah Cochran and myself. I taught the 5th and 6th grades, and assumed any other jobs that Mr. Dougherty didn't care for, such as painting and directing plays.

I roomed at the home of Thomas Dunckley, an English-born gentleman, whose father was owner and editor of the *Manchester Guardian* in England.[3] His wife Marie Louise, was of German descent. Her father, Doctor Ohme, was born and edu-

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2. She was correct on that item. King Street was/is off First Street near the docks in a rough part of town. On the 1910 U.S. Census, the area had large boarding houses and hotels inhabited mostly by longshoremen and sailors. King Street sported plenty of saloons and dance halls. Cherry Street was only a couple blocks away. I don't know how Cherry Street came by its name, but it was (still is) the red-light district of town. Seattle must have been an eye-opener to a näive Minnesota farm girl.

1. According to Ethel Madigan's research, Mary befriended an Episcopalian Deaconess on the train trip west. They shared their lunches, and made tea on the stove inside the train car. In Seattle, Mary met up with Blanche Madigan and Clara Murphy, both from Madison Lake.

2. From Ethel Madigan's June 1992 essay of Mary Fitzpatrick, an interview with Marie Fitzpatrick: "Some of the children from the school where Mary was to work came to the train station to meet her. A couple of them ran back to the school and told their waiting classmates 'She is just a little, short lady. We'll not have any trouble with her.'" Those kids were in for a *big* surprise!

3. There is probably a good story why the son of a major English newspaper publisher was living in a podunk lumber town out in the sticks of Washington State.

cated in Germany. He came to America because he did not like the laws of Germany. She was extremely proud of her husband's heritage, and kept a professionally bound book of the Dunckley Memoirs on a special center table in the seldom-used sitting room.

Mr. Tom Dunckley was editor of the *Centralia Chronicle*. He had been well-educated in Dear Olde Englande, and his parents sent him to Switzerland to finish his career as a journalist. His two sons were high school graduates in Centralia, but the daughter, Nellie, wasn't a good 8th grade student. I recall that her father asked her a number of questions she couldn't answer, and this provoked him to write an editorial entitled: "What's the Matter with Education Today?" In it he went on to question why an 8th grade student wasn't up to the standards of an average 4th grader.

The Dunckleys and I became fast friends, and Mrs. Dunckley called many times to Superintendent Kellog to thank him for sending me to their home. Next door to the Dunckleys lived the Reverend Father Terence Fitzpatrick, newly arrived from Cornwall, Canada, and pastor of Saint Mary's Catholic Church, which I attended. His niece, Maggie Fitzpatrick, was his house keeper, and another niece, Brigid Fitzpatrick, also of Canada, came to visit occasionally.[1] Through Maggie I met her brother, Frank of Seattle

I finished the school year in Centralia, after teaching there in the Logan School for two years. I went to Seattle and lived with the Sutherlands, old pioneers from Madison Lake, Minnesota. Charles Gleason Sutherland was a butcher in Madison Lake, but became a very successful watch repairman and jeweler in Seattle. I married Frank Fitzpatrick that same year, October 2, 1911 in St. Benedict's Church. Frank's uncle, Fr. Terence Fitzpatrick, was the celebrant, while his sister, Maggie, and his cousin, John Brady, stood up for us.

Here's advice for you! Don't ever marry a school teacher unless you are blessed with great patience. They are far too bossy.[2] Frank's patience was very great, bordering on the divine, that's sure. Sometimes I think I'll be lucky if St. Peter opens up the Pearly Gates when he sees me coming. However, I'd be perfectly happy if Heaven were my home here on earth for all time.

This Frank Fitzpatrick was born in Ireland, and had twelve brothers and sisters. His mother died when he was twenty-three, so that left himself and a sister, Maggie, the two eldest, by custom, to care for the aging father. I have heard he was an impatient man. With the loss of his children's mother, he was cross and cranky. Who wouldn't be cranky with a house of five sons and seven daughters?

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1. Brigid was a boarding student at Acquinas High School in Tacoma.
2. Oh, *yeah*?!

Maggie came home, gave up her coming marriage, as she was the eldest daughter, to become the mother of the household.[1] Frank rolled up his sleeves to do his share of work as the eldest son on a dairy farm. He suggested to the purchase of better and later tools to do the work. Right on the spot, the elderly dad said: "These old tools are good enough." Frank thought differently, so (he) decided, at twenty-six years of age, to run, skip or walk away to America. He gave up his place as eldest in the family, and successor to Ashgrove, to the next brother, Patrick, and set sail for America. Yes, and got a job in New York City working for Randolph Hearst, the great publisher. His wages were $14.00 per month. He lived in the Irish Ghetto, the bed was a bare top table in a basement. There were no water beds in those days.

**Frank Fitzpatrick, left, and Hughie McGrath, right:** *Photo taken c. 1900, probably in New York City.*

There was lots of fun and excitement for him there in New York City, which was teeming with native Irish boys and girls, the best ever when it came to goodness. At twenty-six of age, you may be sure he readily joined in with all the new-

1. Margaret Fitzpatrick trained as a nurse, worked in England, then worked in Cornwall and Montreal, Canada, near her uncle, Fr. Terence. There was more to the story than caring for the younger siblings in Ireland. Margaret was engaged to a Jewish doctor in Canada, and old Fr. Terence broke it up. Fr. Terence was also responsible for Brigid barely speaking to her oldest brother, Frank. Brigid came over from Ireland to Centralia with Margaret. She graduated from Acquinas High School, in Tacoma, stayed with Maggie and Father Terence a while, then found a job and moved to Seattle. She was young, very pretty, and had a good job in the railroad office. She was popular and had the nerve to date *unchaperoned*. Father Terence disapproved of her wild behavior. When he retired (around 1920), and moved to British Columbia, he instructed Frank to lean on Brigid and forbid her dating. Brigid was furious with her brother, and hardly spoke to him again. After he died, Mary Fitzpatrick finally told her the lecture was something Frank did not want to do, but he was obliged by Fr. Terence. Brigid felt sorry for the bad feelings between her and her brother.

found friends. Their favorite playground was Coney Island.[1] One of his best friends was Hughie McGrath, a native of the Oulde Sod. The girls: there were all kinds of girls still living the Old Country Religion. The dances of his new acquaintances were like the ones in his Native Country, and there were all kinds of *raeling*.

Realizing that life was slipping by, Frank, and his two cousins, Andrew Donohoe and John Brady, decided to take up a new adventure and go to Alaska, and find what was in store for them. They came West as far as Seattle, where other relatives were already arriving from Canada and Chicago and Ireland. None of them ever made it to Alaska. In Seattle, lack of money and meeting so many relatives, the longer they stayed, the stronger were the shackles that bound them never to return to Ireland or think of Alaska. Most of them lived and died in Seattle without ever even returning to their mother country, although Ireland ever remained in their hearts as God's Country.

Arriving in Seattle, Frank worked as a security guard at the American Bank at 2nd. Avenue and Marion Street.[2] But every minute of his spare time went into his beloved flowers. He often spoke of a relative, or friend in Ireland, a Mrs. Sheridan, who owned the most beautiful garden in all Ireland. And he, in fact, spent his lifetime reproducing the beauties of her fabled gardens. His special area of interest was in developing new roses, and grafting and budding tree roses, or standards. He had developed a number of roses, and several gladioli, which he planned to submit for patents, but his life was too short. He died of cancer at 64 years of age. All his children were old enough to remember him.

I lived in Seattle, where my children were born and reared, and where the land *flowed with milk and honey.* The years were of far too short a duration. The children, Elizabeth, Patricia, Terence and Marie were reasonably happy, for all their friends and relatives were of the same status, living in a rural-like part of southeast Seattle. Often among themselves, and with neighboring children, they would question the wisdom of their parents owning homes in that part of Seattle. One mother, Mrs. De Boer, overheard their questioning wisdom. She came from the kitchen, and replied: "I don't think this part of Seattle is too bad. If so, why do President

1. Frank was thirty years old when he came to America in 1900. Coney Island was a great adventure at the Turn of the Century. At times, more than 500,000 people visited daily. It was a place where young people could have fun out of the glare of parents, pastors and priests.

2. The bank became Sea-First Bank. While Frank worked there, the bank bought a large safe from the Kansas City Wells Fargo Bank. The American Bank made a big show over their new acquisition, and boasted the ironclad safety of their bank. The new safe may have been a wonderful piece of hardware, but the reason the American Bank got the safe as cheaply as they did was the back had been blown off in a robbery. The bank employees were told to keep their mouths shut when the safe was delivered, but Frank told Mary, and she proceeded to warn everybody not to keep their money in the American Bank.

**Fitzpatrick girls:** *Patricia to the left, and Elizabeth to the right. Photo taken in 1918.*

Roosevelt's daughter, Ann, husband, and two children live nearby on Lake Washington Blvd., and their children attend Brighton grade school, and one presently attending Franklin High School?" Nelly May, her daughter, replied: "Maybe we are hitching our wagon to a star."[1]

For nine years after Frank's death, I continued to operate the Standard Nursery, which he had established. I enjoyed the work, and became a member of the Seattle Rose Society, to which Frank had belonged for so many years. He had won Sweepstakes Prizes for his roses, and it was my pride to have won the Grand Challenge Cup the year that Frank died. That, and many subsequent prizes and honors, came my way, until at age sixty-six, I began to find the work too hard, and the pay was not enough for the energy spent. We were still at the tail end of the Depression[2].

So, I closed the business, and went to work for the Seattle Day Nurseries (day care for preschool children). The pay was better, the work wasn't so hard, and I

1. Washington Boulevard borders Lake Washington. It was (still is) a posh street. The large homes have boat docks, and a first class view of the lake and Cascade Mountains. The homes on the hill, where our crowd lived (48th and Chicago), had a distant view of the mountains, but they were on the fringe of open farmland, not considered the choicest real estate.

2. She meant the tail end of the World War II.

found a home away from home. I applied for a job in a nursery school at 7th and Madison St., on the grounds of the old Central High School, was accepted and worked there until an earthquake made the surroundings unsafe, and the nursery was closed. A freeway now crossed the grounds.[1]

**Marie Fitzpatrick:** *Photo taken around 1925. The missing Fitzpatrick baby picture is of Terence. I didn't think to re-photograph one when visiting him in Arizona.*

Next, I accepted an opening at a nursery on Broadway and Boren, one of three operated by a Nursery School Association sponsored by the Junior League and members of a nearby Presbyterian Church. Their second nursery was at Eastlake and the third at Holly Park. Towards the last of my working days, I substituted at

1. Interstate 90.

Eastlake and Holly Park. For nineteen years I spent many happy days at these nurseries. It was a home away from home. Besides, I built a Social Security income.[1]

After receiving a copy of the incompleted *Rambles Through Family History,* Patricia Digerness wrote: "Why leave out, or omit, the Mullin and Murtaugh families?" No, I didn't forget them. All are written on a diagram, enclosed. I still have a mental picture of every one of the above Tribe. We were close relatives. All treated me so loyal, in spite of my affliction of poor social traits.

The Lord isn't ready to take me yet. While waiting, I am living in the Shorewood Apartments on Mercer Island, where Elizabeth and Jim live in their own home. Marie teaches school at St. Monicas School on the Island, and lives with me, or I with her. Patricia lives on Chuckanut Drive at her restaurant, the Oyster Creek Bar. Terence lives over in Tempe, Arizona working for Howard Hughes's airline.

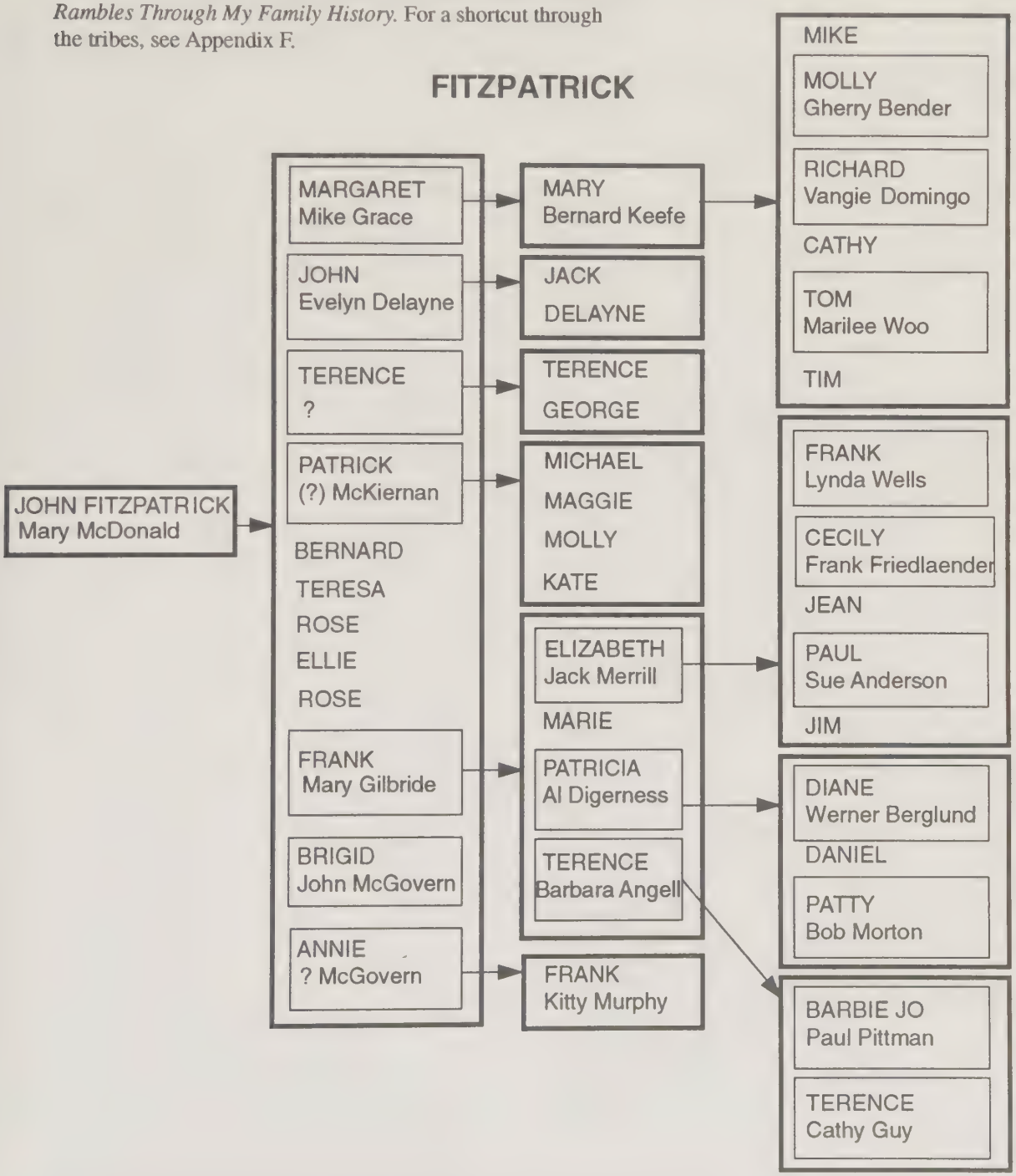
After all these years, I still don't own a small business, or even own a stone house, but I am as free as a bird in a gilded cage. Alexander the Great wrote: "Some of our rewards are great, some are small, but if we expect a full life we must accept them all." Some of my rewards are so great, that I don't feel the sting of bitterness to accept the small ones. "I shall journey through this world but once. Any goodness I can do, let me do it now. Therefore any kindness I can show to any human being, let me not deter or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

MARY DOROTHY GILBRIDE FITZPATRICK
Born August 24, 1879, Elysian, Le Sueur County, Minnesota.
Died November 4, 1980, Seattle, King County, Washington.

1. Patricia Digerness said working at the nursery schools perked up the old lady, and gave her a modern outlook by associating with young people. Mary retired in 1963 at age eighty-four, and spent a few years cooking for the Dominican Sisters at the St. Edwards Convent near her home on Juneau Street. After she quit cooking for the convent, various nuns would find an excuse to visit her, conveniently around lunchtime or later in the afternoon at tea time.

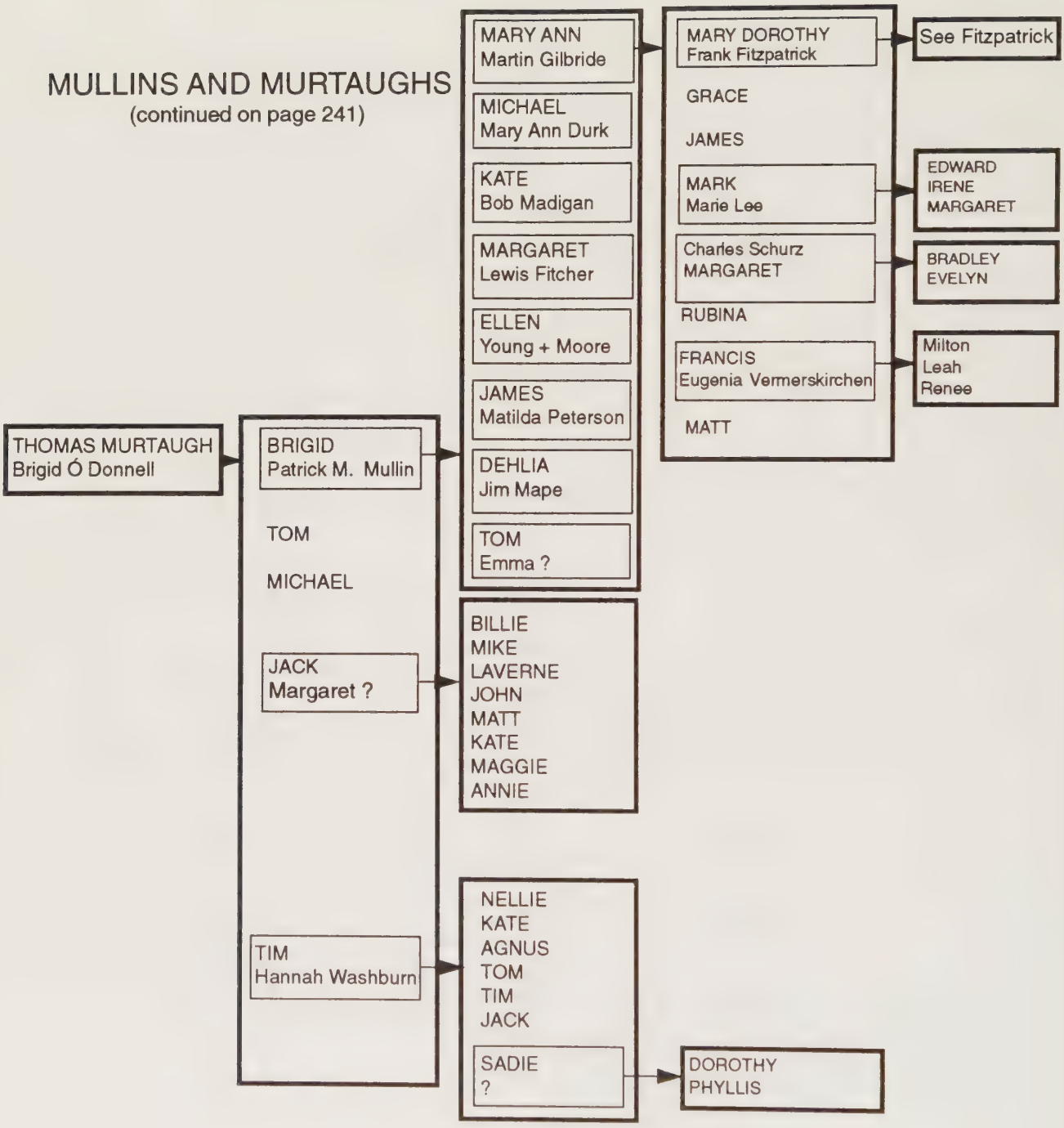
Mary Fitzpatrick's family trees (of those she remembered) from *Rambles Through My Family History.* For a shortcut through the tribes, see Appendix F.

## FITZPATRICK



## MULLINS AND MURTAUGHS

(continued on page 241)



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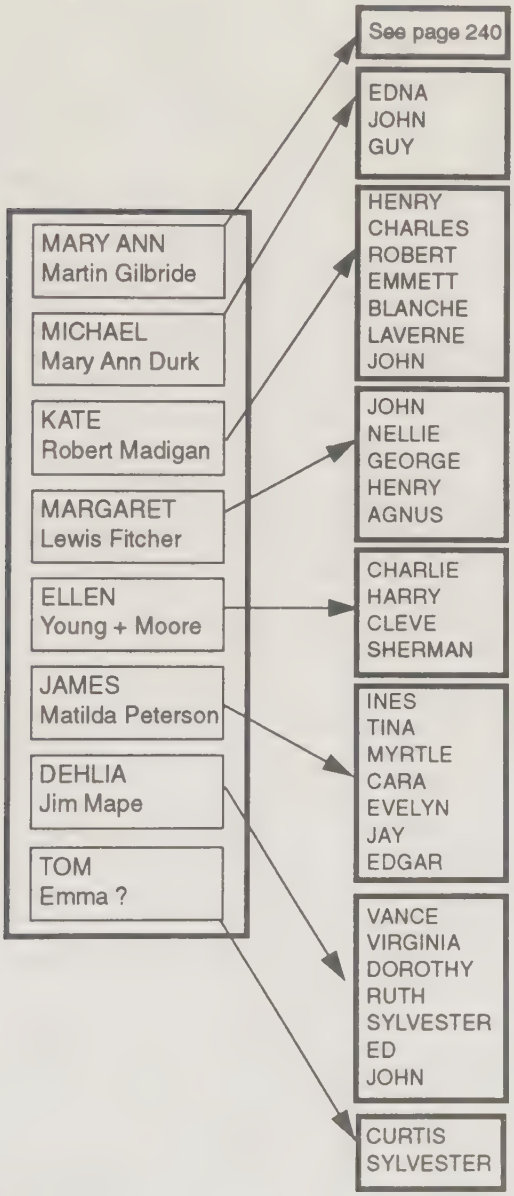
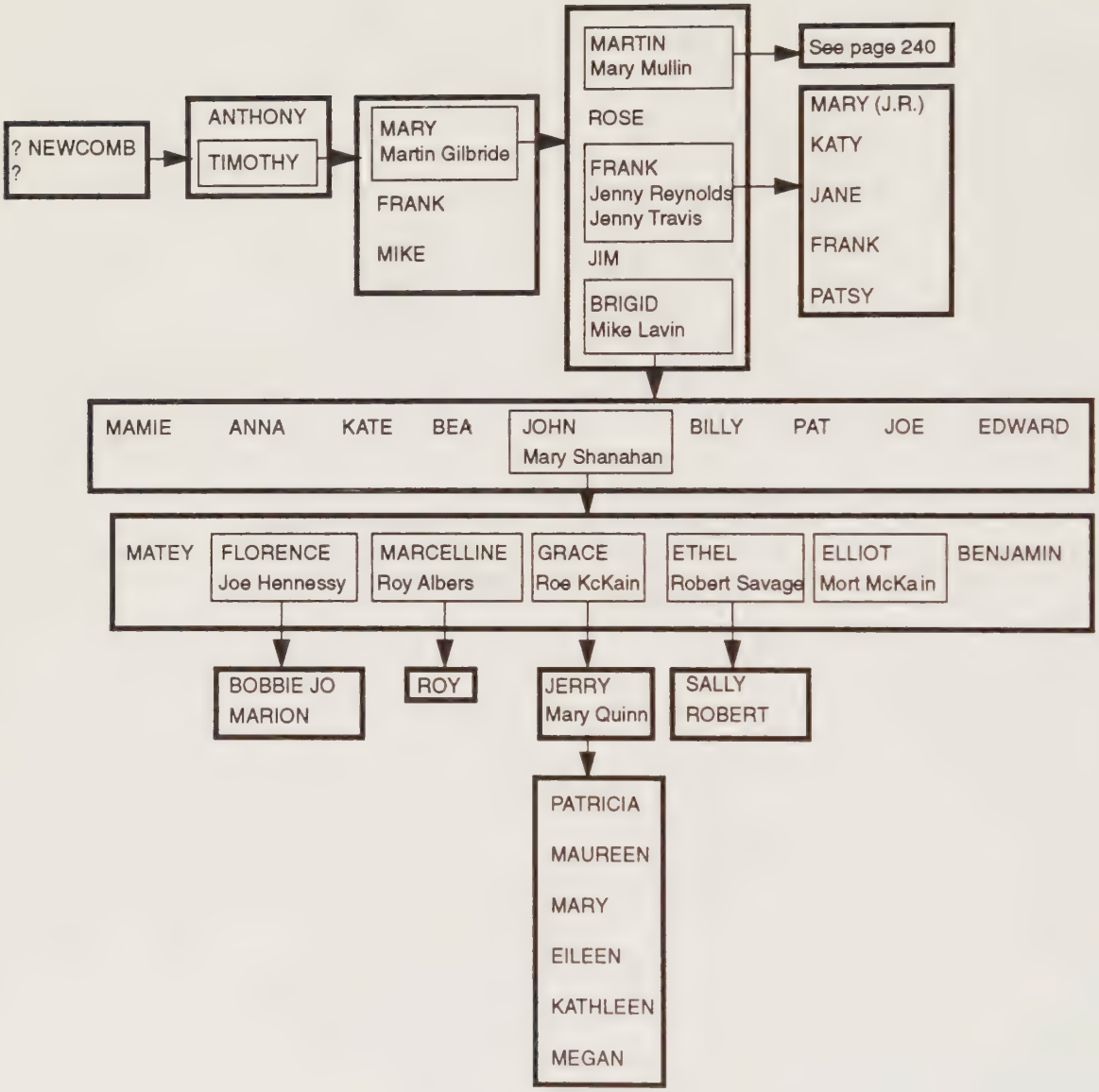


# NEWCOMBS, GILBRIDES AND LAVINS:



CHAPTER 14

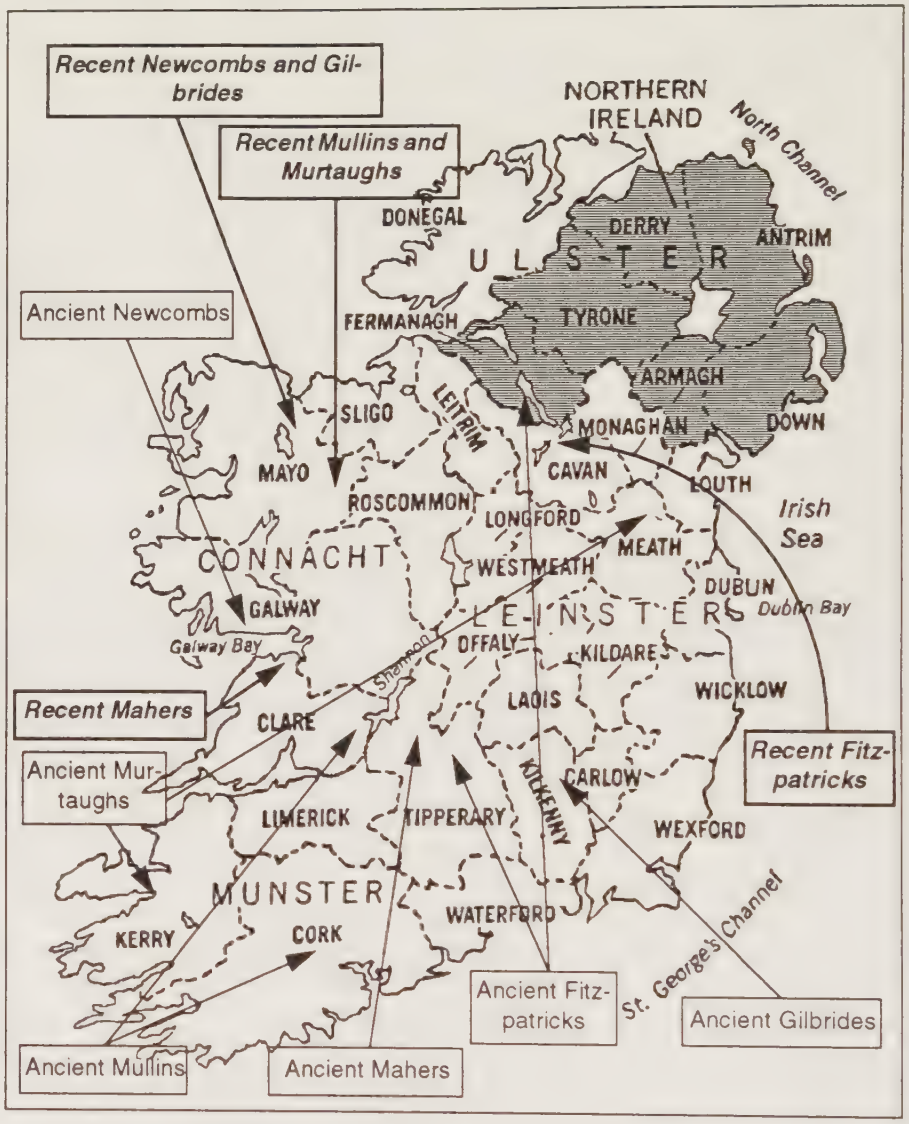
# SAINTS, SCHOLARS, AND 12 MILLION EMIGRANTS

Many of us grew up hearing about our Irish background as if we had a prize winning pedigree. The Gilbride/Fitzpatrick side is indeed Irish; the Merrill/Appelgate side is mostly English, an item never discussed in front of us. Perhaps the adults thought the younger people might turn up with some embarrassing English genetic imprinting, but as far as I know, nobody has been seen mindlessly lurching to their feet upon hearing "God Save the Queen."

Most the Irish nationalism in our family came down from our Nineteenth Century Irish emigrants. Their stories about Ireland are relatively fresh in family lore. Mary Fitzpatrick related incidents told by her famine refugee parents and grandparents, as well as the recent arrivals, Frank Fitzpatrick, her husband, his brothers, sisters, uncles and cousins. Frances Appelgate Lucido, on the other side of the family, went on about her Irish mother, Mary Ann Maher Appelgate. For all the Irishness in the family, most of us knew little about Ireland, less about Irish history, or why our ancestors left their homes for America. The following is a general summary of the turbulent history of the independent and enigmatic Irish people, and their life on the northwestern boundary of Europe on an island the size of Connecticut.[1]

Until the Ninth Century, Ireland was a sparsely populated and isolated perch on a remote ledge of Europe. It was wet, rocky, and covered with dense forests and bogs. The Romans thought the place not worth conquering. The Irish Celts were too

1. I apologize to the Irish relatives and friends who might read this. I am about to butcher Irish history be compressing too many important events in too few pages, all with the American slant of our own history as an English colony.




**IRELAND:** *Provinces and Counties. Until 1923, Counties Cavan and Monaghan were part of Ulster. Arrows depict recent (Nineteenth and Twentieth Century) and ancient (Norman and Celtic) family homes. As of this printing, the exact location in County Clare of the Nineteenth Century Mahers is unknown, but a guess by Ellen Needham (Newcomb, or Ó Niadh), Maher's name put them near the City of Limerick. The ancient location of the Newcomb sept in County Galway is also unknown, but they could have been on the other side of Galway Bay from County Clare.*

fierce to subdue for the marginal returns of a few sheep skins and unruly slaves. The Romans had enough trouble keeping the Celtic Scots of northern England at bay, and built a Maginot Line across central England to keep the Scots from slaughtering them and their tame Saxons. It took the determination of another fierce lot, the Norsemen, to go after Ireland for fun and profit. They started raiding the Irish coastal

villages in the Ninth Century, and established a few coastal and river settlements. Over the next two centuries, the Norsemen gradually converted to Christianity, and melded into the Irish culture. In 1170 A.D., the Irish experienced another serious challenge to their independence. Their Norman/English neighbors decided Ireland was going to become their personal estate. From 1170 on, the Irish people were dragged through a historical briar patch of bickering, intrigues, subjugation and violence with their new overlords from across the Irish Sea. James Joyce described Irish history in his *Dubliners* as: "The cracked looking glass of a servant."

The exposed dirt in Ireland is some of the oldest on the planet, but Ireland remained unpopulated until relatively recently. The first Irish people were late comers from Europe via the British Isles. The Asians who walked and rowed across the Bering Sea to the Americas, over 30,000 years ago, predated the Stone Age migrants to Ireland, who waded and rowed across the North Channel from Scotland around 15,000 years ago.[1] When the early Irish rowed, they paddled across in crafts akin to the curraughs seen today in western parts of Ireland. They were small, round-bottomed boats made of sapling ribs, and covered with oiled skins, canvas now. If anyone has a chance to look at an Eskimo oomik, it is fashioned after a similar ancient design; round-bottomed, ribbed with saplings (animal bones where trees are unavailable), and covered with oiled skins. It is thought the early Irish settlers were part of a Stone Age race who inhabited the entire British Isles. They were the builders of the great stone monuments at Stonehenge on the Salisbury Plains of England, and Newgrange in the Boyne Valley north of Dublin.

The next wave of people to cross the North Channel were a Bronze Age culture, the Picts. It is believed they migrated north to the British Isles from central Spain, and shared a kinship to the Basque people. They were supposedly short and dark. They were called in Gaelic Uib Ernai, which means descendants of their fertility goddess, Eire; hence, the origin of the oldest existing national name in Europe. The Uib Ernai were metal craftsmen, and they left behind artifacts, megaliths and dolmens.[2]

The Celtic tribes arrived between the Fourth and Third Centuries B.C. via the North Channel from Scotland. They were tall, fair and red-haired people. The Celts were the last major infusion of outsiders until the Anglo-Normans transplanted their own several centuries later. The Celts were a fierce and warlike culture, and they had the latest technology, iron weapons. The Celts easily eradicated, or absorbed the Uib Ernai. The Celts overlaid on the Uib Ernai culture their own language and folklore, which still exists in parts of Ireland.[3] The Celts brought to Ireland writing, their fa-

1. Both migrations were made possible by an Ice Age, which dropped the level of the oceans about 200 feet, and made bridges between land masses now separated by water.

2. County Sligo has some particularly nice sites.

mous code of chivalry, which later spread to medieval Europe, and a legal system with a sophisticated code of laws. They carved Ireland into five major kingdoms, roughly the major divisions of modern Ireland: Ulster, Munster, Leinster, Meath and Connacht. Within the major divisions were minor kingdoms ruled by clan chiefs allegedly loyal to the division chief, but each tried to beat out the next clan for position and eventual ownership of the entire kingdom. The Celts constantly bickered and fought among themselves; they reveled in heroic accounts of their bloody battles and conquests.

With the constant warfare, life was cheap, but there were a few classes in Celtic society mostly left untouched, and allowed free passage among the warring clans. The Fili (bards) were a must in any court. They acted as historians, immortalized the deeds of one chief or another in verse and song, and plunged others into the pits of clever ridicule. The Fili spread news and gossip, and sometimes acted as a go-between for personal matters, like arranging delicate meetings, or relaying messages to a lady in a distant household. The Druids were the prophets, wise men in charge of the runes (a system of writing), and interpreting the natural elements and supernatural phenomenon. Nobody married, traveled, or went to war without a favorable reading of the omens. Another class of privileged men were the Brehons, lawyers for goodness sakes! They traveled from clan to clan, heard arguments and made binding legal decisions. They enjoyed universal immunity from the sword of an unhappy plaintiff, at least in public. The classes of respected men dispensed justice, spread news, consolidated Celtic culture and traditions. In all cases, they represented learning, cultural identification, clever and erudite conversation, and a gift for practical and fine arts, traditions valued and practiced in Ireland to this day.

While the Celts were periodically slaughtering each other, and developing their magnificent epic poetry, England was exposed to the organizational and cultural influences of the Romans. There are interesting pros and cons as to how Ireland would have benefitted from exposure to the Romans, but the Celts were left alone to develop a unique culture on their own. One Roman exerted a significant influence on Ireland, not with a sword and praetorian standard, rather with a cross.

Sometime early in the Fifth Century A.D., a captured Roman slave was taken to Ulster. He escaped and made his way back to France, where he converted to Christianity. He entered the religious life, returned to Ireland around 423 A.D., and started converting the Celts. He went by the name of Patrick. For some reason, the evangelical Christian ex-slave was not restored to his former station or killed. Perhaps his talents for story-telling and learning bought him respect among the clans, but whatever the case, Ireland started converting to Christianity in the mid-Fifth Century.

3. Off hand, I can think of a few Celtic words which crept into English: shanty, tantrum, muck, bog, shenanigan, brat, banchee, whiskey and Guiness portar.

Early Irish Christianity was a curious mix of the old Celtic beliefs and the new Mediterranean teachings. Ireland was a long ways from Rome, thereby the most difficult to monitor. Celtic Catholicism became the horror of the Italian prelates. Holy springs, wells, and blessed clearings and trees in the forests were ascribed to some saint or holy revelation, but were a thin veil for the old Druid rituals and sacred places. Early Irish saints and holy days overlapped Celtic deities, and Celtic Little People, fairies, banchees and spirits became loosely associated with one saint or another, or thinly described as scriptural angels and demons. Monks and priests with unconventional and uninformed interpretations of Christianity drifted as far away from Rome as possible, which was to Ireland. The unorthodox religious men would have fried in Rome, but the Irish had a tradition of respecting the opinions and ideas of wise men. If the Christian holy men stirred up controversy or a good argument, so much the better. Ireland became a haven for offbeat and forbidden scholarship when the rest of Europe burnt the writings of ancient Greeks and Persians, and killed anyone caught with unapproved tracts. Many of the surviving ancient manuscripts were those secreted away to Ireland for safekeeping.[1]

The early Celtic Christian era was a time of great endowments to the new monasteries, churches and learning centers. The largess and lavish gifts were usually after some horrendously bloody scene, penance offered to the new Christianity and its pacifist doctrines. Violence aside, the Ninth Century was Ireland's Golden Age. The Irish monasteries welcomed the lavish contributions and learning, and competed with each other for scholars and libraries. They spent a tremendous amount of wealth and human energy to preserve and copy manuscripts, and the Irish monks created some of the most beautiful text illuminations in history.[2] By the Ninth Century, the monasteries accumulated substantial wealth, and Ireland had something worth taking. Unfortunately, the Vikings were afloat and eager to oblige.

About 795 A.D., the Vikings from the north coast of Germany and Denmark showed up along the Irish coast in their swift long boats. They were a warlike crowd, not unlike the early Celts, and they sported the latest military fashion; chain mail, heavy iron spears and swords. By the Ninth Century, after several centuries of relative peace, the Irish became soft and comfortable. The once fierce Celtic clans paid attention to Christian priests preaching peace and brotherhood, and they lost their fighting edge. The Vikings waltzed into Ireland wherever they chose.

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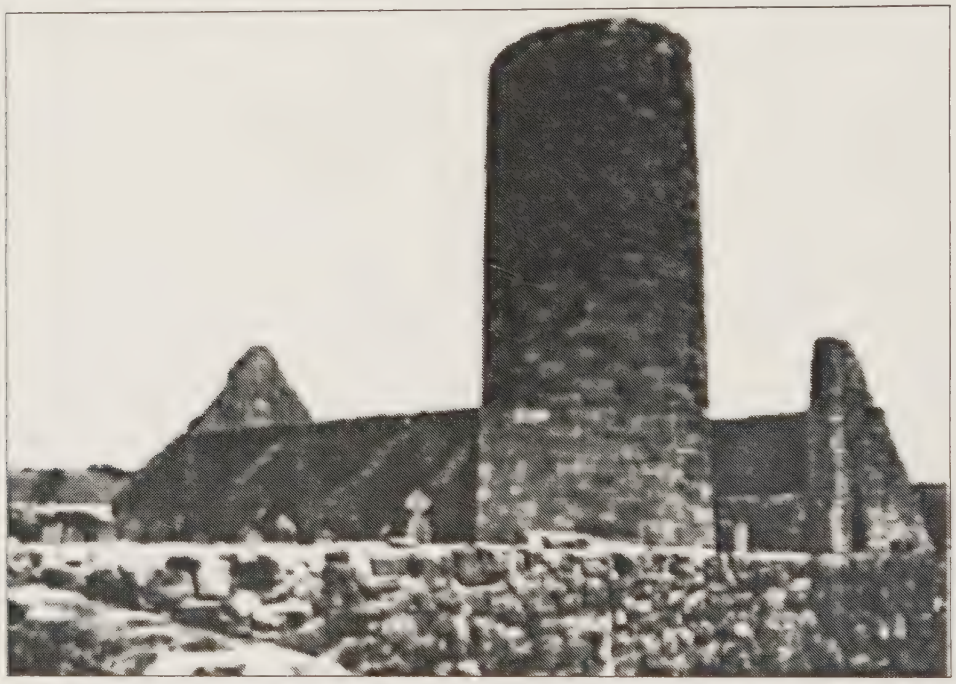
1. Most of the early Irish scholars were Carolingian monks, and a man called Scotus was the most famous. During the Middle Ages, the word Scotus was synonymous with both Irishman and scholar. Scotus's name was not hung on Ireland, rather on a Celtic land north of England, which may have something to do with the island of Iona, the first monastery in Scotland.

2. The *Book of Kells*, the *Book of Durrow*, the *Cathach*, the *Book of Armagh*, the *Stowe Missal* and the *Book of the Dun Cow* were a few of the surviving works.

The Vikings didn't spend much time burning and pillaging isolated villages, unless they were in a mood for sport or to sharpen their skills. There was more profit seeking out rich monasteries stocked with silver and gold chalices, precious religious ornaments, luxurious furnishings, well-stocked wine cellars and curious gold-leafed manuscripts. It wasn't long before the Vikings associated a cowled holy



**Drumlane Abbey, County Cavan:** *Drumlane was destroyed centuries ago and never rebuilt. The tower was about seventy feet high, now only about twenty or twenty five feet. high.*

man waving a Bible and a cross as a sure bet for nearby plunder. Monasteries converted into forts; the monks exchanged the old flammable wooden structures with solid stone walls with high stone round towers, some upwards of 100 feet. From the towers, the monks watched for the Vikings, and once seen they gathered up their valuables and provisions, and hid out in the towers until the Vikings tired of standing around waiting for the monks to come out. The local peasants were on their own, dependent on their fast feet, and a convenient forest for protection. Drumlane Abbey, near Milltown and Belturbet, County Cavan, was an Eleventh Century Augustinian Abbey. Its round tower is Twelfth Century, a bit late for the Vikings,

nevertheless an insurance in case it were needed. Drumlane Abbey was destroyed and rebuilt several times, but is now abandoned and in ruins.[1]

The Vikings stayed near the coasts and major waterways, and eventually built towns as staging points for raids, later as commerce centers. The major coastal cities of Ireland reflect their Viking origins: Dublin was Dubh Linn, which in Danish means Dark Pool, referring to the boggy water of the River Liffey. The Irish call the city Baile Atha Cliath. Waterford, Wexford and several others reflect their Nordic origins. In 1014 A.D., the Vikings were defeated by Brian Boru at Clontarf (outside Dublin near Howth), and from then on Viking power in Ireland ebbed away. Within a couple of generations, the remaining Vikings mixed in with the local Irish. The mighty raiders lost their Nordic identities and became Christian Irish. (I didn't find any Ó Apfelgaards listed in the Dublin telephone book.[2])

The next invaders were the Normans, via their newly acquired Saxon kingdom of England. In 1066 A.D., William the Conqueror came over from Normandy and trounced Saxon King Harold at Hastings (near Heathrow Airport), and set up his family to run England. The battle is a sacred British observance, a curious national celebration of King Harold's botched war strategy, and subsequent occupation by a *French* power. At any rate, the Normans brought over their laws, culture and language to England, which is why we have French words and usages in the English language. If it weren't for the Normans, we would be speaking a dialect akin to Friesian.[3] The Normans were good bureaucrats; they consolidated England into a tight kingdom with lords and clan chiefs strictly accountable, and all feuds and bickering mediated by the Crown. The Normans established law and order in England, and the ensuing peace brought prosperity. With England under control, the Normans thought about extending their kingdom into Wales, Scotland and Ireland.

In 1152 A.D., the Celtic King of Leinster, Dermot MacMurrough, got into a tiff over the King of Breffni's wife, forty-four year old Dervorgilla, a daughter of the powerful Ó Rourke clan.[4] Dermot ran off with the lady, and the King of Breffni took after them with a vengeance. The next year he caught up with his wife. If the story sounds like a Twelfth Century soap opera, it was. MacMurrough made a hasty exit

1. John Wesley (1703-1791), founder of British Methodism, described Drumlane Abbey as having: "Sabbath-breakers, drunkards, and common swearers in abundance." Many of our relatives are buried in Drumlane's holy ground.

2. See Appendix A.

3. Friesland is an area of Northern Holland, reputed as the origin of the Saxon tribes. For the closest thing to Friesian, pick up a copy of the Old English version of *Beowulf*. The French did us a linguistic favor. Be grateful we aren't stuck with the hideous Friesian dialect.

4. Forty-four year old Dervorgilla was considered an old crone in the Twelfth Century. The average person was lucky to live to twenty-five.

from Ireland, and left behind his girlfriend, his wealth and kingdom. He fled to Aquitaine, where he found the unsympathetic ear of Henry II.[1] MacMurrough offered to pledge support for Henry's war with his Norman cousins in France, but Henry was not impressed. On his way home, Dermot enlisted the support of Richard Fitz Gilbert de Clare, AKA Strongbow, the out-of-favor Earl of Pembrokeshire. Strongbow had his own agenda, and obliged MacMurrough to give to him his daughter, Eva, in marriage. Strongbow became the beloved son-in-law in line for the family fortunes, should they be taken back. Strongbow took his time gathering his forces and setting a wedding date. He arrived in Ireland in 1170, and with his well-armed French soldiers, he beat back Breffni's allies. Along the way, MacMurrough met with a mysterious death, and son-in-law Strongbow suddenly inherited Leinster. With the power of owning a large chunk of Irish real estate, and the subordinate allies who went along with the turf, Strongbow went on to take Munster. Strongbow technically became the head man of Ireland. Henry was no fool; he knew he had little chance to take Strongbow by force on Irish soil, nor could he bluff the man by demanding his loyalty.

In 1155 A.D., Henry appealed to Pope Adrian IV, alias Nicholas Brakespeare (the only English Pope), to cede to him feudal lordship of Ireland via a Papal Bull called the *Laudabiliter*. The excuse was Henry's promise to clean up offbeat Irish Christianity, and align the Irish closer to Rome, but everybody knew it was a clever move to annex a new kingdom. Pope Adrian granted Henry's wish without consulting the Irish populace, chieftains or bishops. Henry used the Papal Bull as an excuse to take on Strongbow and invade Ireland in 1171, then surreptitiously carve up Irish real estate into Norman feifs. Henry failed to take all of Ireland, and he never established a firm hold on the Norman lords he sent to Ireland to enforce his edicts. Slowly, the Normans distanced themselves from England and its kings. Pope Adrian's edict was the Catholic Church's first sellout of its Irish flock, and Strongbow's invasion of 1170 was the first official English intrusion into Irish sovereignty.

The Norman landlords tried to impose their European feudal system on the Irish people, and it didn't go down to happily. Under Irish Brehon law, nobody had the right to take land owned by an individual or village, nor could anyone press free people into service against their will. The Irish understood the concept of forcing slaves to work the land, a common practice of employing conquered enemies, but they bitterly refused to subjoin their personal freedoms to feudal Norman law. The new landlords fetched themselves 350 years of snarling and resistance, though no widespread incidents erupted. In the meantime, the Normans built their castles, tried to tame the Celts, and by degrees became assimilated into the Irish culture. They came

1. Henry ruled England from his ancestral castles in Normandy; the climate was pleasant, and the amenities far more civilized than the crude castles and mud huts of Saxon England.

to be accused as becoming *more Irish than the Irish*. In the Sixteenth Century, Edmund Spenser[1] wrote of the Anglo-Normans in Ireland:

> "Much more lawless and licentious than the very wild Irish... The most part of them were degenerated and growen allmost meere Irish, yea and more malicious to the English than the very Irish themselves."

Over the years, the Normans living in England thought of themselves more British than French, and they had the audacity to declare themselves a separate kingdom. Between 1327 and 1461 (134 years of warfare called the Hundred Years War), the English and French royal cousins went after each other in a series of unresolved battles. England managed to occupy a large part of northern France before losing everything but Calais. By the end of the war, nobody boasted of much more real estate than when they started. The most significant outcome of the Hundred Years War was the devastation of large parts of France, and collapse of the social and economic structures of the two warring countries. The above few sentences compressed volumes of European history, plus a couple first rate Shakespearean plays. The object was to focus on Ireland's part in the war, which wasn't much.

The Normans in Ireland kept out of the fray, and since the English were busy with France, the native Gaelic lords asserted themselves. The Normans in Ireland did not feel very loyal to their English cousins, especially after Richard II tried to undermine Norman control in Ireland by courting the Gaelic lords for his own purposes. In 1348, one third of England died of the Black Plague, and the following year one third of Ireland as well. The idea of sending Irish men off to war became a bad dream. After the Hundred Years War was resolved, more or less, two powerful English families, York of the White Roses, and Lancaster of the Red Roses, went after each other for another thirty years of civil war. The Irish got into that one.

In 1460, the Irish Parliament at Drogheda took sides. They made it treasonable to question the authority of Richard, Duke of York, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Next, the Irish claimed Ireland was bound only by laws passed and accepted by the Irish Parliament, which set off several intrigues. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was murdered, drowned in a butt of his favorite wine, of all things![2] Several Irish Lord Deputies were beheaded in the power struggle, and eventually only the Fitzgeralds, Earls of Kildare, were left alive to govern Ireland. The Thirty Years War (of the Roses) wrecked havoc on the social and economic existence of England and Ireland. The war upset the political structure of the kingdom with some of the most blatant royal disappearances and assassinations in world history.[3]

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1. Lord Spenser (1552-1599) was a poet, playwright and essayist highly regarded by Elizabeth I, who he referred to as the Faere Queene.

2. A *butt* equals two *hogsheads*, in case anyone were wondering.

Henry VII, a marginal claimant to the English throne, and the first Tudor King, put an end to the War of the Roses. He was a brilliant organizer and politician. What he couldn't consolidate by reason and threat, he enforced with a well-directed army. Most of the Lancasters and Yorks had been killed off, and those left alive decided it was best to swear allegiance to their distant relative, the new Tudor king. England was finally at peace after 164 years of war, and the country started to prosper. Henry wanted to renew English claims to Ireland, but he never had a good hold on the Irish. He tried to tighten up control by passing Poynings Law, which took away the autonomy of the Irish Parliament, and directed it to meet and pass laws only with royal approval. It took Henry's son, Henry VIII, to drag Ireland under England's heel.

In 1509, Henry VIII ascended the throne, and carried on England's prosperity to the point of bankruptcy. Henry was a lavish spender, and he was not happy when informed his treasury was lean. He looked around his realm for cash, but astutely decided squeezing the taxpayers was not prudent, so he looked to where revenues were poorly collected, like the Catholic Church. When Henry boldly stepped forward and proclaimed himself head of the Church of England, his ultimate goal was the consolidation into his coffers the wealth and power of the Catholic Church. When he proclaimed himself undisputed King of Wales, Scotland and Ireland (1541), he consolidated his island realm.

The business of claiming Ireland, Wales and Scotland did not sit well with those kingdoms, but neither did Henry's idea of eliminating the Catholic Church. The Irish loudly proclaimed they didn't recognize the English King's Protestantism. They refused to submit to his claim of sovereignty over Ireland, just as they refused to recognize the English Pope Adrian's idea of giving Ireland to England in 1155. The Irish announced they would hold to their Church no matter what, and furthermore, they had enough of meddling English annoyances. Henry was not impressed. He sent to Ireland an occupation army with instructions to forcibly clamp down on the trouble makers. Henry proceeded to confiscate all Catholic and rebel properties, and held a royal real estate sale for the benefit of his treasury and aspiring English landlords.

Henry VIII died 1547, and his son, Edward VI, reigned until he died in 1553. Henry's oldest daughter, Mary I, became Queen. The Irish had great hopes in Catherine of Aragon's Catholic daughter, Mary. They thought she would reverse Henry's oppressive laws, and reinstate Catholicism as the official religion. Unfortunately, Mary had no love for the Irish. She added a new level of oppression, the plantation system, an institution designed to consolidate small farms into large, efficient and profitable tracts of pasturage. Mary sold the new plantations to English landlords, who in turn evicted the Irish peasants. The system pauperized the Irish landowners,

3. The scandalous royal activities made meaty subjects for the Elizabethan playwrights.

and reduced a large percentage of the peasants into homeless beggars. Mary I was not mourned in Ireland when she died in 1558.

The next Tudor, Elizabeth I, was never pleased with the Irish. She found them querulous, evasive, disobedient, and reliable only within sight of her royal garrisons. Elizabeth expanded Mary's plantation system, and used Irish land as rewards to loyal subjects, and en lieu payment to soldiers. Once again an English monarch inherited an empty treasury, and sold off large hunks of Ireland to generate capital.

The Queen tried to Anglicize the Irish with incentives to convert to Protestantism. She founded Trinity College (1592) to convert and educated the Irish as loyal English subjects, and teach them to become Church of England clergymen. Only a Protestant could be admitted, therefore Trinity catered to the sons of transplanted Protestant English and Scots. Two Puritan brothers, Samuel and Increase Mather, studied at Trinity before they came to Massachusetts. In 1636, they founded a college to train Protestant clergy. They called the place Harvard College.

Elizabeth came down hard on the Irish if she smelled a revolt or complicity with a foreign power. The Desmond Revolt (1579-1583) was abetted by the Pope, who declared by Papal Bull Elizabeth was an illegitimate child, therefore not the legal ruler of England. He referred to her as *the bastard Queen*. Elizabeth was not amused. She ordered the revolt crushed by any means. She commissioned Sir Walter Raleigh to take charge, and he led the brutal massacre at Smerwick in Kerry. For his loyal service, Sir Walter was awarded 12,000 acres in Ireland, mostly in County Cork.

Elizabeth plantationized Munster in 1584 by confiscating and selling 500,000 acres, but seditious Munster was not stabilized. In 1601, the Spanish were still licking their regal sores over the Armada fiasco (1588), and vengefully backed the Ó Neil and Ó Donnell revolt in Ulster. Elizabeth sent to Ireland her favorite, the Earl of Essex, but he failed to defeat the Irish. He returned to England in disgrace, and the Queen ordered him beheaded for treason. Elizabeth drew a hard line between business and pleasure. Lord Mountjoy was appointed to take over as Lord Deputy of Ireland, and he overwhelmed the Spanish and Irish at Kinsale, 1601. With the Queen's permission, he scourged the countryside in revenge for Irish disobedience. Rory Ó Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnell, and Hugh Ó Neil, Earl of Tyrone, fled Ulster in 1607 for the Continent to avoid arrest, and to enlist further assistance. They received a few conciliatory promises, but nobody in Europe cared about Irish independence, nor did they want to back the losers. Both men died in exile in Rome. Ulster was confiscated, and Elizabeth's cousin, James I, plantationized it with thousands of loyal Scots and English settlers.

Irish-American General Phil Sheridan, hero of the Civil War and famed frontier General in the Plains Indian Wars, was credited with the phrase: "The only good Indian is a dead Indian". He lifted the adage from his Irish heritage; the early Seventeenth Century phrase around London was: "The only good Irishman is a dead

Irishman." There was a xenophobia in England concerning the Irish, and the sentiments were intensified by the newspapers and politicians. In 1598, English Chief Justice Sir William Saxey wrote of the Irish rebels:

> "...seized English infants from the nurses breasts and had the babies' brains dashed against the walls."[1]

He also claimed the Irish cut out the tongues, and cut off the noses of their English prisoners. Those events allegedly occurred at a time when the civilized English were publicly drawing and quartering their Irish prisoners. In 1637, Roger Williams, founder of Rhode Island, warned John Winthrop, Governor of Massachusetts, if the New England Indians were not treated kindly, they might:

> ".... turn wild Irish themselves."[2]

After the Earls fled for the Continent, Ireland was without consolidated leadership, but various factions continued to harass the English. In 1641, the Irish organized an offensive to take back Ulster, the bloodiest episode in Irish history to date. A fundamentalist Puritan, Oliver Cromwell, was in power in England. He insisted on social and political reform in England, at sword point if necessary. He was also eager to eliminate Catholicism and Catholic trappings from Protestant services, also by sword point if necessary. He led a Puritan reformist movement, which turned into a bloody civil war in England. Cromwell eliminated anyone with Royalist or Papist ideas. Many people in Cromwell's cause didn't particularly care for the Puritans, nor for Cromwell's hard-line tactics, but they were tired of the inept Stuart kings. As with any crusade waving the banner *In the Name of God*, the savagery and wholesale brutality sank to unspeakable levels, with more destruction and bloodshed on home ground than in any foreign war. Cromwell gained control of Great Britain, executed the King, and established a parliamentary government. Next, he turned his attention to Ireland, a seditious, rebellious, and Papist stronghold. He came to Ireland on a holy crusade, and almost succeeded by way of genocide. Several thousand people were butchered by Cromwell's army at Drogheda, with no consideration for noncombatants. Drogheda was a sample; wherever Cromwell suspected resistance, he massacred every living person for miles around, then burned crops, towns and killed livestock. The few people he captured were sent to the Sugar Islands as slaves.[3] Cromwell passed the Act of Settlement of 1652, which ordered thousands of Irish

1. *The Irish Experience* - Thomas Hachey, Joseph Hernon and Lawrence McCaffrey.

2. Ibid.

3. The Island of Barbados is a curious mix of a little English and a lot of Irish and African. The prevailing accent of the island is pidgin English with an Irish lilt.

herded west of the Shannon River to barren and rocky Connemeara and Clare. The order was: *To Hell or Connacht.*[1] When Cromwell was through with Ireland, only one ninth of the land belonged to the Irish; the rest was given to Cromwell's soldiers and friends. To this day, the devastation of Cromwell's holy crusade can be seen in the destroyed hulks of historic castles, monasteries and churches, left in ruins when the Irish were either too impoverished to rebuild, or they were driven away.[2]

Cromwell was no less tolerant or humane in England, Scotland or Wales. Thousands died; others fled England, a sizeable number to the north American colonies. Those were nasty times in the British Isles for anyone who didn't conform to Puritan thinking. Puritan intolerance reflected in the tyranny of the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, and the subsequent exodus of non-Puritans to adjacent colonies.

After Cromwell died, the English people felt a need to reinstate the monarchy. Another Stuart, Charles II (1660-1685), became an issue in Irish history. Of all the Stuarts, Charles II was the shrewdest, best remembered for his many mistresses, and for siring a string of illegitimate ancestors, a sizeable portion of the current English aristocracy. In Ireland he was noted for signing the Navigation Act of 1664.[3] The Act banned Irish exports to the American colonies, established tariffs on Irish cattle to England, and taxed most other imports and exports. The English cattle buyers and slaughterhouses were particularly unhappy. Like the other Stuarts, Charles was not politically astute. He had the bad taste to glorify the old style of opulent monarchy and Divine Rule, which did not endear him to anyone. He and his brother, James, signed the Treaty of Dover in 1670 with French King Louis XIV. They agreed to join France to attack an old ally, Holland, to cut in on the Dutch East India Company's territories. On the side, England snatched New Netherlands in North America. In exchange Charles and James converted to Catholicism. The still powerful Puritans went crazy.

It got better. In 1678, there was a conspiracy made up by a men called Titus Oates. He claimed there was a Jesuit plot to make James king, then slaughter all Protestants at the hands of nefarious French and Irish soldiers. Oates was an instant hero

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1. See page 244. Note the old family septs on the east side of the Shannon River, and the more recent family homes in Connacht. County Cavan was included in Connacht.

2. While living in England, I often visited Winchester Cathedral. Cromwell's army lobbed a cannonball through the magnificent stained glass window above the entrance as an example of their disdain for anything Catholic. The townspeople were so incensed, they secretly picked up the glass pieces during the night and reassembled the window. Not all the glass pieces were found. Some parts were broken into too many shards, nor could people remember how all the pieces fit into the original design. The window remains as the townspeople reassembled it, a wonderful Cubist composition of bits of figures and landscape, interspersed with abstract patches of lead-lined colored glass.

3. See Chapter 4 for the Navigation Acts in the colonies.

with the London mob, but the story was all perjury. The point of interest was not boiling up the English against Catholics, bungling kings and the Irish, but over the silly Oates issue the English political party system was born. Whig and Tory were derisive slang terms used by critics and newspapers to satirize the partisan Parliament members. Whig meant liberal country, Tory was a conservative Royalist-Anglican or Court. The newspapers portrayed the Tory as an Irish Catholic bandit who attacked English settlers, and a Whig was a rebel Scottish Presbyterian whose Convenant advocated murdering bishops. Whigs appealed to the hard-line Protestants in favor of commercial advantages for the middle class and Parliamentary supremacy. The Tories favored the Church of England, and none others, with a preference for royal supremacy over Parliament. The Oates incident produced wonderful journalistic mudslinging and character assassination.[1]

Before Charles could be thrown out, he died (1685), and the throne passed to another loser, his brother. James II was probably the stupidest of the Stuart Kings. He openly courted French Catholic alliances, and appointed the Catholic Earl of Tyrconnell as Lord Deputy of Ireland. When his second wife, and Italian-Catholic, gave birth to a son in 1688, James officially proclaimed him James III, Catholic inheritor of the throne over his older Protestant half-sisters, Mary, consort of William of Orange, a Stadtholder of Holland, and Princess Anne. Parliament declared the throne vacant on the premise James had subverted the Constitution by flirting with ceding power and influence to France, and he sought to reestablish Catholicism in England. James was thrown out with a *coup de état*. Parliament overturned the idea of Divine Right of Kings in England, and created a Constitutional Monarchy dependent on Parliament. They enacted a Bill of Rights, and an independent judiciary system to make sure future Kings kept their place as figure heads and advisors. William and Mary were petitioned in 1688 to return to England to assume the throne.[2]

James II fled to Ireland with a small army, and mustered Irish support to reinstate him to the throne. Once again the Irish backed a loser, and were sold out by the

1. The Whig and Tory parties floated over to the American colonies, and survived into the American Revolution, minus the loyalty to King and church bits. The Tories disappeared during the Revolution, or high-tailed it to Canada. The Whigs lasted until the mid 1850's, and dissolved into what is now the Republican Party. They put up their first Presidential candidate in 1856, John C. Frémont, and their first winner in 1860, Abraham Lincoln.

2. Wilhelm von Oranje-Nassau was a very capable politician in those complex times. He steered the course of the War of Augsburg, and ratcheted himself into a leading position in Europe. He became wealthy by taking over a chunk of Holland, and politically powerful by marrying an English princess. He could have claimed the English throne through his wife after James was ousted, but he astutely held back to avoid an uproar and possible war with the other jealous European powers. He waited until Parliament officially petitioned him and his wife, Mary, to take the throne, and only then did he humbly accept the honor. William was a crafty fellow.

Catholic Church. William chased ex-King James over to Ireland, and enlisted the support of the Irish Protestants, mostly of Ulster, and embarked on a campaign of glorious victories. The Battle of the Boyne (1690) was the end for James. He was beaten back in the famous battle at the gates of Derry, and when the battle looked like another loss, James boarded ship and fled for France. Pope Innocent XI supported Protestant William of Orange in his previous wars against Catholic Louis XIV of France, all to restore what the Pope viewed as the balance of power on the Continent. Another part of the Pope's agenda was to check the growing influence of the independent Gallican Church. Pope Innocent publicly approved William's ascension to the throne of England and Ireland, and when news of the Protestant victory at the Boyne over the Irish Catholics reached Rome, the Vatican ordered a solemn *Te Deum* to celebrate the event. The Pope sold out his flock in Ireland for political pieces of silver.

The Irish were left to suffer the wrath of the English and Irish Protestants, but in an astute move to minimize their losses, the Irish presented and signed the Treaty of Limerick (1691). It was a rather good arrangement under the circumstances. It allowed both Catholics and Protestants in Ireland to retain their respective religious freedoms, and also for each to keep their lands. The Irish Parliament, under Protestant pressure, refused to honor the treaty. Instead, Ireland was presented with the hated Penal Laws, which remained in effect until Daniel Ó Connell led the campaign for their final repeal in the 1820's.

Under the jurisdiction of the Penal Laws, all civil, religious and political rights of the Catholic Irish were stripped away. Catholics could not vote, hold a profession, practice their religion, speak their language, educate their children, or own a horse over the value of £5. It was the era of hedgerow schools, where children were taught to read and write in out of the way locations. If caught, the teachers were hanged, as well as the parents who sponsored the school.[1] The rights of a Catholic Irishman to a trial of his peers, due process of law and habeas corpus were suspended.

The Penal laws went further to break the Irish economically. It was decreed all inherited Irish land was to pass down to all male children equally, instead of only to the eldest. Within a few generations, farms were reduced to small plots unable to support the impoverished population. Thousands were forced off their land to become either tenant farmers for the English landlords, or cast out on the roads to become day laborers and Tinkers.[2] Although the English decreed Ireland a vested

1. Hedgerow stories were told by the elder Murtaughs and Gilbrides; of how they hid out in order to learn to read and write. See Mary Fitzpatrick's *Rambles Through My Family History.*

2. Tinkers still roam the roads of Ireland. They take odd jobs, live in their trucks and trailers, and camp wherever the authorities don't get too excited. It is said they are the descendants of the people forced off their land under the Penal Laws.

member of the British Empire, the majority Catholic inhabitants were legally treated as criminals and slaves, a policy the English would never remotely consider with their own people, no matter how disagreeable their religion or politics. After all, the English had their Bill of Rights and guarantees granted by the 1215 A.D. Magna Carta. Consider what the American colonists got away with during those same years, yet they were exempt from the penalties and prejudices of the Penal Laws. Of course the colonists were mostly English and Protestant.

The Penal laws brushed off onto the Ulster Scots recruited to plantationize Ireland. The bias was for members of the Church of England, and excluded other Protestant sects from public office or business opportunities. Thousands of mostly Presbyterian Scots became fed up, sold out their farms, and moved to the colonies in America. They were the largest contingent of settlers to populate the Eighteenth Century western frontier.

During the repressive times in Ireland, many middle and upper class Catholics converted to Protestantism to continue their life-styles. Along with the old English and Norman transplanted families, the new Irish Protestant class thought of themselves more Irish than English. Several spokesmen against repression arose from a new class of educated Protestant Irish. Edmund Burke, Henry Grattan, Wolfe Tone and Lord Castlereagh represented conflicting strains of the Anglo-Irish community, but none of them were happy with the status quo in Ireland. Edmund Burke and Henry Grattan were Members of Parliament, and both men fought within the system for Irish concessions. Edmund Burke helped develop English policies for the American colonies, which also affected Irish politics. He supported the repeal of the Stamp Act, and opposed the Townshend Acts, but he believed both Ireland and the American colonies must remain subordinate to British Imperial policies. He promoted enlightened policies and reform, and he believed oppression fetched everyone disaster.

The Navigation Acts had for some time stifled Irish trade with America, but the American Revolution closed off the Ulster markets completely. There were strong sympathies in Ireland for the American Revolution, especially in Ulster where many of the Protestant Scots-Irish had tens of thousands of relatives and friends living in America. The educated Catholics disliked the American republican principles, but they hoped the war would pressure the English Parliament to reform the anti-Catholic Penal Laws. The British eased up on the Penal Laws, enough to placate the Irish until they regained their confidence after losing a major colony.

Parliament transferred 4,000 troops from Ireland to fight the colonies. Burke was furious, and accused the Irish Parliament of complicity in a war waged against the principles of liberty and freedom, the very causes the Irish were seeking. Just when it looked like Burke had the Irish Parliament in a tight spot, the American Admiral, John Paul Jones, sailed into Belfast Lough April 1778, and captured one of the King's naval ships. The idea was to shake up the English by showing them the colonists were not a mob of unorganized boys playing at war, and to demonstrate

England's position on the far side of the Atlantic didn't give them immunity. The Americans thought they might enlist oppressed Irish support, and rally them to their noble cause of revolution with a bold show of force against the King's navy in one of the King's own naval ports. The idea backfired. The capture of the King's ship scarred hell out of the people of Belfast. They petitioned the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for protection against an invasion of the Americans and their onerous Catholic French allies, who in Presbyterian eyes, were out to eliminate Protestant liberties and religion. When the Lord Lieutenant denied the petition, the Protestants organized a national volunteer force of 40,000 men to protect Ireland (1780), with landlords as officers. The leaders of the formidable standing militia discovered they were in a position to pressure the British into looking into Irish grievances.

Henry Grattan, leader of the Protestant Patriot Party, was another Anglo-Irishman to champion Irish rights in Parliament. He won several concessions from England, notably the reinstatement of the Irish Parliament as a legislative body. The British insisted on reviewing the laws, and controlled the army and tax system, but the Irish Parliament was a foothold. Slowly, the Penal laws relaxed, and trade became more attractive in Ireland. There was a bloom of prosperity in the major Irish cities in the late 1700's,[1] but the small concessions made everyone more impatient. Various groups openly clamored for independence.

Wolfe Tone, like Henry Grattan, was an Irish Protestant with little kinship to England. In 1791, Tone and his Society of United Irishmen demanded an independent Irish Republic. By 1789, Tone thought he had enough Irish support for the movement to seek support from the French partisans, who were all for cleaning out royalty, court favorites, oppressors of the common people and England in general.[2] Wolfe Tone made a bold assumption; most of the Irish were not lovers of Jacobin ideas. With a great flourish of Gallic rhetoric, the French lauded Wolfe Tone, his movement, and his glorious cause. The French promised soldiers and a navy, not only to assist a fellow revolutionary, but also to position themselves to attack England from behind its lines. Finally, the British had enough. They were tired of bothersome hotheads stirring up insurrections when they had more important things to attend, like a major European war, and they were *really* tired of revolutions inspired with French complicity. The British sent troops to Ireland under orders to put down the rebels by any means, and Ireland was viciously repressed. The Protestants joined in, afraid Catholics would flock to Tone's side and start slaughtering them. The rally for equality and independence subverted into a class and religious war. Suspects

1. Downtown Dublin was built during those times, and if it looks suspiciously like parts of Washington D.C., it is because both places were designed by the same school of architecture at the same time.

2. Louis XVI was executed January 21, 1793. The French Republic declared war on England February 1, 1793, and stayed at war until 1815.

were rounded up and executed without trial; towns and farms were burned, and the undermanned forces of the United Irishmen were routed into hiding. The promised French support was too little and too late. General Jean Humbert and his army of 1,000 French soldiers landed at Killala Bay (below) in County Mayo. They routed the English troops, but were subsequently overwhelmed at Ballinamuck, County Longford, September 8, 1798, by the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the infamous General Cornwallis. In October, a French squadron was defeated off Lough Swilly, County Donegal. Seven ships were captured, one had on board Wolfe Tone all dressed up in a natty blue French General's uniform. He was arrested as a spy and traitor, and taken to jail in Dublin. He committed suicide in his cell, rather than hang as a traitor and not shot as an enemy officer. The Irish people bled under harsh British reprisals. In 1800, the Act of Union was enacted, whereby the Irish Parliament was dissolved, and Ireland was proclaimed British property.

**County Mayo:** *The dark outlined areas with italic names were the English Baronies of County Mayo, the small subsections were the English Parishes. The Catholic Dioceses of Killala included the Barony of Tirawley, and Achonry included Gallen. The Barony of Tirawley (Traully), Parish of Ardgath (Ardgahy), was the home of the Gilbride and Newcomb families. It extended from the southern outskirts of Ballina, due south along the River Moy to the shores of Lough Cullin. The Mullins and Murtaughs lived about twenty five miles southeast in the Parish of Kalladin (Killadan), near Knock.*

Ireland refused to lie down. Robert Emmet led another uprising in 1803, and the Irish were again brutally put down. The leaders were rounded up and executed, and people in the countryside were terrorized by British soldiers. The English did not

come out victors; they created martyrs, and polarized Irish opinions which otherwise would have been neutral or indifferent. Many people who thought the revolutionaries a pack of dreamers with dangerous intentions, had second thoughts. From the gallows Robert Emmet proclaimed:

> "When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth then, and not until then, let my epitaph be written."

Emmet's epigram was a catchy slogan, much more stirring than Thomas Paine's "Give me liberty or give me death", especially since Emmet hanged for his sentiment, and Paine did not. Emmet's slogan became the banner for Irish independence, and it still pops up in various forms in the recent struggles in Northern Ireland.

In 1820, another voice was raised against English rule by a man who worked for Irish autonomy by the manipulation of the British legal system. Daniel Ó Connell was a landed Irish Catholic gentleman with more moderate views for the change of the existing oppressive conditions within Ireland. He knew previous Irish uprisings against the English only netted dead patriots and further repression. He despised secret agrarian societies, and he had little use for people like Robert Emmet. Ó Connell championed the repeal of the Penal Laws and Catholic emancipation. He accomplished both.

Daniel Ó Connell was elected to Parliament in 1828. Once he was seated, he organized the pro-Irish faction into an influential voting block. Ó Connell was an eloquent speaker, and he openly championed human rights throughout the world, a large part under the sway of the British Empire. Ó Connell was well known in America. Various anti-slavery groups, like the Quakers, used his speeches and written tracts to promote their cause. His worldwide notoriety and views on human rights outraged the Crown; his ideas about liberating Ireland were considered dangerous. Ó Connell was a master of working public opinion, and his ideas gained popularity in the English slums and factory cities. Before long, the British working classes started to clamor for their own social and economic reforms. Ó Connell became a Royal pain, but as long as he worked within the parameters of the law, he remained untouched.

Ó Connell mobilized rural Ireland into a voting block, and he proceeded to force concessions out of an arrogant British government. He scared the entrenched privileged classes throughout the British Isles, those who lived in the luxury of their wealthy tiered class system. Irish nationalism wiggled through the bars of its cage, and emerged as a galvanized force for change. The English decided Ó Connell and his party had gone too far, and the Prime Minister sent an envoy to Rome to convince the Pope to undermine Ó Connell's support by removing the rabble-rousing clergy from preaching politics from the pulpit. The English made deals for endowments and bequests, and the Pope acceded, eager for favorable relations with England. Ó Connell was livid; he publicly accused the Church of selling out the Irish people. He

won back sone of the Bishops, but the English kept upping the ante with the Vatican in a desperate effort to undermine Ó Connell, and break up rising Irish nationalism.

England wanted a return to the old ways, with the Irish knowing their subordinate place in a quasi-feudal system, but times already changed. Ó Connell's democratization of nationalism, his example of working for change through the existing legal system, plus the cultural movement of the Young Ireland Party were all adjuvant in raising Irish self-respect and political clout. A new feeling of dignity spread throughout Ireland; people started thinking of themselves as individuals and Irish, rather than nameless serfs on an Englishman's plantation.

Ó Connell's next target was the repeal of the Act of Union, and for his work he was given the affectionate title of The Liberator. Unfortunately, he never saw his goals reached; the Great Famine of the mid 1840's poleaxed Ireland, decimated the population, and reduced the political impetus for independence into a scramble for survival. Ó Connell died in 1849 trying to seek order in the chaos of social and economic collapse.

## FAMINE

Between 1849 and 1851, most of the Irish people in our immediate families left Ireland to start over in America. Most of them were tenant farmers; the Gilbrides were tenant fishermen on some Lord's piece of the River Moy. When they could no longer pay the rent, nor feed their families, they starved or found a way out. Our people were some of the lucky ones; they lived. The Fitzpatricks probably had people emigrate during the Famine, and they may account for a few of the Fitzpatrick names on the 1850 and 1860 U.S. Census records. Our direct line of Fitzpatricks managed to tough out the hard times in Ireland, either by the good graces of a benevolent landlord, who did not press for rent, or they managed to get by with permission to fish nearby lakes, or live off the few available crops and cattle. More research needs to be done to find the answer to their survival.

From U.S. Census and military records, Martin Gilbride Sr. came to the United States in 1848; his wife, Mary Newcomb, and children, Brigid and Martin Jr., arrived in 1849 or 1850. (Rose died at sea.) The Mullins and Murtaughs landed between 1850 and 1851. There is a story Martin Gilbride Sr. came over ahead of his family on short notice. It was said he was wanted for his activities of poaching on the local landlord's property, a hanging offense in those days. Poaching was common in the hard times, but it was more likely the Gilbride family had passage fare for only one able-bodied man, and the arrangement was for him to come over to America to earn passage for the rest of the family.

There are chilling accounts of the *coffin ships*, dilapidated cargo vessels packed with mobs of starving Irish in the holds. Most of the ships were designated as barks, lumber and coal ships powered solely by sails. There are public records of the ship

captains's manifests upon arrival in Philadelphia. The port authorities required the captains to give a physical description of the passengers and their baggage, horrifying records of people so starved and sick they were near death, with their bones protruding through their ragged clothes. Their only baggage, if any, was tied up in a few bundles. What awaited the Irish upon arrival were the holding pens near the docks, as they were, where jobbers picked through the healthier specimens to herd them off onto wagons destined for the mines, road building crews and railroad work gangs. Those who were passed over, or too sick and feeble, had few options. They wandered into the nearby city slums, and took whatever menial jobs were available. Few of those millions would have come to America if they had a choice, but during the Famine, choice was a luxury few could afford.

> "As a German, I consider it my duty to warn Germans against the wild goose chase to Liverpool, since they can expect nothing pleasant aboard the English and American ships... The large American ships take on at one time five hundred to six hundred, even seven hundred passengers, all in great confusion. Hence, there is little decency aboard ship, much vermin, and also the dangerous ship's fever. The children and the aged suffer the most, and often thirty or forty, sometimes as many as a hundred will die during the voyage. More than on the slave ships in the worst times! Last spring the American ship Columbia lost forty passengers between Liverpool and New York."[1]

The Great Famine was disaster waiting to happen. Most pre-famine Irish were tied to the land on farms rarely larger than a few acres of rented land. Most people lived in small mud and thatch huts with a small potato patch in front. The rest of the crop or animals went to the landlord for rent. If a family were prosperous enough to own a pig, or a few chickens, their animals often shared the house with the family. Such conditions led to disease and a high mortality rate, especially with children. Many families relied on raising a few pigs to provide the family with an income. The Irish referred to their pigs as: "The gentlemen who paid the rent." Despite living in wretched conditions, epidemics, and the resident scourge, tuberculosis, the Irish had a massive population boom, mostly due to the high-yielding and easy to grow potato. By 1840, there were over eight million people in Ireland.[2]

Sir Walter Raleigh was credited with introducing the potato to his estate near Cork from America in the late 1500's. The potato is a semitropical root crop, but it

1. Excerpt from a ship's doctor warning German emigrants to avoid the Famine Refugee carriers. From *Allgemeine Zeitung*, Bremem, March 1, 1852. Most Famine refugees took cheap passage to Liverpool, the main port for most ships bound to America. Some ships from Liverpool called at the ports of Cork and Galway to pick up passengers, a few ships sailed directly from Cork and Galway. A guess is our Clare and Mayo people sailed from Galway.

2. There were 2.8 million in 1900, a little less than 3.5 million today.

adapted to the cold Irish climate, and thrived in rocky, poor soil. It was a perfect food crop for a tenant farmer who had to dedicate his best land to growing crops for the rent. Within a few generations, the potato became the staple of the Irish, and they ate little else besides a little buttermilk or a few eggs, if they had a cow or chickens.

By the 1820's, the potato was farmed all over Europe. The blight appeared in the early 1800's, but it wasn't too serious a problem in warmer climates. The cold, damp climate of Ireland was the ideal setting for blight, *Phytophora Infestans*, a fungus carried by moist air on the wind. Blight attacked the potato foliage, and quickly spread to the root tubers. Within hours, the root bulb turned into stinking rot. If the potato tuber were not dug up and eaten at the first sight of the wilting leaves, it was lost. During the 1840's, one crop after another failed until there were no more eyes (potato shoots) left in reserve for planting.

The Great Famine was several potato failures, which lasted over ten years. The most destructive in human terms was from 1845-1850. By 1849, one third of the entire Irish population was dead or emigrated. Counties Mayo, Cavan and Leitrim, where our relatives lived, had the poorest soil and the greatest starvation, and most people living in those counties were gone by 1850. The displaced and starving died in their hovels, ditches or along the roads. In remote places, bodies were left exposed to the ravens and stray dogs. Nobody was left in nearby villages, or had the strength to bury the thousands of dead. Large tracts of land reverted to rocky wilderness, with only the empty hulks of ruined houses and tumbled stone walls to indicate once thriving communities. Thousands of farmers sought relief in nearby towns, but there was little left to share. Mobs of dying people huddled together in refugee camps and what little shelter they could find. Diseases spread among the weakened people, and they died by the hundreds of thousands of exposure, typhoid, pneumonia, tuberculosis and dysentery. The local priests, nuns and relief workers tried to care for the starving, and they were reduced to the same conditions and died with the refugees.

The English set up a few Poor Houses, but they were little better than death houses. Only those near death were admitted, where they were allotted a few days of shelter and watered down gruel in exchange for their conversion to Protestantism. Poor Houses kept the hardest cases out of the glare of publicity, and forced the most desperate to forsake their last piece of dignity by submitting to a foreign religion. A common admonishment from Mary Fitzpatrick was to save our money to avoid the Poor House, a horrifying legacy passed down from our Famine emigrants.

The Quakers and other charitable organizations mobilized worldwide for Irish famine relief. They sent food and medical assistance, and opened up soup kitchens and hostels. Unfortunately, they were overwhelmed by the need, scarcely able to operate beyond urban areas. When the English government grudgingly set aside £8 million for relief, they left most of the food in storehouses. The British bought huge quantities of cheap, coarse corn meal from the United States, and passed it out to the starving. The stuff was sold as animal feed, indigestible to humans in raw form. The

destitute barely owned rags, let alone a pot to boil the corn into gruel. When they tried to eat the corn meal raw, it scoured their weakened intestines, and thousands died of dysentery and peritonitis. Tenant farmers unable to work and pay their rent were evicted. The businesses in nearby villages no longer had patrons, and they had to close. Those with the energy or means to leave, did so; those who didn't died, or rode out the dismal times. By 1845, the fledgling nationalism of the Gaelic Order was dead. Catholic Ireland was pauperized and dependent beyond recognition.

The Famine was an indictment of the feudal economic system in rural Ireland. There was no industry outside Ulster, and even there the factory and semiskilled positions were available only to Protestants. The sudden population boom of the early 1800's put a strain on an already marginal agrarian economy of small, inefficient farms. After the Napoleonic wars of the early 1800's, grain prices fell. Landlords went to more profitable pasturage, which meant throwing out tenant farmers. The evictions started the spiral of land shortage, unemployment and homelessness. Some landlords were sympathetic to their tenants, and went broke trying to feed the hungry, but most landlords could care less about their tenants. For the most part, they lived in England. They were more interested in a comfortable income from their Irish estates; few bothered with capital improvements, or introduced modern farming technology.

The American colonists, despite their recalcitrance and unruliness, were expected to prosper, pay Imperial taxes and enrich British merchants. The Irish tenants were expected to remain poor, pay Imperial taxes and enrich the British landlords. During the late 1840's, the Irish no longer enriched anybody. The English people thought the famine was a timely means to solve what they called *the Irish problem*, either by extermination, or as a means to emigrate a sizeable number of people, to *siphon off surplus population*. Nassau Senior, economist in the Whig administration of 1848 said:

> "Famine should not interfere with normal commercial activity, compete with private businesses, discourage personal initiative, make the Irish people dependent on government charity... Only a million would die from famine causes, and that was not sufficient to solve the Irish surplus population problem."[1]

Charles F. Trevelyan, Undersecretary of the Treasury, and the person responsible for the government relief program, decided the famine was divine retribution on a wicked, perverse people. Those were ugly statements, but even more frightening was Trevelyan and Senior were quoted in English newspapers with hardly an objection. The Nineteenth Century English attitudes and policies towards Ireland would be called in the Twentieth Century *ethnic cleansing*, even *Holocaust*.

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1. *The Great Hunger: Ireland 1845-1849* - Cecil Woodham-Smith.

The Irish always had an attitude problem about the alien concept of landlordism. They didn't have the background of feudalism, as the rest of Europe, and they were consistently resistant to grasping the concept. Unlike the tenant farmers of the American colonies, the Irish had little in common with their landlords, nor their character and values, which were of a foreign religion and nationality. Unlike the American tenant farmers, the Irish had nowhere to go if they became fed up with their station in life or landlord. When the English tried to force the American colonists to pay onerous taxes and rents, thousands packed up and headed inland, far from Imperial edicts, landlords and constables. By the mid 1700's, agrarian landlordism in the American colonies was a watered down concept. The feudal institution intensified in Ireland, and by the 1800's, the English considered it a shining triumph of their colonialism.

The desperate economic times in Ireland of the mid 1800's livened up secret societies, like the Ribbonmen, Whiteboys and Molly Maguires; groups which lashed out at the repressive landlord policies. They burned hay, killed cattle, shot bailiffs and tax collectors.[1] Their activities interfered with English profits, and once again Irish civil rights were suspended. People were subjected to Gestapo-like searches, detainments and interrogations. The Royal Irish Constabulary was founded as a clever move by the English to run a wedge into Irish life by hiring unemployed Irish men to do the dirty work for them. They were half police and half soldier, and by and large, they were effective. Just as often, when a local man was one of the policemen, the neighbors might be mysteriously tipped off when a raid was at hand.

The Famine left bitter memories, and intensified hatred for the British. Recollections and emotions of the Famine era passed down the generations. When famine refugees spread out over the world, they brought along their bitterness for being forced to leave home, and an angry slant to their transplanted Irish nationalism. The rude remarks in our family about the English and their royalty were not nationalistic sentiments from our American Revolution; they were hand-me-downs from our Irish immigrants.

The Great Famine consolidated the Irish Catholic Church, and propelled it towards stricter Roman discipline, devotionalism and centralization. Most famine victims were from the marginal end of Irish society, the poor farmers and indigent laborers, the least educated with the fewest resources and time to practice their religion in a regular fashion. Those who had the stamina, or means to survive, became easier to control. People recognized the population boom of the early years abetted the Famine, and they started marrying later, or not at all. The Church willingly gave a morality to the tendency. A kind of Puritanism crept into Irish Catholicism, and set

1. The emigrant Molly Maguires were particularly noticeable in 1850's America during the strife associated with the coal mines of Pennsylvania.

it further apart from the Catholicism of the rest of Europe. One blatant observation was the swing towards a more rigorist doctrine abetted a serious social and health problem in Ireland, alcoholism. After the Famine, the pub became a social center, a refuge for the mostly single men from the cold, wet climate, unemployment, and a substitute for a wife and family. The camaraderie of the pub became a haven from the dismal world, and the English attached a new epitaph on the Irish: drunkenness. Once the Irish changed their social and economic environment, and had more to do with their days, the trend to hang out in pubs fell off, but the old stereotype persisted.

## IRISH ABROAD

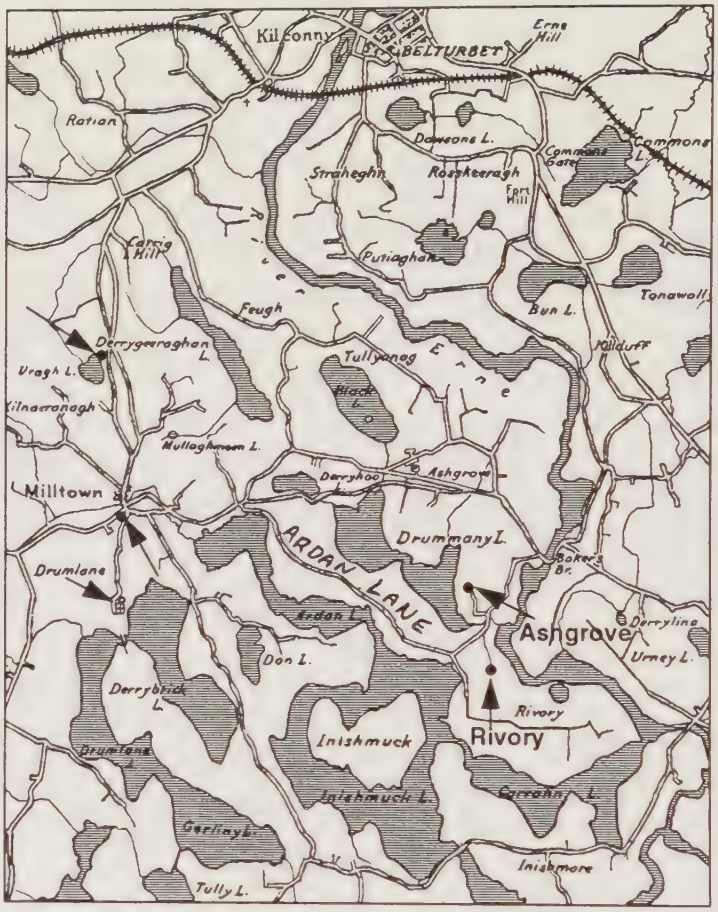
Over the last two centuries, twelve million Irish emigrated to foreign lands, principally English-speaking places such as Canada, America, England, Australia and New Zealand. Most of the twelve million were refugees from famines, rural violence, political oppression, and the population pressures of an undeveloped and static economy. Before 1820, most who left Ireland were Ulster Protestants irritated with British restrictions on the Irish economic development, and the bias for the Church of Ireland (Church of England in Ireland). After 1820, with famines and political turmoil, emigration was mostly the poor Catholics, the greatest number to leave Ireland.

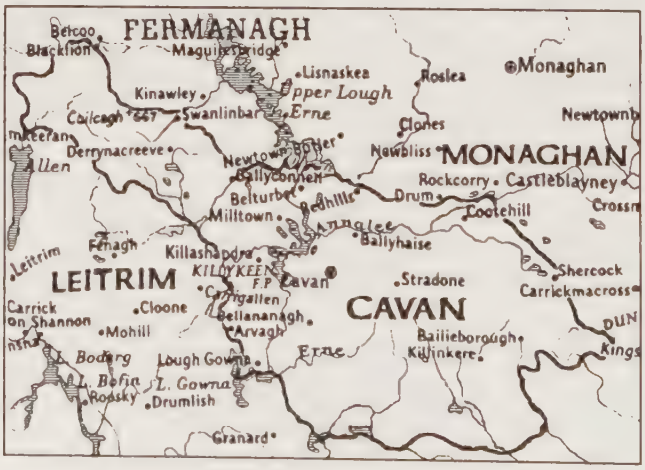
By the 1850's, parents raised children to see most of them leave Ireland; those left behind were the old, the very young, and a modest population of middle aged adults. The profile still exists. From 1845 to 1891, more than three million young, single Irish men entered the United States, almost twice as many as families and single women. By the end of the Nineteenth Century, more singe women came over than men. In 1919, four million Americans were born in Ireland; in 1969, only 300,000 claimed Irish origins.

From U.S. Census records, Frank Fitzpatrick emigrated in 1901, his sisters Elizabeth in 1906, Margaret 1909 and Brigid in 1904. Brigid misstated her arrival; she may have come to Canada in 1904, but she came to the Pacific Northwest with her sister Margaret.[1] In 1909, Father Terence and Maggie enrolled Brigid in Acquinas

1. After Brigid graduated from Acquinas High School, she found office jobs, including a clerk's position with the railroad in Seattle. Brigid was pretty and had many admirers, including John Brady. Father Terence, Frank and Mary Fitzpatrick decided twenty-nine year old Brigid needed to settle down. They arranged her marriage with John McGovern in 1923. It was not a happy marriage; their personalities were different, and John liked his drink a little too much. They stayed together, and moved to San Francisco shortly after they married. John was an insurance agent, and Bea worked as a hair dresser. They had no children. Bea died July 21, 1948, and John died May 18, 1950. Both are buried at Holy Cross Cemetery in Colma, south of San Francisco.

**County Cavan:** *The top illustration is an enlargement of the north central part of County Cavan (below). The Fitzpatricks, McDonalds, Bradys and McGoverns lived along Ardan lane between Baker's Bridge and Milltown, a couple miles south of Belturbet. The Fitzpatricks lived on a knoll in front of a stand of ash trees above Lake Drummany, hence the name of the family farm, Ashgrove. Kitty and Frank McGovern lived across the lane on a peninsula called Rivory, hence the name of their farm, Rivory. Some years ago, they sold Rivory and moved to a more convenient location north of Milltown on the Milltown Road by Lake Uragh. Most people raised cows, since the soil is too rocky and wet for most field crops, other than hay. The creamery was at Milltown, near the present home of Cissy Ó Reilly and her brother, Tom Francis Brady. A short walk from Milltown is Drumlane Abbey. County Cavan was never overly prosperous, but in recent years, the numerous lakes attracted tourists with a taste for fishing.*



High School in Tacoma. Brigid was fifteen years old. Frank's brother, John, came in 1912, and another brother, Bernard, was thought to have come to California and died in the 1906 San Francisco earthquake. He was not listed on the San Francisco coroner's list of known dead of the 1906 quake, which doesn't mean much. Records of the horrendous event are not complete, and landlords in the slums and cheap hotels were reluctant to divulge a list of their tenants for fear of a citation for overcrowding. It is also possible Bernard enlisted in the army for World War I, or took passage for Australia; nobody knows for sure. Twenty-three year old Terence Fitzpatrick was on the 1910 Seattle Census; he was single and worked down town as a barber. There is a record of Frank Fitzpatrick transferring the title of one of his lots to Terence in 1918 for a $10.00 down payment. On July 11, 1922, Terence had full

**The Fitzpatricks:** *From left to right: John, Brigid, Margaret and Mike Grace. The photo was taken around 1918 in Seattle, Washington.*

title to the parcel on Stoneway Road, an area called Porterfield Additions, now part of the interchange of Interstate 90 at Rainier Avenue. About 1918, Terence married, but in the early 1920's he divorced his wife an moved to San Francisco. The divorce scandalized the Fitzpatricks, and there was no mention of Terence after he divorced, but surely he visited his sister, Bea, in San Francisco.

Two of Frank's uncles came from Ireland, younger brothers of his father, John Fitzpatrick, who remained on the family farm, Ashgrove. They were Patrick, born c. 1844, and Father Terence Fitzpatrick, born 1857. Father Terence came over to Montreal in 1880 to study for the priesthood, then was in Cornwall, Ontario, across the St. Lawrence River from Massena, New York. He was assigned to St. Mary's parish in Centralia, Washington, shortly before Mary Gilbride arrived to teach school (1909). He retired in 1917 or 1918, and moved to British Columbia. I

don't remember when he died, but he was alive in 1937. He married Jack and Elizabeth Merrill at St. Benedicts in Seattle. Patrick came over in 1913, moved to Seattle, and married around 1918. He died in Seattle in 1920. He and his wife are buried next to the Keefe plots at the Calvary Cemetery in Seattle.

The two cousins who came over with Frank Fitzpatrick, Andrew Donohoe and John Brady, are listed on the U.S. Census as arrived in America in 1901. Andrew's younger brother, Terence, arrived in America in 1918, but there are earlier pictures of him and Brigid Fitzpatrick in Canada. Terence Donohoe posed in a Canadian cavalry soldier's uniform, and if not mistaken, he had corporal stripes on his sleeve.

**Terence Fitzpatrick:** *Photo was taken in Cavan c. 1902. Terence was born in 1888, and according the 1910 U.S. Census, he came over in 1902. If the Census is correct, he was fourteen years old when he left home, and it was not to the United States at first, rather to Canada.*

Several other Irish relatives, in-laws and friends, such as John McGovern and Mike Grace, came through Canada. They entered the United States through Chicago before moving on to Washington State. From the information at hand, only Frank,

Andy Donohoe and John Brady saw the sights of New York City before wandering west.

The North American connection for most of our relatives was Cornwall, Canada. Passage across the Atlantic to Commonwealth Canada was cheaper than going directly to the United States, and in Cornwall they had Father Terence, as well as

**Elizabeth and Bernard Fitzpatrick:** *The photo of Elizabeth was taken in Seattle c. 1910, and Bernard's was taken in Cavan c. 1902. Bernard dropped out of sight after he arrived on the west coast sometime around 1906. Elizabeth joined the Dominican Sisters in Tacoma, Washington, December 1911. She remained with the Order until her death, September 4, 1928. In group photos, Elizabeth was quite tall; she looked like she was almost 6' tall. All the Fitzpatricks had large, strong hands, as shown in Bernard's photo above.*

other relatives as North American connections. Andy Donohoe's younger brother, Father Michael Donohoe, was an American connection. He was assigned to parishes in Illinois: Macon, south of Decatur, and Marshall, near the Ohio border and Terre Haute. Both cities were on major rail lines routed through St. Louis to points west. I have an early photo of Margaret and Elizabeth taken in Chicago, possibly the girls's first stop in the United States from Canada.

The entrance to the United States for Frank Fitzpatrick and his two cousins was probably a ferryboat ride across the St. Lawrence River to Massena, and from there

**Brigid Fitzpatrick, AKA Aunt Bea:** *Photo taken c. 1920 in Seattle. Bea would have been twenty-six years old.*

they headed south for the bright lights of New York City. Official records of their entry are unavailable; American immigration laws were not enacted until 1921, so they all entered *without papers*. Nobody knows what John Brady or Andrew Donohoe did in New York City, but Frank Fitzpatrick worked as a janitor for the Randolph Hearst paper, *New York Herald Tribune*. It is unclear how long the three stayed in New York City, or where they went from there. It is a good bet they traveled west through Illinois, and met up with other friends and relatives.

The next record was found in Seattle, 1907. According to King County land records, Frank Fitzpatrick was a property owner. He bought a house at Mount Vir-

**John Brady and Brigid Fitzpatrick:** *Photo taken c. 1918 on Lake Washington, Seattle.*

gin, described in the records as a lower block of Rainier Boulevard (Davis Place). He paid $375.00 down, and paid off the remaining $700.000 in installments of $20.00 per month, at a rate of 8% interest. It was paid off March 21, 1908. Frank and his sister, Elizabeth, lived in the Davis Place home.[1] Frank bought forty acres of timber, plus a cabin and boat on the remote northwestern tip of the Olympic Peninsula near Forks. He owned two lots on Chicago Street, a development in rural south eastern Seattle, and a lot in Porterfield Additions off Rainier Avenue on Stoneway, which he later sold to his brother, Terence. In 1916, Frank built a new house on his Chicago Street property, and a few years later started the Standard Nursery on his adjoining parcel. February 1, 1912, Frank bought a lot in a development called Cedar Grove, which was on Aurora Avenue near Greenlake. The amount was not disclosed, but he received clear title to the land on August 8, 1917. September 6, 1932, Frank sold his property on Aurora to the City of Seattle.

On both the 1910 and 1920 Census, Frank Fitzpatrick was listed as a building janitor, and on Elizabeth Fitzpatrick's birth certificate, he was a bank security guard. He probably did both jobs, depending on the needs of the bank. He certainly didn't earn enough as a janitor in New York City to cover much more than railroad fare west. There is a blank spot of four or five years before he showed up on Seattle records, but within a short time he amassed a fair amount of real estate.[2] It is a mys-

1. On the 1910 U.S. Census, Elizabeth was listed as a laundress in Seattle. In December of 1911, a couple months after her brother married, she moved out and joined the Dominican Sister in Tacoma. She took the name Sister Terencia after her uncle Father Terence.

2. Another man to acquire a fair amount of real estate was Mike Grace. He lived in Seattle longer than Frank, but he also was listed as a building janitor on the 1920 U.S. Census.

**Annie and Elizabeth Fitzpatrick:** *Photo taken at the McCrae studios on Berkeley Road, Dublin c. 1900. Elizabeth, seated, left for Seattle in 1906, and lived with her oldest brother, Frank. Annie stayed in Ireland and married. She became Mrs. Ann Mc Govern, and lived with her husband at Rivory, across Ardan Lane from Ashgrove. Annie was Kitty McGovern's mother-in-law.*

tery how he could afford to buy several city properties and Olympic Peninsula timber land within a short time of arriving in Seattle, all on a janitor's wage.

The County Cavan crowd made more of a success in America than most Irish emigrants. Coming to the Pacific Northwest was probably a wise move, whether they knew it at the time or not. The lure of the Alaskan and Yukon gold fields brought them west, but their stay in Seattle could not have been such a terrible disappointment. They lived near family and friends from Ireland, and they weren't consigned to the slums in eastern cities. There was not as much prejudice against the Irish on the west coast, even if they didn't readily blend in with the Asians, Swedes, and other European communities. Everyone was a newcomer. Seattle wasn't old enough to sport an entrenched blue stocking crowd, unless the few old

timers and city benefactors were counted: one or two lumberjacks, who owned the nearby sawmills, a few gold rush merchants and ship owners, and the wealthy Madams with thriving businesses on Cherry Street. Our relatives made modest livings, bought homes, married and raised their families in respectable comfort.

Most Nineteenth Century Irish immigrants did not do as well. They were ill-prepared for life in foreign industrial cities, which is where most of them landed and lived. Most were unskilled laborers, almost all of them ex-tenant farmers. The poor Irish were relegated to the slums, and they took what menial jobs they could find. They worked as longshoremen, street sweepers, scrubbed floors and took care of the children of the wealthy. They staffed the garment industry sweat shops, dug canals, built railroads and mined coal. Irish men soldiered the American frontier and the far reaches of the British Empire, often in segregated companies. The new Irish arrivals with a little social polish found jobs as porters, bartenders and policemen. Those with mechanical skills, and could overcome local anti-Irish prejudices, were carpenters or blacksmiths. The few with a little capital and education became clerks or schoolteachers, and there were always openings for the clergy. Irish women had fewer options. In 1850, 75% were employed as domestics, and in New England they staffed the garment industry sweatshops and textile mills. A few men distinguished themselves as prize fighters, professional athletes, entertainers, gunslingers (i.e. Henry "Billy the Kid" McCarty), and ward politicians.

None of our Irish immigrants were university graduates, but they all had a decent education. The Famine refugees attended the hedgerow schools; the more recent Fitzpatricks went to a state supported parochial school, and attained a level similar to American high schools. Frank Fitzpatrick and his Irish friends and relatives were avid readers, and valued a good education. Almost everybody kept a small library in their homes, and encouraged their children to read and play a musical instrument. The Minnesota Irish also took advantage of public education for their children, when they were not needed on the farm. The Madigans were particularly eager to see their children get ahead, and sent every child with the will and ability to Mankato Normal School or the University of Minnesota.

By 1900, the Irish Famine refugees turned over another generation, and they were more likely to have steady work on the railroads or as factory hands. On the 1900 U.S. Census, the Irish made up 18% of America's coachmen and drivers, 11% of the longshoremen and policemen, and 6% owned their own businesses. Most educated Irish were teachers or priests, but some were noted as lawyers and politicians. Also prominent in 1900 was the Irish farmer in the Midwest. The Gilbrides, Murtaughs and Mullins fit the description. By 1900, Irish women were still chiefly domestics, when employed, but 5% of the working women had enough education to become teachers, which certainly applied to Mary Gilbride Fitzpatrick. By 1920, the great era of Irish immigration was essentially over, and subsequent generations spread out into virtually all occupations and professions, except for the women. On

the 1920 Census, 81% of working Irish women were still domestics, and the next categories were teachers and shop clerks. It must be remembered working opportunities for all women in the 1920's were limited.

Modern Irish descendants are in every profession and skill, and they are particularly visible as lawyers and politicians, which may have something to do with their long, loquacious history of manipulating words and ideas, and enjoying a good argument, or was it instigating a good argument? It took until the civil rights legislation of the 1960's to legally break down the old Anglo-Protestant biases against the Irish and other Catholics excluded from various social and political organizations, country clubs, schools, or to live in select neighborhoods.

The Fitzpatrick families moved thousands of miles from home, but their destination on the west coast of America was not entirely foreign. County Cavan is peppered with lakes and waterways, a great haven for fishermen, but it was not always so. Before the government projects to drain the adjoining swamps and bogs, the lakes were not too accessible, nor was there as much pasturage available for the cows. The Cavan lake country was a forbidding maze without guides, and the Vikings, French and Cromwell found the area difficult to traverse without becoming lost. The Fitzpatricks of the Pacific Northwest surely found a familiarity with the old country in the lush greenery, numerous waterways and lakes, and the *soft rains* of western Washington. The differences were the mix of people, and the scale of the nearby forests and mountain ranges.

The terrain of both western Washington and Ireland is the result of the glacial scrubbing of the land during the last ice ages. The Pacific coast is uplifted and rumpled by the collision of Pacific tectonic plates and vulcanism, then scoured by ice age glaciers, whereas Ireland was formed from exposed ancient sea beds and ice age erosion. The lakes of County Cavan are the product of decomposed limestone shelves, due to the carbonic acid in the boggy water, hence the strange shapes of the shorelines and rock outcroppings. The ancient lore of fairies and supernatural creatures probably had a good home in the mists and strange shapes of the Cavan lakes. There is a story a couple men in the family rowed out on Lake Inishmuck during the night, and while talking and laughing between themselves, they were mimicked by the laughter of the lake fairies. Until the fairies quieted down, the men were unable to row to the far shore. Some family members suggested the pesky Inishmuck fairies laughed from the bottom of a good jug of potheen carried along in the boat to keep off the chill.

Down the road from Milltown is the estate of Kildallon, ancestral home of the American poet, Edgar Allan Poe. The real hero of the area was Miles "The Thrasher" Ó Reilly, a fellow noted for his formidable size, and his ability to swing a large sword. He was one of James II's personal guards, and he died at Butler's Bridge covering his beloved King's retreat from William of Orange's forces. The Ó Reillys were the Celtic chieftains of a large area of the north part of Ireland. They held on

until Elizabeth I plantationized their lands, and forced the Ó Reillys to submit or go into hiding. After several insurrections, and Cromwell's invasion, most of the Ó Reilly clan was either killed off, or reduced in station to tenant farmers and modest land owners. The western half of present County Cavan was originally part of Connacht, and named after the clan chief, Breffni Ó Reilly (see page 249). Later, County Cavan was incorporated into Ulster, and in 1923 it became part of the Irish Republic. The Ó Reilly name is all over County Cavan; hardly anyone in the county has to go back very far to find an Ó Reilly in the family. Of my very limited acquaintances of our Irish relatives, Cissy Brady is the closest Ó Reilly connection through her marriage to Patrick Ó Reilly.

From the time of the Famine into the Twentieth Century, the Fitzpatricks and their cousins, the Donohoes, Gilfillins, Bradys, Ó Reillys, Murphys, McGoverns, McDonalds, and others lived through some turbulent times in Ireland, and it would be unfair not to mention some of the events which had a profound influence on the families. It was an era with close American connections due to the millions of immigrant Irish Americans, and for better or worse, Irish history was occasionally steered from across the Atlantic.

**John Fitzpatrick and his wife, Mary McDonald Fitzpatrick:** *These are the parents of the twelve Fitzpatrick brothers and sisters born at Ashgrove; several came to the United States at the Turn of the Century. The photo is from a wet plate, c. 1869, probably taken in Cavan, and possibly their wedding picture. On the original plate, the couple were clearly clothed in their best homespun; Mary's only adornment was a simple scarf around her neck. This is not a portrait of the idle rich.*

## A TERRIBLE BEAUTY

From the Nineteenth to early Twentieth Centuries, Irish-American nationalism employed two basic strategies; to pressure American foreign policy to move in an anti-British direction, and to use the United States as a supply depot for freedom efforts in Ireland. Despite the talents of various Irish-American politicians, they were rarely successful influencing foreign policy against the British. The entrenched powers were and still are Anglo-Protestants.[1] The Irish made up for their lack of political influence with their passion, dollars and sanctuary for Irish nationalistic causes. Irish-Americans influenced the personality of Irish nationalism with their financial support, their republican philosophies and American values. In 1887, Lord Spencer, a Liberal party Peer said:

> "The Irish peasantry still live in poor hovels, often in the same room with animals; they have few modern comforts; and yet they are in close communication with those who live at ease in the cities and farms of the United States. They are also imbued with the advanced political notions of the American republic and are sufficiently educated to read the latest political doctrines in the press which circulates them. Their social condition at home is a hundred years behind their state of mental and political culture."[2]

The rising Irish nationalism and assertiveness vexed the British government almost as much as it did the landlords and Catholic hierarchy. After 1860, people were more demanding of social and political rights, and they were much less deferential to their social and religious betters. The British had a hard time recognizing and acknowledging Ireland was changing with the times. The new Irish arrogance was attributed to the American contents of Fenianism.[3]

Fenianism emerged in 1858 from the New York based Emmet Monument Association, a haven for Irish nationalistic political refugees. The Association was dedicated to carving Robert Emmet's epitaph on the walls of Parliament in London, and creating an independent Ireland. It was John Ó Mahony, Michael Doheney and James Stephens who led the association. They were on the run from British authorities, and sought refuge in New York City, while recruiting Americans for a revolutionary conspiracy against the English. Stephens concentrated on mobilizing efforts in Ireland, and with the Irish people living in Britain. In 1858, he initiated the Irish

1. President Clinton made a campaign promise to the Irish-American political factions to approach the English to offer assistance mediating the troubles in Northern Ireland. He asked the English to abide by the MacBride principles, and the British press flew apart. The Americans stuck their noses into *English* business.

2. *The Irish Experience* - Hackey, Hermon and McCaffrey.

3. The name was taken from the Celtic sagas, which featured warriors called Fianna.

Republican Brotherhood (IRB), the forerunner of the Irish Republican Army (IRA), or in Irish, *Oglaigh na Heireann.*

The Fenians were organized into secret cells under the command of captains to insure secrecy and security. Should the British catch and torture a member, he would be unable to identify more than a few members of his own cell. The IRB in Ireland and the Fenians in the United States had about 50,000 members, but more Irish-Americans were contributing sympathizers. In 1866, it was estimated Irish-Americans donated close to $500,000 to the cause. Most of the American support came from the Irish living in eastern cities, from those locked into the prejudices and poverty of the urban slums and sweatshops. The main contributors were those who rose to the level of salaried coal miners and dock workers. The Irish-Americans who migrated west to start up farming and other adventures did not make enthusiastic investors in Fenianism. They were too busy clearing their land, and too distant from life in the cities to extend more than a few sympathetic mutterings. There is no evidence the Minnesota Irish in our family had ties to Fenianism, either here in America, or the family left in Ireland. There was family involvement in the labor disputes and violence (Molly Maguires) of the 1850's in the Pennsylvania coal mines, but nothing known involved with the Fenians. However, clandestine associations and illegal activities were not openly advertised.

There was an interesting, yet obscure historical tidbit which excited everyone in North America. After the Civil War, the Fenians knew there were thousands of army-trained, war-seasoned Irish-American Union and Confederate veterans. In 1866, the plan was to enlist the veterans in the IRB, and march them north to invade and hold hostage Canada for Irish liberation.[1] It was a grand scheme. Several thousand veterans enlisted, but the number was far below what the Fenians expected. Those who enlisted were mostly the displaced and indigent, more interested in spoils to make up for their poverty after the Civil War. The unresponsive veterans were weary or war and political causes, sick of army life, more interested in taking care of their families and mending their disrupted lives.

While in the planning stages, spies from within the IRB tipped off the British in Ireland, and the British went to the American President, Andrew Johnson, and warned him if a Fenian army materialized, and stepped onto Canadian soil, the Untied States would be held responsible. President Johnson ordered local authorities and militias to break up the Fenian plot, and jail anyone who resisted. The east coast establishment newspapers howled their indignation of criminal Irish activities taking hold in America, and called for the incarceration and/or expulsion of any Irish suspected of such activities. The Fenians renewed simmering anti-Irish prejudices in America.

1. *The Fenian Movement in the United States 1858-1886* - William D'Arcy.

The Fenian leaders were serious about taking and occupying Canada, but it was a farfetched scheme, and necessitated a geography lesson in the planning stages. If by some incredible luck, the few thousand IRB soldiers managed to surprise Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec and Toronto, and occupy those cities at gun point, how on earth could they hold on long enough to haggle with the English for Irish independence? It took months for news to reach places like Fort Victoria in the west, and how would the Fenians enforce occupation out on the plains, mountain ranges, tundra and vast waterways? Perhaps they thought anything west of the Great Lakes didn't count. They also boldly assumed the United States would ignore an Irish invasion of British soil originated within American borders using American citizens. The plan must have been hatched by some bright lights with no idea of the immensity of 3,831,033 square miles of Canada, nor the edgy political climate and economic depression of post Civil War America. Despite the geography error, it was a spectacular plan. Nobody faulted the Fenians for not thinking on a large scale.[1]

It is doubtful any of our relatives were in on the Fenian scheme to take over Canada, even though Minnesota was targeted as a staging point into Canadian territory. Everybody knew about the Fenians on both side of the Atlantic; they offered recreational and cultural opportunities, like athletic events, reading rooms, outings, music and dances. Fenley Peter Dunne, a Chicago journalist, observed in 1890 if Ireland could have been liberated by picnics, it would have become an empire.

After the Fenian fiasco in North America, the British went after the IRB (1867), and arrested all they could find. The British kept making the same mistakes dealing with Irish resistance. They brutalized captives, suspended civil rights and executed key offenders. They turned indifferent public opinion into hostility, and created new martyrs and national figureheads. Again, the English made deals with the Vatican to have Pope Pius IX and the Irish Catholic hierarchy revile the Fenians from the pulpit. The Irish populace was furious their church sold out their patriots and Irish liberty, and the Fenians, once considered thugs and radicals, became national heroes.

The Fenian movement went through several ideological changes, and suffered from a great deal of infighting. Many disapproved of various tactics, such as destroying property and assassinations. Some members wanted to work through the English legal system for reform. There was concern the radical elements in the group would bring down the English on the Irish people. For all its internal problems, Fenianism

1. Many Europeans have a different concept of space than people in America, Canada or Australia. Within a few hours, it is possible to cross several borders in Europe, where in places like America, a few hours's drive might get a person into the next county. A few years ago, Elizabeth Merrill had visitors from Ireland ring her up in Seattle from Chicago, and ask her if they could pop by for tea the same afternoon. She asked which flight they would be on, but they said they had a rental car and would drive. Chicago is about as close to Seattle as Dublin is to Moscow.

was a significant force in Irish land reform and Home Rule.

In 1868, Prime Minister Gladstone sought to defuse Irish nationalism and bring Ireland back into line. He offered a plan to relieve social, economic and religious grievances. First of all, he disestablished the Protestant Church of Ireland as the official Irish religion, along with its mandatory tithes, and ceded greater autonomy to the Catholic Dioceses. In 1869, he pushed a land act through Parliament, an attempt to assure tenant farmer security by forcing landlords to compensate evictees for improvements and inconveniences. The act included a land purchase option for the tenants, but nonpayment of rent was not applicable. A landlord who wished to evict could legally raise the rent to get rid of a tenant. The severe agri-depression of the 1870's made evictions attractive. The land act turned into a failure, but it was an opening for subsequent legislation.

The Irish Home Rule Party of the 1870's lobbied to unite the Irish under the wing of their Irish-Protestant gentry, but the party suffered from weak leadership and a restricted agenda. They had a decent block of seats in Parliament, but couldn't put together a unified front. The scene was ripe for new leadership, and two outspoken men stepped forward: Joseph Biggar, M.P. from County Cavan, 1874, and Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P. from County Meath, 1875. The two men understood power politics, and manipulated deals in the hallways and cloakrooms of Parliament. They rallied the Irish M.P.s, and injected the tactic of filibustering to obstruct the business in Parliament to squeeze concessions out of the infuriated opposition. Of the two men, Parnell was the most polished and effective.

Parnell hammered on Parliament for Home Rule and land reform, then threatened Irish interference in British Imperial affairs. He coldly told the Irish people they must back him; if his Parliamentary policy failed, they could abandon all hope in constitutional methods. Everyone believed him, allayed their differences and united into a solid voting block. The British were furious, but they could not out maneuver Parnell in Parliament. In 1878, the Clan na Gael Party allied with Parnell; both were committed to the abolition of landlordism, the establishment of federalism with peasant proprietorship, and the abolition of arbitrary evictions.[1] At last the Irish were completely united on Irish issues in the House of Commons, and Parnell turned his focus on land reform.

Others were impatient with Parnell and his lengthy Parliamentary system. They sought immediate reform. The Land league was a militant group organized along the lines of the secret societies of the Fenians, and before long violence broke out. Parnell did a remarkable job keeping the bloodshed and destruction under control. He urged tenants to avoid violence, not occupy land of those evicted, pay unjust rents,

1. Parnell was leery of the Clan na Gael and their Irish-American connections, but he needed their support and finances to press ahead with reform.

and to Boycott unfair landlords and everyone associated with them.[1] The passive tactics were effective on the British landlords, who in turn went howling to Parliament. In 1881, the British came up with another reform plan, but it left out one third of the farmers in Ireland who were in arrears of their rent. Parnell rejected it, and Gladstone had Parnell thrown into jail under the Peace Preservation Act. Like previous leaders thrown into English prisons, Parnell became wildly popular in Ireland. Gladstone outlawed the Land League, and when violence escalated, he realized he worked himself into a sorry position; his hard-line tactics towards the Irish leadership backfired. Gladstone's Liberal Party came under attack in Parliament, and faltered towards a No-Confidence vote. Like all astute politicians, Gladstone opted to cut his losses; he freed Parnell early in 1882, but not without provisions. Parnell was to put an end to the violence and destruction in exchange for the British relenting on the rent in arrears clause of the reform bill.

With a reasonable land reform bill approved, Parnell directed Irish attention to Home Rule. He reorganized the Irish Party into an efficient election machine, backed by Irish-American money, and put forward a slate of good candidates. Early in 1884, Parnell's eighty five Irish Party members in Parliament pushed through another reform bill granting rural households male suffrage, and a guarantee of limited Irish constitutional nationalism. The Irish M.P.s finally arrived as sophisticated political horse-traders in the style of their learned British compatriots of the Bench. The Government was incensed at the Irish effrontery.

The English tried to hammer the old Papal wedge between the Irish people and their political leaders. Pope Leo XIII had ambitions of a diplomatic relationship with England, and he agreed to order the Irish bishops and priests out of the agrarian and nationalistic movements. His pro-British policies infuriated the Irish, and to prevent further estrangement from the church, Archbishops Walsh and Croke publicly warned Pope Leo to back out of Irish politics; he was sacrificing Irish spirituality to papal foreign policy. At last the Irish Catholic hierarchy united, risked censure from Rome, and asserted leadership in support of their people. Most bishops recognized the Irish Parliamentary Party as the legitimate voice of the people, and they openly endorsed its efforts to liberate Ireland through constitutional means. Their endorsement was by no means a free ride; the Catholic Church wanted the right to control the spiritual life of the laity through a system of State-financed denominational schools, and Parnell acceded. By 1885, Gladstone was pressured to quiet the Irish,

1. Captain Charles Boycott was an agent for Lord Erne's estate in County Mayo (Achill Island). He arbitrarily raised rents and evicted tenants. The local Irish ostracized him, his family, and anyone who worked for or with him, including the Orange field hands brought in from Ulster to work the land when the Irish refused. Nobody would speak to them, do business with them in town, or even serve them a pint in the local pub. Before long, everyone on the estate was driven away.

and he finally converted to the idea of Home Rule. He figured the Catholic majority would follow the lead of the Irish Protestant gentry and aristocracy, and the emerging radical Protestant Orange[1] factions in Ulster would defuse and fall into line with the aristocracy, thereby become only a minor annoyance. Wrong.

In 1886, Ireland was granted its own Parliament, though Gladstone didn't care to use the term because of its separatist connotations. It was a two-order assembly headed by a Prime Minister. The English continued to control the purse strings, approve expenditures, collect taxes, review laws and court decisions, and they kept charge of the Royal Constabulary. By tying his Liberal Party to Irish nationalism and self-government, Gladstone changed English politics. The lower and middle classes in Great Britain saw their chance to pressure the government for their own social and economic reforms. The Conservatives, who shared elitist views of class distinctions, property rights, and the glory of Queen and Empire, lined up against the Liberals. The Conservatives howled Irish self-government was the beginning of a domino process to take down the Empire. They said the same over a century before when the Americans sued for independence. The Conservatives coined a catchy slogan: *Home Rule is Rome Rule*, and in Ulster the new slogan was taken very seriously. Ulster rhetoric was the most paranoid in the United kingdom, and the Orange Ulster factions enlisted the eager support of the Conservatives. Radicalism became a political issue in Ulster. Radicalism is still a political issue in Ulster.

By the mid Eighteenth Century, Belfast was an extension of the British industrial complex. Wealthy landlords, factory barons and shipping concerns led Ulster Toryism. The Protestant tenant farmers, industrial workers and middle class professionals despised the majority Catholic Irish. The thought of Home Rule in any form infuriated them. They feared the Catholics would assert their political presence, get rid of the apartheid-like class system, then compete for Protestant jobs and land. By 1886, the British Conservatives saw their opening, and *played the Orange Card* to go after the Liberal Party. Lord Randolph Churchill[2] told the Ulster Conservatives: "Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right", another memorable slogan from an English M.P. with no love for the Catholic Irish. To this day, Churchill clones make the same appeal to Ulster fanaticism. Gladstone and the Irish party anticipated an Ulster Unionist bid for separate treatment in a Home Rule settlement, and they tried to include concessions to the Ulster Protestants.

In the middle of the Home Rule negotiations, the Irish party fell apart. Parnell's long affair with a married woman (Kitty Ó Shea) blew up into a widely publicized and messy divorce trial. Gladstone was pressured to dissociate from Parnell. The

1. The term Orange, as related to Ulster Protestants, came from their support of William of Orange when he ousted Catholic James II.

2. Sir Winston's syphilitic and half crazy father.

Irish Bishops turned on Parnell. They denounced him as an unrepentant sinner unqualified to lead the Irish people.[1] Parnell continued to campaign, fell ill to rheumatic fever, and died October 6, 1891. He left the Irish Party divided and squabbling, and Irish opinion and resolve splintered. To Parnellite writers, such as W.B. Yeats, James Joyce and Sean Ó Faolain, he was:

> "... a martyr sacrificed on the altar of British and anti-Irish nationalism, but also a victim of Catholic authoritarianism and puritanism."[2]

Irish agriculture remained depressed with the familiar scenario of agitation, violence and evictions. In 1887, the new English Prime Minister, Arthur James Balfour, introduced a land act lowering rents to harmonize with the falling agricultural prices, and increased protection against eviction. Another land purchase bill was passed to encourage tenants to buy their farms, with low interest rates (three and one quarter percent), and a long repayment schedule (sixty eight and one half years), a farmer's obligation became no higher than his rent. The British gave landlords an incentive to sell by allowing them a twelve percent cash bonus. By 1909, there were 200,000 peasant property owners. It is possible the Fitzpatricks bought Ashgrove in the late 1880's.[3] According to family stories, Ashgrove was owned by John Fitzpatrick when his children were growing up.

In 1891, Balfour established poor relief and government subsidies to develop cottage industries, upgrade farming practices, and initiate public works, such as building roads, bridges and draining bogs and swamps. If subsidies were available for John Fitzpatrick to upgrade Ashgrove, he did not take advantage. Mary Fitzpatrick said Frank had bitter arguments with his father over improving the farm to accommodate more cows. The old man refused; he preferred the old tools and techniques, and wasn't about to take the advice of his oldest son.

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1. If the Irish prelates made the same morality uproar over their beloved King James II, how different Irish history would have been! According to *Burke's Peerage*, James fathered six known illegitimate children by several mistresses.

2. *The Irish Experience* - Hachey, Hernon and McCaffrey.

3. I didn't have enough time in Ireland to access the County Cavan land books for Fitzpatrick tenancy and deed records. The Mormons copied onto microfilm reels Irish tax and land records, including County Cavan. I need to find the exact Nineteenth Century election district and Protestant parish for Ashgrove to get into the proper record book and section. (The English tithed the Catholic Irish for their Protestant church, and kept records of the "contributions".) In the Virginia State Library, I found a book, *Land Owners in Ireland 1876*, compiled by the Genealogical Publishing Co. The total Fitzpatricks in and about County Cavan were: Edward, resident of Rockfield with seventy acres; Reverend Fredrick, resident of Cloone Rectory with 524 acres; John, resident of Mohill in Leitrim County with seventy acres, and Patrick, resident of Scotshouse, Clones, with 128 acres. Those were land owners, not renters. I have no information how close, or if indeed those men were relatives.

The Ulster Protestants lobbied Balfour to exclude industrialization of Catholic sectors to protect their monopolies and Protestant labor pools. The subsidies and programs provided training and agricultural improvements, but retarded modernization by keeping most of Ireland agrarian. With its rocky soil, uneconomic farm units, and conservative resistance to change, Ireland, particularly the west, remained one of the poorest countries in Europe.

Parnell, the Land Leaguers, Fenians, the Orange Brigades, street corner rabble rousers to Westminster Parliamentarians; all campaigned throughout the countryside and cities, including the relatively isolated reaches of County Cavan. With only about three million people in the entire country, everyone was involved in the events of the day, even if it were only going down the road into Cavan to hear Parnell make a speech, or to get into a political debate over a pint in one of the local pubs. Frank Fitzpatrick, Andrew Donohoe and John Brady were out of Ireland by 1901, and by 1918, anyone in our immediate family who wanted to leave Ireland was in Canada or America. The later arrivals lived through another major convulsion in Irish history, but left before the era labelled The Troubles. They left behind brothers, sisters, parents and cousins to ride out the Irish Revolution.

The late 1800's land bills took the heat off land reform, as well as many of the political and religions grievances in Ireland. The last major issue was Home Rule, and none of the English legislation so far softened the issue. The members of Parliament bickered and lobbied back and forth, until another event interrupted their domestic concerns, World War I. The British put the Irish issues on hold, and turned their energies and resources towards the war in Europe. The momentum for Home Rule was not to be stalled in Ireland. Many of the Irish thought it was perfect timing to pressure the preoccupied English Parliament into concessions, or take back Ireland by force.

April 24, 1916, Easter Monday, 1,528 Irish patriots forcibly occupied the General Post Office building in downtown Dublin. They proclaimed Ireland a Republic, and called all of Ireland to rise up in arms against the English. For six days, they held off the British soldiers, and waited for the country to flock to their cause. There were sporadic outbreaks elsewhere in the country, but for the most part, the Irish people were annoyed at the disturbance. Many had friends and relatives fighting in France for the English, and thought the patriots were traitors. Others were shocked at the destruction of private property, and angry a few hotheads set up the whole country as a target for British retributions. Five hundred eight people were killed, and 2,520 were wounded in Dublin. On the sixth day, the British stormed the GPO, and marched off to jail everyone they could catch. They tried and executed the ring leaders under the sensationalist eyes of world press coverage. International public opinion swung over for the Irish, the little guys who stood up to the English bullies. Once again, the Irish were rallied around the demise of a new set of martyrs, and Home Rule became a raging issue. W.B. Yeats wrote of the 1916 uprising:

MacDonagh and MacBride
And Connolly and Pearse
Now and in time to be,
Wherever green is worn,
Are changed, changed utterly;
A terrible beauty was born.[1]

By the middle of 1916, the English were fighting two fronts, one in Europe and the other in Ireland. The Irish elected to remain officially neutral in World War I, though thousand of Irish men volunteered to fight with the English, Australians, New Zealanders and Canadians. The English took Irish neutrality as an affront to their international policies, and accused Ireland of harboring German sympathizers and spies. Generally speaking, the Irish had no love for the Germans or their activities in Europe, but there were those who thought what was bad for England might by good for Ireland. They also figured the liberation of Ireland could be subsidized with German arms and expertise. There were a few spectacular incidents of German supply boats trying to land arms and ammunition on remote Irish coasts, and the Royal Constabulary and English soldiers thwarting their efforts. There are other stories of caches of German munitions ferreted away to remote locations, and recovered when the armed conflicts with England became serious.

Between 1916 and 1921, the British were determined to stomp out insurrection in Ireland, but they stirred up more anger. The English electorate clamored for results, one way or the other, and threatened to toss out the majority party for letting the Irish issue drag on. In desperation, the English hired mercenaries to add terrorism to their repertoire of suppression. The infamous Black and Tans, so named for their black and tan uniforms, systematically terrorized the population, murdered city mayors and prominent pro-Irish public figures, destroyed property, brutalized and abducted people at will. The IRA stepped up its activities, and retaliated against English sympathizers and British property. The Sinn Fein Party (roughly translated *ourselves alone*), the IRA political wing, won a majority of Parliamentary seats in 1919, then refused to go to London. Instead, they set up their own Parliament in Dublin. Assassinations, atrocities, reprisals and guerilla warfare escalated to new heights. The whole country was in turmoil, and the economy was on the threshold of collapse. The Irish labeled the turbulent years The Troubles.

Finally, both the English and Irish people were exhausted, and frightened of what was becoming of Ireland. In 1921, a truce was called, and an Anglo-Irish treaty was signed. Initially, twenty six counties were to be the Irish Free State, and the remaining six Ulster counties were to remain British. The partition of Ireland was not

1. From "Easter 1916", by William Butler Years.

popular. Civil war broke out and raged until 1923. There were strong voices to unite all of Ireland, including Ulster, and Eamon de Valera, head of the IRA, was the most outspoken.[1] William Cosgrove was opposed to de Valera's ideas, and he argued successfully for a new treaty, rather than risk Ireland in another war with England. The British agreed on the provision to put to popular vote the question of Ulster joining the rest of Ireland. The caveat was added *at a later date*. Needless to say, the *later date* has yet to appear. Since 1923, Ireland had been a partitioned country with a foreign military presence, and like every partitioned country in world history, it is a sad and disagreeable arrangement.

When the IRA became too militant, de Valera backed out and formed the Fianna Fail Party. He was elected Prime Minister, and took office in 1932. He abolished the Oath of Allegiance to Great Britain, and lived to see Ireland leave the English Commonwealth in 1948. The Orange minority factions took over in Ulster, backed up by a scant English presence. They managed to keep the lid on the Catholics with some of the most oppressive laws and policies in modern western history.

In the late 1950's and early 1960's, the United States went through a major social and political convulsion. A movement was afoot for the enforcement of equal rights for minorities, notably black people. Martin Luther King led the movement, and directed nonviolent tactics similar to those perfected by Gandi in the late 1940's in India. Protestors staged marches, sit-ins and passive disobedience; all to pressure authorities to enforce without discrimination basic human rights, fair housing, employment, education and access to public services and institutions. The American Equal Rights Movement was not conducted in a vacuum; it was keenly watched from all over the world, even Ulster. In 1967, Bernadette Devlin, a young Ulster M.P. and political activist, led a campaign for equal rights and the end of religious discrimination in Ulster. She led protests and civil disobedience, much like those of Martin Luther King, and Ulster blew apart with violence, riots and terrorism. The IRA, which was almost extinct, reactivated with a vengeance, and the Orange gangs responded in kind. Early in 1968, the Ulster government requested English intervention. The English were suckered into occupying Ulster by the industrialists and wealthy land owners through their lobbyists and influential political associations. Their cry was their property needed protection, and they were backed by the frightened Protestant middle class, with the monopoly on the skilled and semiskilled jobs, who where fanned into anti-Catholic hysteria by their own radical hate mongers, men like the very Reverend Ian Paisley. The banner was the seditious Catholic rabble vs. the loyal Protestant tax payers and responsible citizens, but the basic issue was the Haves vs. the Have Nots. In 1972, the English sent in occupation troops and

1. Eamon de Valera was born in Boston of an Irish immigrant mother and a Spanish immigrant father. When his father died, Eamon's mother sent him to Ireland to be educated, and he stayed. The English liked to refer to him as: *The Spanish onion in the Irish stew.*

took over the Ulster government.[1]

The fall of 1992 marked the 3,000th death by violence in Ulster. The English soldiers are still there; they control the government, and they still defer a popular vote for reunification (or not). The people of Great Britain are tired of the whole Ulster scene, and would rather not have anything to do with Ulster or its politics. Everyone cringes when there is a violent incident in Belfast or in the streets and subways of London. There have been recent flurries of political posturing and secret meetings, and hopefully the key players will get off their protocol and work out a peaceful arrangement. In the meantime, people are living tin terror, suffering injuries, dying, losing their jobs and properties, and suffering the indignities of the loss of personal liberties and freedoms. The English are in a sorry position for getting suckered into becoming an occupation force. They have never known how to back out of an occupied territory gracefully, and in the case of Ulster, they won't leave as long as the party presently in power, the Conservatives, needs to broker their sagging majority with Protestant Ulster M.P.s. One day the beleaguered British electorate will become fed up and threaten to toss out the rascals in Parliament unless they work out a peaceful solution, and quit pouring scarce tax money into an occupation force in Ulster.

## RACISM

Many Americans, even those of Irish descent, have a hard time understanding the differences between the Irish and English. Few are conversant with the issues which cumulated in the violence in Northern Ireland, nor can they identify the causes of the often inflammatory journalism of both sides. Former United States Ambassador to Ireland, William V. Shannon, said:

> "For Irish-Americans to enter fully into the passions that convulse Northern Ireland, it would require a journey into the past they are reluctant to make. They are too involved with the American present and future."[2]

The subject of racism between the Irish and English is more than a regional dif-

1. The English first sent in soldiers while I was living in England (1967-1968). I was wryly amused the English people could vehemently denounce the United States for becoming involved in the affairs of Viet Nam, and sucked into an armed conflict, when at the same time they sent over armed troops to forcibly occupy Ulster. Everyday there were reports of bombings, shooting, beatings and outrageous suspensions of civil rights and due process of the law. Of course, the English thought their occupation of Ulster a different matter, and completely justified.

2. *The American Irish* - William Shannon.

ference within the borders of one empire. Racism has been a prominent factor in Anglo-Irish relations for over a thousand years, starting with Pope Adrian giving away Ireland to the Anglo-Norman Crown. The Irish people resented the Anglo-Norman feudal system, laws, culture and language. The Normans eventually assimilated into the Irish culture, and for the most part they were tolerated by the Celtic people. It wasn't until the Protestant Tudors took over England the Anglo-Irish racial differences became sour and worsened.

The British and Ulster Protestants believed they were superior to the Catholics; to them the Irish were slaves to an authoritarian and superstitious popery. By the mid 1800's, the zealous religious convictions of the British middle and upper classes declined, and racism took on a social slant with the pseudoscientific terms of Darwinism. Race, in English Victorian terms, meant anyone who was different. The multicultural Americans were referred to in the 1880's *London Times* as "that Race of Americans". The Irish responded with their own cultural nationalism, extolling the virtues of their Celtic origins, and moral superiority over the English in particular.

Nineteenth Century British intellectuals and scholars drew upon social Darwinism for their racial apologia. Distinguished historians, such as Edward A. Freeman, James A. Froude and John R. Green, claimed the ancestors of the Britons came from the early forests of Germany, and they were genetically endowed with the concepts of liberty and freedom. Scientists measures skulls, jawbones and other parts of the human anatomy, then ranked the primates in such a way the Anglo Saxons were on top. The Irish were near the bottom, one step above the Africans, who in turn,were one step above the apes.[1] Victorian English journalists and political cartoonists leaped onto the new enlightenment, and eagerly passed it on to the public. Such profound revelations gave impetus to the Twentieth Century Nazis and their bright ideas about rating the Aryan purity and superiority of polygenetic Germany.

British politicians from all parties addressed the Irish issues in racist terms. Prime Ministers Disraeli and Lord Salisbury thought the Irish so savage:

> "they were incapable of managing their own affairs as were the Hottentots".[2]

The Liberal Charles Dilke, even the founders of the Fabian Society, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, considered the Irish an inferior species. They favored Home Rule as a means to:

> "depopulate the country (England) of this detestable race."[3]

1. *Apes and Angels: The Irishman in Victorian Caricature* - Newton Abbot.

2. *Anglo-Saxons and Celts; A Study in Anti-Irish Prejudice in Victorian England* - L.P. Curtis.

The English thought the Irish Catholics were intellectually and morally inferior, and they refused to listen disinterestedly to their grievances and demands for self-government. The British patronized the Irish as simple and childlike in disposition, therefore in need of guidance and discipline from the adult, benevolent Anglo-Saxon masters. Their attitude virtually shut the door on communication between the two peoples, which was nothing new. The English had the same view of the American colonists years before, and certainly towards India and other distant colonies. When articulate Irish spokesmen stood up before Parliament, they were discounted before they said a word. When an Irishman was not only articulate, but a master of manipulating English public opinion and Parliamentary politics, like Burke, Ó Connell and Parnell, they were written off as renegades with outlandish Irish leanings.

The response to the British attitudes was the rise of Irish Celtism. The Young Ireland Association of the 1840's insisted the Irish were morally, intellectually, artistically and spiritually superior to the decadent and materialistic Anglo-Saxons. Tenant rights, the Land League and Home Rule movements emphasized the distinct Irishness of the people. New literature emerged extolling the virtues of Celtic myths and values, and the evils of suppression and poverty. By the 1890's, Celtism in Ireland was almost a religion in itself, at least with a cadre of writers and artists. Yeats, Ó Casey, and many other poets, playwrights and novelists led a movement back to the ancient values. There was a push to reinstate the Irish language, and publishers were encouraged to give preference to Celtic themes. A few others, like James Joyce, found neo-Celtism banal and stifling. Joyce and others left Ireland to tend their craft in foreign lands.

> "He even nan away with hunself and became a farsoonerite, saying he would for sooner muddle through the hash and lentils in Europe than meddle with Irrland's split little pea."[1]

After the Parnell era of the 1890's, Irish nationalism became more racist in tone. The British and Anglo-Irish Protestants responded with ultra Britishness. The intense attitudes made peaceful dialogue between Ireland and England almost impossible, and the violence of the Irish Revolution took on an inhumane nature. Unfortunately, racist attitudes still persist, which accounts for some of the emotional fervor and brutality occurring in Ulster by the militant factions of both sides.

The Irish immigrants may have thought they escaped English prejudice when they left Ireland, but the English-speaking lands they preferred were dominated by

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3. Ibid. The caustic and hilarious George B. Shaw was a charter member of the Fabian Society. G.B. Shaw was an Irishman, an expatriate Dubliner.

1. *Finnegan's Wake* - James Joyce. The most fiendishly abstruse book ever written; even Ezra Pound could not get through it.

**Fr. Terence Fitzpatrick:** *The photo was taken in Montreal, Canada, c. 1880, possibly Fr. Terence's ordination picture. Fr. Terence was twenty-three in 1880. As customary in Irish families, at least one of the children was given to the church. Fr. Terence was the youngest son of his generation, and least likely to inherit the farm. His options in Ireland were few. The Catholic Church afforded him an education and a comfortable living in its service. In 1909, he was assigned to St. Mary's parish in Centralia, Washington.*

Anglo Protestants. The Catholic Irish in America were considered feckless, ignorant, dirty Papists by the Eastern Anglo-Protestants. The American working class did not welcome the Irish, especially when they were willing to work for lower wages. Like most newcomer ethnic groups, the Irish huddled together in miserable slum ghettos, and there spawned a bumper crop of juvenile delinquents, felons, alcoholics and gangs. The tradition of the Irish cop in America was not an invention of Florenz Ziegfeld; they were men hired by the police departments to patrol some of the roughest neighborhoods our cities ever knew, places other policemen refused to enter.[1]

The Irish brought with them their own prejudices against the English, and their feelings floated down the generations. There isn't one of us in the family who hasn't heard nasty remarks about the English. Unfortunately, neither the Irish, nor the English were ever shining examples of tolerance and understanding. The difference

1. "That's why all Irishmen are cops. They love it. Alone they're nothing. When they put on the uniform and get a little power they start destroying everything." From an 1985 *Boston Herald* interview with Jerry Anguilo, infamous Mafia boss.

was England gained the historic position of power and dominance in the British Isles. The Welsh, Scots and Irish had to submit, or endure the wrath of hatred and bloody warfare as the price for asserting independence.

After these last fifty pages, does anyone have the slightest idea what made up the intellectual, social and emotional background of our transplanted Irish families? Is the source of the angry and often militant Irish American nationalism clearly understood? Does anyone long to live in the glorious days of Brian Boru, or in the camaraderie of the Irish patriots holed up in the General Post Office in Dublin, Easter Monday, 1916, while the British soldiers peppered the building with bullets? Is anyone dewy-eyed enough to long for taking up housekeeping in the verdant and bucolic setting of a Nineteenth Century thatched cottage overlooking Lough Drummany? Does anyone plan to go to Ireland for a suntan?

**Town square:** *Belturbet, or in Irish Béal Tairbirt, was the closest marketing and social center for our families. Anyone who had to do shopping, buy or sell cows and farm equipment attended the market days. Belturbet was the banking, postal, and later railroad center for northern Cavan. Those of our Nineteenth Century family who went to school hiked the couple miles from the farm to Belturbet.*

CHAPTER 15

# *LAND OF 10,000 LAKES AND 10,000,000,000 MOSQUITOS*

By the early 1840's, the Minnesota part of Wisconsin Territory attracted nearly 3,000 white traders and settlers along the corridors of the Mississippi and Minnesota Rivers. By 1847, there were over 5,000 people, enough to organize into a separate territory. As per the conditions of the Northwest Ordinance, Minnesota Territory was allowed a Governor, a Secretary, three Federal judges and a nonvoting delegate to Congress. Minnesotans were entitled to elect a territorial assembly, and were guaranteed all rights and privileges of United States citizens, as long as they were not criminals, slaves, Indians, women or children. Minnesota was a show piece for the era of Manifest Destiny, the God-given right of the white man to take hold of the wilderness, tame the forests, remove obnoxious wild life and native populations, and convert the land into a wealth-producing legacy. The western territories along the Mississippi River corridor of the mid 1800's advertised worldwide for people to share their grand visions and unlimited prospects of wealth. Europeans read the notices and poured into America. Factory workers, miners and dissatisfied people from eastern American cities joined the stampede west to find inexpensive land, and a chance to lead an independent life on their own. By 1850, American boundaries reached out from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and from the Forty-ninth Parallel to the Rio Grande.

The 1840's and 1850's were radical political times in America. The nation scrambled to administer its unchecked western expansion. Federal management was notable for blunders and uninformed policies. At the same time, the United States tried to emulate imperialistic European powers, and picked territorial fights with Mexico and British Canada. The Americans made a bid to compete with the Europeans as a world industrial and commercial power,

and cashed in supplying foreign wars and famines. Internally, the nation polarized into two bickering camps; the industrial North against the agrarian, slave economy South. While the country slid towards a serious schism, the economic depression of 1957 diverted Federal attention. Westerners didn't care about complex eastern politics. The small farmers never welcomed the prospect of getting undercut by large production farms worked by cheap slave labor, and nobody welcomed the deflationary depression. Westerners blamed Eastern politicians for the Panic. They were incensed their territories were held in limbo while distant Northern and Southern politicians postured over their own regional concerns.

Minnesota had a unique character which attracted some people, and left others literally cold. Nobody came to Minnesota to start a banana plantation, and those looking for quick riches went to the far western gold and silver strikes. Minnesota Territorial promoters did some fast advertising to keep settlers from going to neighboring Kansas, Iowa and Missouri. They took out ads in Eastern and European newspapers, and touted Minnesota as a paradise waiting to be plucked. They boasted of a growing season of 100 - 160 days, and a Continental climate. They extolled the vast forests of timber, prime grazing, farm land and the wealth of fur trade. They didn't mention the vicious summer lightning storms, prairie fires, tornados, sub-zero winter blizzards, locust swarms, and with all the lakes and waterways, the unofficial State bird, the mosquito, which passed on malaria and yellow fever (called Yellow Jack) in the summers. The Territorial fathers down-played the indigenous tribes, including the warlike Chippewa and Sioux. They assured everyone the few forts along the Minnesota and Mississippi Rivers were ironclad bastions of protection, in the absurd possibility they were needed. Minnesota appealed mostly to immigrant Germans, Scandinavians, English and Irish. Others came from eastern States, including a large community of New England Yankees.[1] The new people mixed in with the old French families.

The earliest white Minnesotans were French explorers and traders. Before 1762, west of the Appalachian Mountains was New France, and the French traders and fur trappers operated under the aegis of the French Governor in Quebec. The French explored the complex waterways from the Great Lakes south along the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico, and they set up posts at key locations to trade for fur with the Indians. Following in the wake of the fur traders came French missionaries. At best the priests were barely tolerated as white medicine men, but for the most part the good Fathers were treated with suspicion and open hostility. They were considered white demons espousing strange beliefs, such as only in death could a man achieve true life. Along with their outlandish beliefs, the Black Robes (Jesuits) practiced odd rituals, such as baptism, which the Indians believed was the washing away of the spirit by a demon's hand. There are numerous accounts of captured whites killed and tortured. The missionaries were rarely spared, and sometimes singled out

1. Foreigners like to refer to all Americans as Yankees, or Yanks. The name was a British derision of their American colonists. It came from the Dutch, *Jan Kees* (John Cheese), a synonym for a rustic bumpkin. A Yankee means any New Englander, but to the rest of the country the term has little meaning. The exception is anywhere in the South, where to be called a Yankee is considered a heinous insult, and an invitation to a bar room brawl.

**Recruiting poster:** *Hard sell promotions dated back to the land companies formed after the French and Indian War in the mid 1700's. There were hundreds of "Old Paps" eager to assist the newcomers with their selection of new land, for a handsome percentage. Nobody remembers how the Gilbrides, Murtaughs and Mullins heard about Minnesota, or the development called Jamestown in Blue Earth County. They probably read handbills, newspaper advertisements and posters, like the one at the right, and were lured to Minnesota over neighboring territories or the wilds of the distant Pacific coast.*

# Ho for Kansas!

Brethren, Friends, & Fellow Citizens:

I feel thankful to inform you that the

**REAL ESTATE**

AND

Homestead Association,

Will Leave Here the

# 15th of April, 1878,

In pursuit of Homes in the Southwestern Lands of America, at Transportation Rates, cheaper than ever was known before.

For full information inquire of

Benj. Singleton, better known as old Pap,

NO. 5 NORTH FRONT STREET.

Beware of Speculators and Adventurers, as it is a dangerous thing to fall in their hands.

Nashville, Tenn., March 18, 1878.

for special treatment. The conversion record of the first French missionaries was marginal. The few Indian converts became outcasts of their own tribes, men and women who had their spirits taken away by the whites. Once the missionaries and the soldiers traveled on, the converts were usually killed or banished.

In 1803, President Thomas Jefferson bought Louisiana from Napoleon; the northern part included Minnesota. (See Chapter 7.) With the Treaty of Ghent (1814), the northern border of Minnesota was set at the Forty-ninth Parallel plus a piece of Ontario near Lake Superior.[1] Fur trade was a lucrative western business, and after 1814, American fur interests had a defined northern territory. They lobbied Congress to set up Fort Snelling at the junction of the Mississippi and Minnesota Rivers (1819) to protect their interests, and keep out foreign competition, such as the Northwest and Hudson's Bay Companies. Fur was a worldwide business, and the American and Canadian wests provided a large market share. An Austrian immigrant, John J. Astor, founded the American Fur Company in 1808. By 1822, he was influential enough to lobby the U. S. Government out of regulating and granting fur trade concessions in the west. He wanted it all, and he was powerful enough to push out the competition without governmental meddling. In 1833, Astor siphoned off most of the American Fur Company's assets to invest in New York City real estate, then he reorganized the company with its head offices in New York City. Astor made his fortune juggling the assets of his various companies. Malcolm de Chazal said the idealist walked on his toes, the materialist on his talons. John Jacob Astor was never an idealist.

As the fur business grew in Minnesota, the Indians got into trouble. Fur trade was often conducted on credit, and the Indians signed notes for trade goods (cloth, blankets, pots, pans, knives, guns, ammunition, trinkets and whiskey) pending future delivery of fur to buy back the paper. For the most part, Indians were happy to receive the trade goods, but they did not understand the idea of paper IOU's. Sharp fur traders let the IOU's pile up, then petitioned the Government to cede to them Indian land as payment. The traders, including the American Fur Company, spread out into the land business. In the Panic of 1857, fashion turned away from costly beaver skin hats and fur coats, but smart traders were already set up in real estate. Astor, and other crafty promoters and railroad interests, raked in the profits from land sales to new settlers. An adept land promoter, later first Governor of Minnesota and famed Indian fighter, Henry Sibley, was at age twenty-three the head man in Minnesota for the American Fur Company. He married fellow promoter Franklin Steele's sister. Keep both those names in mind as we go along.

By 1857, Minnesota had about 58,000 people in residence, enough to qualify as a State

1. The northern distortion of the Forty-ninth Parallel boundary (near the Lake of the Woods) wandered into the Province of Ontario. The boundary line was the work of sloppy surveying, a major international cartographic blunder. It took until 1925 for Canada and the United States to finally work out the mess. They agreed on the Northwest Angle, which is still an American dip into Ontario. I'll bet the final agreement was the result of some kind of power diplomacy to slice off a token piece of Ontario *for the principle of it all*, like Fort Roberts, Washington, which is a couple acres of the United States stubbornly perched on the tip of a British Columbian peninsula.

(By 1860, the State had 172,000 people.) With the influx of farmers, lumberjacks and shop keepers, the nomadic traders and trappers drifted farther west. New towns, schools and churches were built, and the wide-open trading posts, like St. Peter north of Duck Lake, came under pressure to clean up their gambling, carousing, prostitution and saloons, or make those activities less public. A new breed of staunch Protestant and Catholic missionaries made bothersome noise for temperance ordinances. The early Minnesota legislature enacted strict liquor laws, and tried to enforce the ban on whiskey sales at Indian trading posts. The new missionaries made significant inroads converting Indians. They taught all who would listen their western languages, such as English, German and Swedish, and basic reading and writing, enough to read a Bible. They gathered converted Indians into permanent settlements attached to their missions, then taught them to farm the land, and conduct themselves by white laws and customs. The Sioux called the Indian converts Short Hairs, a derision of those who cut their hair and took to white ways and religion. The converts were outside the tribe, and they were certainly outside the white community despite their Christianity. It is questionable the missionaries did any good for the Indian converts; they suffered miserably at the hands of their own tribe, as well as the white community.

With thousands of new people pouring in every year, it didn't take long before the Indians were eyed for their land. The tribes inhabited Minnesota from about 1000 BC, and they were of the Woodland Culture, Stone Age hunter-gatherers. By the mid 1700's, the Minnesota tribes tamed the horse for their use, but the woodlands Indians were not as far ranging as their more western brothers of the prairies. There were two major tribes in Minnesota, the Sioux, correctly known as the Lakota, and the Chippewa, correctly known as the Ojibway.[1] The Sioux occupied most of Minnesota, and the Chippewa were to the north and east of the Mississippi River. The Sioux were divided into seven council tribes, with several lesser tribes in association. The Mankato area of Blue Earth County[2] has evidence of earlier peoples of the Mississippian Culture. They dug bell-shaped pits for storage, and had planned villages and farms. The other tribes in Minnesota were the Oto, Omaha, Iowa and small villages of Cheyenne and Mandan. For the most part, the lesser tribes were pushed into the south and east part of Minnesota, due to the pressures of white intrusion into their more eastern lands. The minority tribes were looked upon by the imperial Sioux as interlopers, but for the most part, they managed to keep their hair when dealing with their hostile Sioux neighbors. The Sioux considered the white settlers a pestilence, but they knew the whites had powers other Indian tribes did not, so the they tried to avoid the whites. Before long, the Sioux and Chippewa were talked into treaties to cede over tracts of their land, and set boundaries in exchange for gifts and payments. The Sioux and Chippewa thought if they gave over some of their land for white promises of inviolable boundaries and protection from white intrusion, the land greed of the whites would pass them by. Wrong.

1. I'm going to use the more commonly recognized names of Sioux and Chippewa, though neither is the correct name for those people.

2. Mankato means Blue Earth, so named after Sioux Chief Mankato.

The history of treaties with Native Americans is dismal reading, and Minnesota was no exception. The treaties were basically land-grabs with promises of annuity payments, gifts and the eventual removal of the tribes to allegedly comparable lands. Congress ordered the establishment of Indian agencies to administer the treaties, and provide so called western enlightenment to the tribes. The agencies were garrisoned with soldiers, a demonstration of the Great White Father's power. Typically, once a treaty was signed, agreements were altered or forgotten, and the Indians were hard-pressed to collect payments. Tribes who submitted to removal to a distant reservation were treated like prisoners on their own land, consigned to live in cramped and destitute conditions.

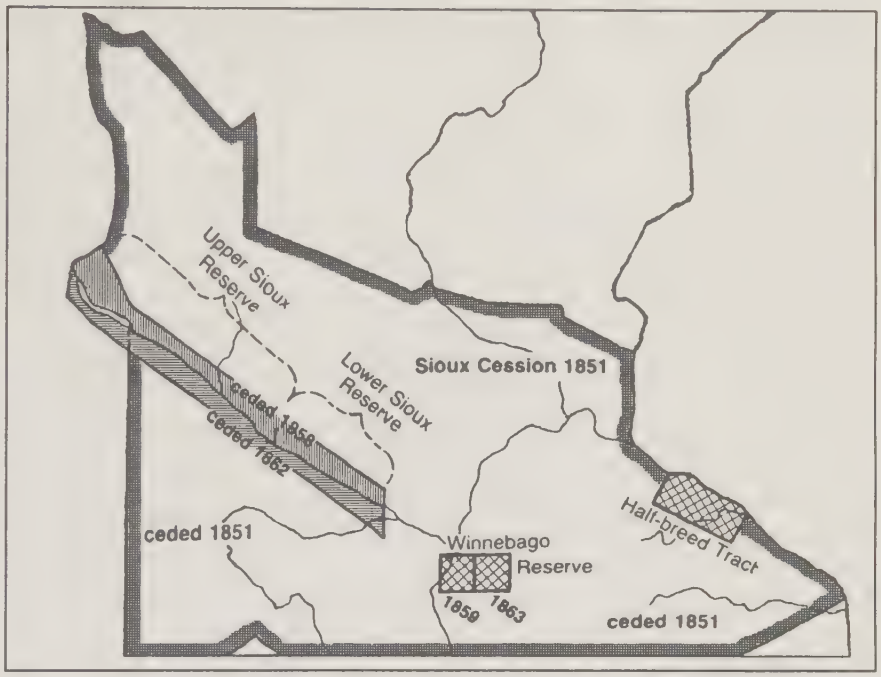
The treaties of 1825 and 1837 established Minnesota Indian boundaries, more or less, with concessions for whites to pass through and settle adjoining parcels. The Sioux and Chippewa were ancestral enemies, and they took great delight re-drawing in blood the white boundaries. In 1839, the Sioux and Chippewa went after each other in a major war. The whites panicked, and the Northwest Territorial Governor decided to step in and scatter both tribes. He overstepped the 1837 treaties, and declared he was breaking up the Sioux holdings to allow more whites to move onto prime (Indian) land. The Governor understood altering treaties was not within his jurisdiction, so he put up the Lake Pepin Indians, Sioux half-breeds entitled to tribal land, into selling their tracts. The scheme was so ludicrous, the Territorial Legislature refused to back the plan. It wasn't the idea of weaseling the Sioux offended them; nobody wanted to chance a Federal indictment by putting their name in writing on such a blatant and illegal scam to steal Indian property. The Sioux never forgot the failed betrayal of the Lake Pepin people, and viciously repaid them in the 1862 Uprising.

As if the treaties weren't degrading enough, the white men almost did in the Indians with another scourge, small pox. In 1832, the mighty Mandan all but disappeared from history, and nearly 80% of all the Minnesota Sioux died. The Indian agent at Fort Snelling tried to get the Sioux to come in for care and medicine, but few Indians trusted white medicine, or they were too sick to travel. When whites had contact with the Indians, epidemics raged through the tribes, European diseases like flu, cholera, small pox, measles, tuberculosis, diptheria, syphilis and scarlet fever. The Sioux blamed the white men for bringing their curses upon their tribe, and the survivors vowed never to forget, nor to forgive.

In 1851, the Minnesota Governor worked up two more treaties for twenty four million acres. The Treaty of Traverse de Sioux promised the Sioux gifts and a price of $2,000,000 to be held in trust with annuity payments paid yearly. The other treaty was with the northern Chippewa for five million acres of their land, mostly northeast of Minneapolis. The treaties crowded the tribes into confined areas of land, limited their hunting grounds, and forced them to become dependent on the annuity payments for a living. The Sioux clans were moved onto a long strip of land along the Minnesota River from the Dakota border to near New Ulm. The Chippewa were confined to a few patches of land near and on the shores of Lake Superior. Both treaties had several catches. The most ludicrous was the fur treaders, who still held old IOU's, were able to siphon off a sizeable portion of Indian property to redeem the paper. For the most part, the IOU's were vague or trumped up, and the principal and interest were presented at inflated prices. Naturally, the claims were supported by the

Governor, and incorporated into the treaties. The result of the thievery was the reduction of annuity payments, and the impoverishment of the tribes.

**Suland:** *Southern Minnesota Indian lands were greatly reduced by the treaties of 1851 and 1858. By 1862, the Sioux were squeezed onto a narrow strip of reservation along the south side of the upper Minnesota River. The Mullins and Murtaughs of Blue Earth County moved just north of land originally set aside for the Winnebagos. Mankato is under the 'W' of Winnebago, and Duck Lake is just under the first 'n'. The dates below the reservations were when Indian lands were officially ceded by treaty or confiscated.*




There were additional treaties in 1854, 1855 and finally in 1863. There was a treaty for a rectangular slab of land in Blue Earth and Waseca Counties between the Watab and Crow Wing Rivers for settling the desolate and peaceful Winnebagos.[1] The new Winnebago reservation was on prime farmland, but in the late 1840's, Minnesota was not influential enough to put up a howl in Washington to stop the government from moving Indians onto a potential land speculator's bonanza. However, Minnesota promoters managed to stall relocation of the Winnebagos until 1855, and gave new settlers an opportunity to move onto reservation land.

The settlers of Jamestown seemed to live peacefully near the Winnebagos, though they found the Indians an outlandish curiosity. The children of the Winnebagos and whites often played together. The Madigan boys learned pidgin Winnebago to join in with the games of the Indian boys. Eight year old Mary Ann Mullin baby-sat while Winnebago women fished

1. The Winnebagos, correctly called the Puants (People of the Sea, or Stinking Water) gave up their Green Bay, Wisconsin, home in 1832, and were moved into northwestern Iowa. In 1848, they were moved to Long Prairie in central Minnesota. In 1855, they were removed to a reservation in Blue Earth and Waseca Counties, and in 1863, they were marched to Fort Randall, Dakota Territory. After more trouble with the western tribes, they were sent south in 1866 to Nebraska.

Duck Lake, and her father, Patrick Mullin, occasionally hiked over to a nearby Indian camp to watch them roast dog on crossed poles over a fire for their supper. From all accounts, the early settlers of Blue Earth County had good relations with the Winnebagos. They allowed the Indians to pass through their lands to hunt and fish, and they carried on modest trade for game and deer hides. The Winnebagos kept to themselves, careful not to bother the whites or their crops and livestock. Perhaps the greatest service to the whites by the Winnebagos was to warn the Jamestown families to run for cover when the Sioux went on the rampage. Our Jamestown families felt sorry when the Winnebagos fell victim to the hysteria generated by the Sioux Uprising. They missed the tribe when they were herded off to a reservation on the Missouri River in May of 1863. However, not everyone in the area felt sorry, especially when thousands of acres of prime farm land became available.

The rush for Government land in the 1850's overloaded the U.S. Government surveyors. Many people took up land as squatters until their property was properly surveyed and registered. Some settlers filed pre-emption claims and promissory notes for the plots they picked out, which was like a miner staking a claim, an unofficial description of the land filed with the County land office. Winnebago City was the closest land office to Jamestown. Once the land was surveyed, the settler had to immediately file and pay for his claim. Occasionally, no note was filed, or a settler didn't get to the land office immediately, which was an invitation for hucksters, crooks and other nefarious characters to come by, admire the property, and file ahead of the homesteader. There were all sorts of bogus claims. Crooked representatives filed in the name of dead people, nonexistent co-ops, and they filched or forged veteran bounty claims. Politicians made good on their patronage, and railroad insiders lined up shills to front deeds for them on anticipated routes. The government lands in the emerging western States and Territories were a freebooting paradise for enterprising land swindlers, and Minnesota was no exception.

It is unclear when exactly the Mullins and Murtaughs arrived in Minnesota from Ohio. Charles Mullin was born in 1855 in Ohio, and Helen was born in 1856 in Minnesota. It is probable one of the men scouted a place to live in Jamestown, Blue Earth County, before collecting their families in Ohio. Farmers who valued their lives and possessions rarely trekked their families two to three months across the prairies during the treacherous Midwestern winters. Brigid was probably pregnant with Helen, and a springtime migration by ox cart would have been a supreme hardship. I put the arrival of our families in Minnesota in the summer of 1856. Thomas and Timothy Murtaugh were listed in the first County Entry Book as registered land owners, November 18, 1856, with 160 acres each.[1] October 16, 1857, Patrick Mullin filed his first eighty acres. In 1860, the Mullins were granted four patents (deeds) for a total homestead of 155 and 80/100 acres near and on Duck Lake, including half of Thomas Murtaugh's original section, sold to Patrick in 1858.

The school house adjacent to the Mullin parcel on western Duck Lake (see page 219) was attended by the Gilbride children, where they had to brave a walk through the forests and blizzards to attend class. In 1885, the Mullins moved off their farm, and were one of the first

1. See 1879 Warner and Foote map of Jamestown on Page 219.

people to build a home and part-time boarding house (the Lake House) in what became Madison Lake.[1] They kept three farm animals on the property, probably a couple pigs and a cow. The 1900 Census noted Patrick and Brigid emigrated from Ireland in 1850, and had been married forty nine years.[2] Twelve children were born to them, and nine were alive in 1900.

The Minnesota land frenzy of the early 1850's did not slow in the Panic of 1857. In hard times, there were no public social services to provide welfare or payments to the unemployed; nobody heard of food stamps, federal jobs programs or career retraining centers. Only in select urban centers were there skeleton efforts to feed and house the poor. Thousands fled the poverty of the industrial cities. They invested what little they had in passage west, and a down payment on a plot of government or railroad land. In rural areas, and on the frontier, unemployment and depressed farm prices left people on the doorsteps of their neighbors and relatives. If the newcomers couldn't make a living on their property, they were forced to abandon their land and move on. If a county had a Poor Farm (Blue Earth County had one), the indigent were given temporary lodging, and worked for their room and board. There were no free rides on the public dole. Our families were frontier farmers during the hard times of the late 1850's, and they survived by their sweat and frugality.

All farmers were affected when money became scarce and agricultural prices plummeted. People who could not pay on their loans were foreclosed. Banks were flooded with repossessed properties they in turn could not sell, and they went broke, setting off a spiral of tight money and bankruptcy. By the end of 1857, prices were so depressed farmers could not afford to buy seed, nor could they take the loss of depressed prices. Their crops went unplanted or left to spoil in the fields. Milk cows were sold for meat, or put to pasture with the steers. Buyers, distributors, feed lots and shippers went broke. Food became scarce in towns and cities, where the unemployed shop and factory workers were without money to buy what food was available. The 1857 Panic was of a greater scope and severity than any to date, and from all accounts, of any since, including the Great Depression of the 1930's. Those who thought the Federal Government should come up with a plan to stop the Panic and provide assistance were out of luck. The Federal and State Governments were broke.

The whole fiasco was the result of a long and dismal history of unregulated currency in the United States. Any bank or public government could issue its own script, or paper currency. Supposedly, the paper was backed by a bank's assets, or a municipality's or State's treasury. Most people were smart enough to know what that meant, and whenever possible they insisted on business transactions in gold or silver coins in hand and up front. Most large businesses operated on paper transactions, and a loan or line of credit from a bank was meted out

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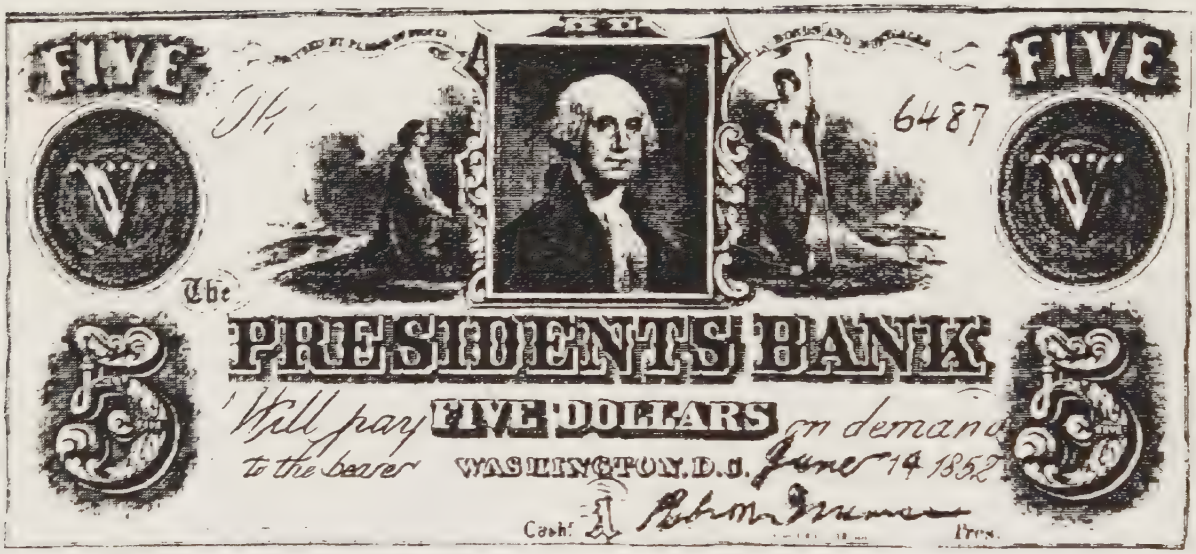
1. There is some confusion over the Lake House. A man by the name of A.B. Cole ran an establishment a couple blocks from the Mullins by the same name. The Sioux called Madison Lake *Waukensika*, meaning *Evil Spirit*. Other than a first class fishing resort and hangout for the *good 'ol boys* on a toot from Midwestern cities, early Lake Madison was hardly menacing. Madison Lake was incorporated January 5, 1892. Patrick Mullin served as a (tax) Collector, and T.B. Murtaugh was a Postmaster and first president of the city council.

2. I have their wedding record from Barlow, Ohio. They were married November 14, 1853.

in the bank's own currency. A prudent businessman always had an insider on the bank's staff to keep him appraised of the true value of the bank's assets. Smart speculators found ways to leverage credit and paper currencies before they debased below value. Several of those fellows made huge fortunes working the unregulated banking system. On the other hand, it was good public relations for a bank to keep up a good appearance to encourage public trust, hence the very impressive looking bank notes and pillared and stone-faced buildings built to look like Capitol buildings.




*If you came off your last shift on a Saturday night, stepped up to the coal mine's payroll window for your week's pay, and the clerk offered you a choice of the above impressive $5.00 bank note, or five of the really impressive $1.00 Federal Reserve "Greenbacks" below, or $4.75 in not so impressive gold coins, which would you take?*

August of 1857, the Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Company went bankrupt. Large Eastern institutions made sizeable investments with their employee pension assets in high risk bonds brokered by Ohio Life.[1] They lost everything when Ohio Life folded and the bonds became worthless. (Does this sound familiar?) Everyone stampeded to their brokers to sell out before they lost everything, and a Panic occurred on the New York exchanges. Major companies were forced to suspend cash payments, and banks and trust operations collapsed. Important, heavily invested ventures, like railroads with proposed western routes, were plunged into bankruptcy, including the Illinois Central, the New York and Erie and the Michigan Central.[2] When major corporations and businesses dominoed into failure, dependent secondary businesses folded. Their employees were put out of work with no means to buy basic commodities nor pay rent. Shopkeepers, landlords, wholesalers and farmers went broke. The entire country came to a standstill. Unfortunately, the economic savior was the mobilization of labor and resources for a major war. Marcus Tulluis Cicero (106-33 B.C.) said those who ignore history are doomed to repeat it.

Mary Ann Gilbride put gold coins in tin cans, and buried them around the farm as a hedge against another Panic. She was considered a little dotty for her obsession, but she lived through several severe Panics, and a scad of lesser ones: 1857, 1866, 1873, 1884, 1893, 1907, 1919 and lastly 1929. Burying gold coins, rather than entrusting her money to a bank, seemed like a sensible method of capital preservation. People in her family were convinced she forgot where all the coins were stashed, and several cans are still buried somewhere on the property. It is an interesting prospect, but I wouldn't wait for the headlines in the *Mankato Free Press* to announce the discovery of buried treasure at Duck Lake.

Just before the Panic of 1857, Territorial Governor Henry Sibley convinced the U.S. Congress Fort Snelling was no longer needed to protect the frontier. The War Department in Washington, headed by the future Confederate President, Jefferson Davis, sold the fort to an inside trader, and the Governor's brother-in-law, Franklin Steele. James Goodhue, editor of the *Minnesota Pioneer* in St. Paul, said of Steele:

> "He stole into the Territory, he stole in the Territory, and he stole out of the Territory."

Steele bought the fort and its adjoining land for $90,000, but not out of his own pocket, rather with capital from select Eastern investors he rounded up to back his plan. The Panic of 1857 caused Steele and his investors to be unable to make the payments on the fort, but it was not a problem. The Federal Government was embroiled in keeping the Union together. They didn't foreclose, sue, revoke the sale or in any way make demands on Steele. April of 1861, the Civil War broke out; the U.S. Government commandeered Fort Snelling to train and garrison soldiers for the Civil War, and later for the Sioux Uprising. Steele still made no

1. Called Junk Bonds today.
2. *Financial History of the United States* - Davis R. Dewey.

**The Gilbrides and Merrills:** *Left to right: Mary Gilbride Fitzpatrick, her brother, Jim Gilbride, and Elizabeth Fitzpatrick Merrill. Seated is Mary Mullin Gilbride, and beside her Frank Merrill. The four legged Gilbride in front is unknown. The photo was taken August 26, 1941 at the Duck Lake farm in Minnesota. The occasion was the old lady's 90th birthday, though according to the National Archives, she was born August 26, 1854.*

payments, but he was smart enough to kept quiet, and magnanimously allowed the army to use his fort. In 1868, Steele stepped forward and presented the War Department with a bill of $162,000 for the use of his fort, or $2,000 per month for eighty one months. He still owed $60,000 on the original price, and graciously offered to write off a comparable portion of the rent, leaving $102,000 owing. The Government took Steele to court, and the suit dragged on until 1871. Steele emerged with 6,000 acres of surrounding fort property free and clear, and the Government was awarded the old fort buildings plus fifteen adjacent acres.[1] It was no

1. Fort Snelling, renamed Fort Savage, was where the army trained Japanese intelligence personnel to work on breaking Japanese codes, and plan the restruction of postwar Japan.

coincidence fledgling Minneapolis and St. Paul were adjacent to Steele's property, and he made a killing developing his prime real estate. In his old age, wealthy Franklin Steele was a philanthropist and venerable citizen of Minnesota. They named a county after him.

Minnesota didn't corner the market on skallywags, scoundrels and crooks any more than other Territories or States. The slickest crooks bypassed Minnesota and rode the rails to places like California and Nevada, or spent their energies cornering key markets, like oil and steel. The backbone of Minnesota Territory was the hard-working, law-abiding German, Scandinavian, English and Irish immigrants, along with others who chose Minnesota for a permanent home.

The Northern European influence in Minnesota had several unique features. One was the advocacy for free primary public education for anyone between the ages of four and twenty-one.[1] *Free* meant at the local taxpayers's expense, with a small percentage of funds allotted out of the Territorial, later State general budget. Local communities were obliged to assess their property owners for the cost of the school site, buildings, teacher salaries and supplies. The whole idea of tax-supported education for all citizens was a novel idea in Nineteenth Century America. Minnesota became known as an educational innovator, a reputation still held by the State.

Before World War I, the educational system in America was at the whims and resources of each community. School curriculum slanted to the needs of each community. In Minnesota, classes were taught in German in new Ulm, and in Swedish in Peterson. It might be interesting to find out what they taught in the community of Embarrass (Louis County). Minnesota was one of the first States to have a State Board of Education, elected in 1911. The Minnesota idea of a Territorial, later State funded school system, had the seeds of a standardized set of goals and curriculum, as well as a commitment of accountability to the taxpayers. Most Minnesotan primary schools taught reading, composition, practical sciences and arithmetic, called ciphering, with plenty of memorization work. They taught the lost art of penmanship, and lessons in deportment and morality. Art, music and drama were desirable subjects; a fair knowledge in those areas reflected Nineteenth Century values of cultural gentility, which translated into a certain level of social credibility, and a step up on the social and economic ladders. Much of the Nineteenth Century curricula has been radically updated or dismissed as irrelevant, and with good riddance. Instead, we have perfected sophisticated educational approaches to ratchet our young into the Age of Information; methods critics say nurtures cultural and intellectual cretins. The same was said in the Nineteenth Century when Minnesota proposed a comprehensive Statewide curriculum.

No evidence has been found of the Mullin children attending a school. Sugar Grove School was founded in Jamestown in 1858, but it was on the far western edge of the township, too far away for the Mullin children to attend. Their parents were literate, and Brigid

1. Extending primary education to the age of twenty-one was a realistic assessment of the time it took working farm children to complete school. Mary Gilbride was nineteen years old when she finished eighth grade.

had a particularly nice hand and command of writing. In most cases, frontier children spent their time indoors during the long winters and during bad weather taking lessons from their parents or grandparents. During planting and harvest season, all hands were needed to tend the crops and animals.

The school terms in America reflect the Nineteenth Century farm seasons; spring break was for planting, and summer break was for tending the crops and harvest. In modern America, planting season is more like setting in the year's first suntan at the beach, and summer break is for tending and harvesting new friends at the shopping mall. In the Nineteenth Century, Christmas and New Year's break were rarely more than a few days, and Thanksgiving break didn't exist until this century. Other days off were up to the discretion of the local school boards, or to the extent their finances allowed the schools to remain open. If a child were needed at home, the parents were at liberty to keep them from school. Mary Fitzpatrick complained she was eleven before she was allowed to go to school; she was held back to tend to the younger children in the family, and look after household chores while her parents were out in the fields. Despite Mary's criticism of her mother, the old lady dug deep into her parsimonious pockets and paid for Mary's tuition, room and board in Mankato, so she could complete her eighth grade certificate, and enrol in Mankato Normal School. Mary's younger sister, Margaret, longed to become a teacher, but her mother refused to let her go to Normal School. According to people who knew Margaret, she was bitterly disappointed, and never forgave her mother for denying her the same opportunity extended to her older sister.

There was more to Mary leaving home to go to school. She was a very determined young lady, and if she couldn't talk her mother into letting her go to school in Mankato, she would have made her way doing something else. One thing was certain, she was not going to stay on the farm. In an August 22, 1979 interview with Mary, the *Mercer Island Reporter* quoted her on her working career:

> "In Minnesota teaching was the only living anyone could earn back there, for girls anyway."

When asked about her teaching position of $60 per month in Centralia, Washington, in 1909, her pragmatism peeked out:

> "I was out for the wages. I wasn't going to work my head off."

In 1860, the first State Normal School was founded in Madelia to train new teachers for the State mandated primary schools. The entrance requirements were an eighth grade certificate, good recommendations from the community or person of respect, such as a priest or pastor. If the candidate were a woman, which most were, they had to be unmarried; the rule did not apply to men. There was a kind of perverse Puritanism whereby married women were considered a liability to classroom deportment, in other words, a married woman's place was in the home. Married women were also suspect of immorality, since they were no longer considered *innocents*, and school boards were appalled a married women might be

seen in a classroom pregnant. It wouldn't do for the little darlings to see a pregnant teacher, as if the children didn't come from large families in full view of their own mothers constantly pregnant with one or another of their siblings. The unmarried requirement persisted in most communities until World War II. Whether or not Mary Gilbride cared, marrying Frank Fitzpatrick in 1911 ended her teaching career.

Mary Gilbride enrolled in pre-teaching courses at the Mankato Normal School in 1898 to fulfill the school's requirement of an eighth grade certificate. In 1900, she was a qualified student, and went on to take teaching courses and advanced studies in the primary school

**Miss Mary D. Gilbride:** *The photo was taken c. 1905 in Minnesota. The stylish Miss Gilbride was wearing what appeared to be a taffeta dress. Note her flashy striped bodice and cuffs. Her matching hat looks more like a collapsed soufflé balanced on her head, but it was probably an expensive item, considered quite elegant. Her mother, Mary Ann Gilbride, would never approve of such extravagance, but Miss Mary paid for her own clothes, and dressed to suit her own taste.*

subjects she would be expected to teach. She graduated in June of 1903 at the age of twenty-three. Normal school graduates didn't inspire the godlike awe of university graduates, but they were highly respected as educated people. By the time Mary Gilbride graduated from

Mankato Normal School, most of the older teachers with marginal educational backgrounds were either retired, or not rehired in favor of certificated teachers. Mary Gilbride was a member of the new cadre of educated school marms. Unlike most women of her day, she had a job, her own money in her pocket, and she lived respectably on her own. Miss Mary D. Gilbride was a progressive young lady, a Turn of the Century liberated woman.

The jump from primary school to college and university was the usual pattern before World War I. High schools were an idea founded by Benjamin Franklin when he outlined his proposals for the education of America's youth. His idea created a furor over funding, purpose and selection of curriculum. The turmoil lasted for decades, and high schools were few and loosely organized. It was not until after World War I high schools became a standard element of the American educational process. In the Nineteenth Century, the step from elementary school to the university, or in Mary Gilbride's case to normal school, was a big one. Bear in mind, the typical Nineteenth Century primary school demanded a great deal more of pupils than now. A graduating eighth grader was likely to have been the equivalent of high schoolers today. The few high schools in Nineteenth Century America were not necessarily stepping stones to higher education, unless specifically organized as a prep-school, adjuncts of Eastern Ivy League schools like Yale and Princeton. High schools reflected the values of the communities which funded them. They offered technical courses, a few extended studies in the humanities and sciences, and in the case of the ladies's academies, social polishing.

An example of the far reaching educational programs developed in Minnesota was the Minnesota Plan of 1870. It established a revolutionary idea to provide a transitional system to the university. They called it a Junior College, but the idea was too far ahead of its time. The first Junior College did not open until 1915. Nineteenth Century universities were structured differently than today. Their curriculum emphasized the humanities and sciences as vehicles for developing intelligence and creative thought. They were not job training centers for technical or vocational fields, nor did they provide any form of remedial skills programs to make up for deficiencies carried along by inadequate primary education. A university graduate was not without an edge in life. He (women were almost nonexistent in universities) was offered jobs of responsibility and leadership, such as bank manager, legal secretary, factory manager or accountant, all based on the assumption a university graduate had a trained ability to think, and from his intelligence he could easily grasp anything in the business world.

In 1851, the University of Minnesota was founded at Minneapolis on 120,000 acres of the old Northwest Ordinance territorial land grant allotted for educational institutions. Minnesota also had all kinds of private secular and religious colleges and academies. By 1890, Minnesota had a reputation for its diverse educational opportunities, as well as its teacher training. People from nearby States and territories applied for entrance into Minnesota institutions, rather than attend eastern schools.

The mid Nineteenth Century Minnesota newspapers advertised the State as health spa of the great outdoors. They had the nerve to tout the benefits of Minnesota's mild winters. This Californian can't imagine a typical winter weather forecast of *clear, sunny and 5° Fahrenheit, with a chance of a -30° blizzard by the weekend* as especially invigorating, but

the Nineteenth Century Swedish immigrants thought Minnesota had a wonderful climate. Minnesota's promoters touted its good land, plenty of healthful food, clean water, churches, schools and everything a healthy and wholesome family would want. There was some truth to the wholesome environment bit, but Minnesota was no more disease free than any other place. In the old *Mankato Record* issues (from 1862 to 1879), there were prominent notices of one epidemic after another, with lists of decimated families and communities. Diptheria seemed to be the biggest offender, with small pox, measles, whooping cough and scarlet fever close behind. In the warm summers, there were outbreaks of malaria and yellow fever. It is not difficult to imagine how many died for want of intelligent care, or the unnecessary complications caused by the treatments. Mary Fitzpatrick's account of the standard remedy for treating measles, of withholding water from a feverish child, most certainly took the life of her eighteen month old sister, Grace. Jesse Applegate made a telling description of the medical remedies of the times:

> "In those days nothing was acceptable as medicine unless it were offensive to the taste, and disagreeable to the stomach, and the more offensive and nauseating, the greater its medicinal virtues were supposed to be, therefore there was no discount on 'Injun Fizic' as medicine.[1] The opinion also seems to have been general that the surest way to cure a man of disease was to reduce him almost to the point of death; that the less life there was left in a man, the less disease there would be. Where the disease was said to be in the blood, the blood was to be drawn off, leaving enough blood in the body to keep the spark of life burning until new blood could be supplied. In those days I think it would have been difficult to find a man or woman without scars from the lance."[2]

Nineteenth Century medical practices experienced quantum leaps in knowledge and techniques. Within a few years, the treatment for a chest cold was upgraded from the application of juicy leeches to the chest to bed rest and inhaling some kind of pungent menthol steam from under a blanket. In the mid 1800's, an Englishman, Joseph, First Baron of Lister, figured out infections from surgeries and injuries were caused by microbes. If sterile procedures and cleansing techniques were applied, the patients had a chance to survive the treatments. Minnesota had an edge on most of America by having two innovative doctors make the Territory their home. John H. Murphy and William Worrall Mayo opened up a medical facility in St. Paul in 1854. A few years later, they had an office in Le Sueuer to treat the casualties of the Sioux Uprising. From Le Sueuer they moved a few miles southeast to Rochester and opened up a clinic, later expanded by Dr. Mayo's sons, William Jr. and Charles.

Mary Fitzpatrick said both her grandfather and father benefitted from the Mayo Clinic. Her grandfather, Patrick Mullin, had successful cataract surgery, and her father, Martin Gil-

1. Injun Fizic was a foul concoction brewed form the root of epecaquane. A variation of the stuff us still available at your friendly drug store.

2. *Day on the Cow Column* - Jesse Applegate.

bride, was diagnosed with cancer. Due to Mayo Clinic treatments, Martin lived until May 14, 1930. Cataract surgery is almost an out patient procedure now, but in the late 1800's, it was a phenomenal avant guarde technique, and involved a great deal of discomfort, immobilization, and a high risk of total blindness. Many Nineteenth Century cancer cures involved arsenic and doses of morphine, which is still used for many cancers, with about the same devastating results. Patrick Mullin suffered from hernias, but surgical techniques weren't yet perfected for the safe repair of inguinal hernias. He probably spent his life wearing trusses. The old ladies in the family were made of tougher material; they didn't seem to need the services of the Mayos. Most of them outlived their husbands by respectable margins.

The people of Minnesota did not live in a political vacuum; they were embroiled in national and regional upheavals. By the mid 1850's, Minnesota Territory leaned towards the new Republican Party, a shaky coalition of unhappy Whigs, Free Soilers (anti-slavery) and right-wing Democrats. The Republicans appealed to Minnesota's frontier Puritanism, and pushed for a plank of liquor reform. The Democratic Party in Minnesota included many German immigrants. They were not fond of slavery, but the Republicans made anti-immigrant noises at a time of heavy German immigration into the United States. The Scandinavians, Irish and New England Yankee settlers leaned towards the Republicans, but they were considered conservative old timers, residents of Minnesota more than one or two years.

In 1857, Minnesota Territory made a bid for Statehood, and was caught up in its own political jockeying, and a pawn in national politics. On the local front, the Democratic and Republican parties went after each other in competition to draw up the new State Constitution. The arguments were so bitter, each party went off and held its own constitutional convention. The result was a confusing document, essentially two constitutions, and a legislative headache to this day. The newspapers made wonderful reading, with righteous and inflammatory articles on the issues and candidates. The *Record* in Mankato was Democratic; the *Independent*, also of Mankato, was Republican. They both attacked each other's favorite candidates with scorching zeal. (Newspapers have lost their journalistic fire, or libel lawyers control the editors.) In the 1858 election for Statehood, there was extensive and blatant election fraud, with ballot box stuffing and false voter registrations on both sides. From all accounts, the demeanor of Minnesota was Republican, but after the election, Minnesota debuted as a Democratic State, i.e., the Democratic Party was more skillful stuffing ballot boxes. When the national Republican Party candidate, Abraham Lincoln, ran for President of the United States in 1859, Minnesota backed him. At the same time, Minnesota elected Democratic Party Congressmen and Senators to Washington. The Western style of politics in Minnesota was reflected in the October 11, 1862 issue of the *Record*, which quoted a florid resolution of the combined Democratic Party convention of Le Sueuer and Blue Earth Counties as they met at the Masonic Hall in Mankato:

> "The Democracy of Blue Earth County, now as heretofore, renews its pledge of loyalty and fidelity to the Federal Government; and we declare we are in favor of the Union as it was, the Constitution as it is, niggers where they are and traitors

where they ought to be, viz: like Mohamet's coffin, suspended between Heaven and earth."

Statehood for Minnesota was by no means automatic. The fierce political battles in Washington over the Kansas issue delayed Minnesota's acceptance for seven months. To back up a little, it is necessary to have an idea of what was going on. In 1850, the Missouri Compromise was passed to align emerging Territories taken away from Mexico in the War of 1848 as either Free or Slave. Missouri was the slave boundary, with California, Oregon and the unorganized territories of the Midwest admitted as Free. The District of Columbia agreed to abolish slavery. The Federal Territories of Utah and New Mexico were declared slave, as well as the State of Texas[1]. A Fugitive Slave Law was enacted to require those who harbored or abetted escaped slaves to return them to their owners, regardless of the Slave or Free status of their State or Territory. The Quakers, among others, openly defied the Fugitive Law. In 1854, the Missouri Compromise was repealed by a vote spearheaded by Democratic Senator Stephen Douglas. He could care less about the slaves; he wanted States and Territories to determine for themselves their affiliation as Slave or Free. Douglas was in the pocket of powerful Eastern railroad interests; they wanted to push west without obnoxious national political harassment. Kansas and Nebraska Territories opted to put the slavery issue to popular vote. (Nebraska Territory included part of North and South Dakota, Montana, Wyoming and a hunk of Colorado. Kansas Territory included the other hunk of Colorado plus Kansas.) Minnesota took its stand as a Free Territory.

An era of terrorism called Bleeding Kansas spread frightening stories of atrocities and murders at the hands of pro-slavery thugs and outlaws upon anti-slavery Kansas farmers, despairingly called Sod-busters. The terrorists were called Jayhawkers, and they roamed the countryside killing and burning out anti-slavery farmers, towns and businesses. Minnesotans were concerned Jayhawking activities would spread to their Territory, and they became paranoid over Seccessionist plots. Statehood was held up for Minnesota until Kansas Territory could formally declare for or against slavery. Kansas bureaucrats opted to come into the Union as pro-slavery, but the newcomers, mostly the small farmers, were anti-slavery. The farmers demanded the issue put to the vote of the populace under the doctrine of popular sovereignty, which was exactly what the Southern States did when they voted themselves out of the Union a few years later. Congress had hot debates over allowing popular sovereignty, and the petition for the vote was denied. The Kansas Governor formally declared Kansas for slavery, then put the issue of acceptance of Kansas Territory as a State of the Union to popular vote, as required by law. The sizeable voting block of farmers were in the majority. They rejected Statehood, rather than come into the Union as a Slave State. The heat was off, temporarily, and Minnesota was finally admitted as a State in 1858.

In 1860, Abraham Lincoln proposed the expansion of homesteading on Federal land. He opposed the extension of new slavery in all western Territories, but not the freedom of

1. The declaration of Texas as a Slave State was over Sam Houston's vehement objections.

slaves already in residence. Both issues seemed to make sense at the time, and kept the moderates on both sides talking to each other. Lincoln personally abhorred slavery, but he believed keeping the Union together was more important than his personal views or anybody else's, even at the expense of freedom for the slaves. Not all of Minnesota was pro-Lincoln. A healthy percentage of the State was for the Democratic Party, but not necessarily in favor of the pro-slavery Southern Democrats. The few Seccessionists in Minnesota were hotel and mercantile concerns with business ties with the South via trade on the Mississippi River. With the onset of the Civil War, the pro-Southern elements were boycotted, terrorized or blatantly run out of town.

On April 7, 1861, seven Southern States mandated by a vote of popular sovereignty to sever themselves from the Federal Union. A few weeks later, Fort Sumter was fired upon and taken, opening the bloodiest war in American history. Governor Alexander Ramsey of Minnesota immediately traveled to Washington and pledged 1,000 volunteers for the Union cause. Never mind he didn't have *any* volunteers, nor a standing State militia larger than a couple hundred men. Ramsey was an instant hero in the national press and on the floor of Congress. His name was splattered all over the North as a noble patriot, and President Lincoln personally lauded his noble intentions. Upon returning home, Ramsey managed to scrape up 1,000 volunteers, and sent them to Franklin Steele's Fort Snelling to be trained and garrisoned. Governor Ramsey stuck the U.S. Government with a bill for outfitting and garrisoning the soldiers; he only promised to supply soldiers, not their upkeep. Old Mrs. Ramsey did not raise her son to be stupid.

The 1st Minnesota Regiment was one of the first units prepared for war, and for the privilege they were the first to die in action. They were at the Battle of Bull Run, July of 1861, and endured the heaviest casualties of all present. July of 1863, the 1st lost 84% of its men at the Battle of Gettysburg. Most the other Minnesota regiments fought in the area called the Wilderness, west of the Allegheny and Appalachian Mountains in Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee and south along the Mississippi River Valley. Minnesota regiments distinguished themselves in battle and were slaughtered at Missionary Ridge, Chickamaunga, Vicksburg and Tupulo. Minnesotans marched with General Tecumseh Sherman, and ripped a trough of destruction through towns and farms from Atlanta to Savannah, and north into the Carolinas to Raleigh. The 7th, 9th, and 19th fought the Sioux between 1862 and 1863; afterwards, they were sent south to fight the Confederates. At Brice Cross Roads, Mississippi, a sloppy retreat of the 7th netted a loss of 75%. Many of the 7th's soldiers were separated from their units and abandoned; the wounded were left behind. The captured Minnesotans were sent to the infamous southwestern Georgian Confederate prison camp at Andersonville. The Minnesota State Archives has an appalling list of local men killed and injured in the Civil War. I found no survivors of Andersonville.

CHAPTER 16

# CANNON FODDER

Mary Fitzpatrick spoke of Civil War heroes in her family, but most of her stories were about her grandfather, Patrick Mullin, and her great uncle, "Big Tim" Murtaugh. One day she mentioned she had a favorite uncle, a Civil War veteran who lived near her grandparents at Round Lake. She said he was a quiet man, and he was especially kind to her, her brothers and sisters. Mary's daughter, Elizabeth Merrill, said there was indeed such an uncle. She couldn't recall his name, but she was positive he died in action, and was buried in the Union Cemetery at Gettysburg.[1]

The Civil War military records of the Minnesota Historical Society and the National Archives listed three Murtaughs, P.M. Mullin and his brothers, Michael and James. None of them were exactly Civil War heroes; they were Indian fighters in the State of Minnesota's militia. Several Gilbride men were of age for the army, but nobody signed up, nor were they drafted. The only Irish relative in the Union Army was located in the Pennsylvania Civil War records. He was Francis Newcomb, Mary Newcomb Gilbride's brother, Mary Fitzpatrick's great uncle. He lived with the Gilbrides at Round Lake after the Civil War.

The Newcomb/Gilbride part of our family came from Ireland together, but according to the 1830 and 1840 U.S. Censuses, several Newcombs (and no Gilbrides) lived in the United States. An old family story claimed the Gilbrides and Newcombs were able to buy property in Minnesota from an inheritance left to them by a Pennsylvanian relative. I didn't research the story, but on the 1860 U.S. Census there are several older Newcombs in Pennsylvania, two in Providence. The story may not be too difficult to track down if someone wishes to fol-

1. I fell for the story. See Appendix C.

low up on the item.

According to U.S. Census records, Martin Gilbride Sr. came to America in 1849, and his wife, Mary Newcomb, and their children, Brigid and Martin Jr., arrived in 1850. Their baby, Rose, died of dysentery on the way over. Martin Sr. had to provide the U.S. Government proof of his national origin and the date of his birth to become a Naturalized Citizen of the United States. Marie Fitzpatrick is in possession of an affidavit written and signed by Martin's uncle, Anthony Newcomb, from the Parish of Ardaghy near Rathball, Tyrauly, County Mayo, Ireland. (See page 260.) Timothy stated he was present at Martin Gilbride birth in 1816, born in the Parish of Ardaghy near Ballina. Uncle Anthony last heard from Martin in 1860; the Gilbrides lived in Pittstown, Pennsylvania. The Gilbrides were conspicuous by their absence on U.S. Census records until they were counted in 1870, Minnesota. Several of the Gilbride in-laws, the Newcombs, were listed on the 1860 Pennsylvania U.S. Census. There were two Newcombs listed in Pittstown, twenty year old Francis and thirty year old Michael. They were laborers, and lived in a large boarding house filled with Irish miners and laborers. Francis and Michael were Martin Gilbride's brothers-in-law.

According to Pennsylvania military files, Francis Newcomb enlisted in the Union Army in the town of Luzerne (Pennsylvania, not Switzerland), February 20, 1862. On March 1, he reported for duty at Harrisburg near the Pennsylvania/Virginia border. He mustered into service as a Private in the infantry of the Pennsylvania Volunteers, 56th Regiment, Company G. He was one of thousands of Irish men to abandon the coal mines for the army, which seems a bit curious. Army pay was less than what was paid in the mines, and the men were sent away from their families. In 1862, the North was losing the war, and the first Battle of Bull Run, July 1861, was a glaring example of how unhealthy it was to enlist as an infantryman for either side. Perhaps the war was a lure of adventure and excitement not available hacking away at a coal seam deep underground.

The following is not a comprehensive nor erudite history of the Civil War. It emphasizes the events gleaned from regimental, company and pension files of the 56th, Company G.[1] Private Newcomb was a hero for no other reason than surviving several of the bloodiest events in the Civil War: the Second Battle of Bull Run, called Manassas by the Southerners, August 30, 1862; Antietam, September 17 1862; the Battle of Fredrecksburg, December 11, 1862, and Chancellorsville, April 13, 1863. Francis was not an officer sitting on a horse behind the lines; he was an infantryman on foot and up front. The phrase cannon fodder (from the German word *kanonenfutter*) was a deadly description of the Civil War infantrymen of both sides.

Just for perspective, it might be interesting to look at a few details of the Civil War. It remains the bloodiest war in American history. Four days at Gettysburg netted close to

1. For a visual overview of the whole war, dust off those tapes everyone has recorded, but hasn't had time to sit through all eleven and one half hours, of the Public Broadcasting Series, *The Civil War*. I might recommend parts three and four for events pertinent to Pvt. Newcomb's service.

54,000 fatalities; it took thirteen years in Viet Nam to kill 58,000 soldiers. Two percent of the entire male population of the United States perished on the battlegrounds, which was over 600,000 men. To the 600,000 battle casualties, perhaps another 100,000 died within a year from their wounds. Nonmilitary casualties remained unknown, but some historians put the number at close to 200,000. In many places, there was nobody left alive to count the dead civilians. The Santee Sioux were surprised the whites became so excited over a paltry few hundred dead Minnesotan farmers and soldiers, when the white men slaughtered each other to the tune of 7,000 in a twenty minute fire fight (Coldharbor). The chances of a Union man dying in battle were one in sixty five; of injury one in ten, and of dying of diseases contracted in camp one in thirteen. Confederate casualty statistics were more dismal. In battle it was common for losses upwards of 30%, which by today's thinking is murderous slaughter.

When the Civil War opened, both sides thought it would be over in ninety days, but the first Battle of Bull Run wore the idea thin. Private Newcomb's enlistment papers were for ninety days, but hand written after his enlistment term was: "or for the duration of the war". According to Union Army records, the average soldier was 5'8" and weighed 148 pounds. Francis Newcomb was twenty-two years old, 5' 5 1/2" and 148 pounds. The legal enlistment age was eighteen. The average age of the Union army was twenty-five, but over 100,000 soldiers were under the age of fifteen. Enlistment officers were not too picky and took any warm body, as long as they were white, had all their arms and legs, and could see well enough to aim a rifle.

Upon reporting for duty at Harrisburg, Francis Newcomb had his first taste of army life, and the routine of *hurry up and wait* for everything from food to close order drill. He was outfitted with a new uniform provided by a government contractor, in other words, the lowest bidder.[1] He was issued a dark blue wool jacket and lighter blue pants,[2] and given a dark blue cap which looked trodden upon in the front. Pinned above the brim was his brass regimental insignia. He was issued a new pair of boots, also contracted by the lowest bidder, and of such quality most men preferred to wear what they had when they enlisted. Francis was assigned the latest innovation in weaponry: a saber to strap to his side, and a muzzle-loading musket with attachable bayonet. When shouldered, the tall musket and bayonet made a company of soldiers look like a moving picket fence. The musket was a cumbersome one-shot affair. It required the gunpowder charge and lead slug (ball) to be loaded and separately tamped down the muzzle. The crudely machined barrel gave the rifle the accuracy of a modern Daisy B-B gun, and the bayonet and saber were bad jokes. The age of bullets made bayonet charges suicidal, but Generals liked bayonet charges, and the showy tactic persisted into World War I.

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1. A Captain in the 11th Massachusetts Infantry at Chancellorsville commented: "A man who was loading his musket threw away the cartridge, with a fearful oath, about government contractors; and I noticed that the paper was filled with grains of dry earth instead of gunpowder." *Campfires and Battlefields* - Rossiter Johnson.

2. Since Southern cotton was no longer available, a new weaving process was invented to produce light weight wool cloth for the army.

They still fitted bayonets to rifles in World War II, but by then the greatest service for the bayonet was to pry open K-Ration cans. During the Civil War, there were several makes of domestic and foreign rifles issued to the soldiers. The Austrian rifles were lighter and easier to handle, but when the rifle needed servicing, there were no spare parts. Each rifle was smithed by hand, and parts were not interchangeable. It took the Winchester family to figure out standardized parts for their armaments. Many rifles issued to the soldiers were left over from the War with Mexico of 1848, bought at low surplus prices by aspiring military contractors, and resold at a premium to the War Department. Late in the war, the Government broke loose with breech-loaded repeating rifles, those the western Indians had for years bought from trading posts and gunrunners. It was possible Francis Newcomb was issued the newest musket with a rifled barrel, and shot an unjacketed soft lead slug. When it was fired, the slug expanded in the barrel as a slow velocity round. Upon impact the slug ripped apart its victim, rather than pass through. Thousands died who might have survived a superficial wound from a standard bullet. The Southerners were not so well-equipped, which meant a wounded Union soldier had a better chance to live.

Boot camp was short. One week after Francis Newcomb reported for duty at Harrisburg his company marched northeast to camp near Washington. Army camp life may have seemed like an outing at first, but before long it was nothing short of boring and dismal. From accounts of the camps, most of the soldiers's time was spent drilling, marching and more drilling. In between drilling there were chores, meals and drilling. The relief of the day was at meal times, when the men were allowed to relax for a while. Standard Union army fare was salt pork, sometimes boiled stringy beef, hard tack, beans, potatoes and dried vegetable chips (made of what and by what process, I shudder to think). The chips were soaked in water to make up a gelatinous blob, which looked like something run over by a wagon the week before. Sometimes the vegetable chips were thrown into a cauldron for what was generously called *stew*. The beverage of choice was moonshine, fermented out of potato peels or apples, and given a special kick with a judicious measure of molasses or loaf sugar. It was brewed up in out of the way places, or under the blind eye of a sympathetic Sergeant. If the illicit concoctions were confiscated, or the ingredients unavailable, the men settled for boiled coffee or tea. Army diet was augmented with packages from home, if the fellows were in camp long enough for mail to reach them, or what they could buy or *liberate* from nearby farmers. Scurvy was common in the army, and ladies's auxiliary groups were scandalized enough to organize shipments of fresh vegetables and fruits whenever they could. Occasionally, the soldiers were obliged to cook meals at their tents, but if they were in camp for any length of time, they were fed at the cook's tent. Pictures of those facilities, and the greasy, bearded cooks ladling out food from wooden barrels, didn't look especially appetizing.[1]

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1. The Southern menu usually consisted of fried salt pork. The grease was saved and mixed with corn meal to form a paste, which was wadded onto the end of a stick and roasted over the camp fire. The delicacy was called *corn pone*, still found in South, though fried in a skillet, rather than roasted over a fire on a stick.

Camp life was not especially wholesome, considering the sanitation standards of the mid Nineteenth Century. Camps were usually by a river or creek, and it was not unusual to find the animal corrals and infirmary tents placed up stream from the main camp's drinking water. Before too long, the camp was turned into a muddy quagmire, with a few board walks set down outside the administration tents and officers's quarters. The camps were scourged with illnesses caused by contaminated water and spoiled food. Vermin had free reign in the crowded camps, and infestations of lice, fleas and crabs passed among the unwashed men. Epidemics were a major killer. Men from remote farms and the frontier were especially susceptible when exposed to contagious diseases in the crowded environment. The greatest fatalities of the Civil War were in camp. Men died by the tens of thousands of measles, mumps, small pox, diptheria, malaria, tuberculosis, scarlet fever, tetanus (lock jaw), hepatitis, and other diseases and infections.

Not everybody liked the conditions in army camps. Desertion was common, especially during winter and near Christmas. In the winter of 1862/1863, half of the Union army deserted. According to Newcomb's muster cards, he endured camp life and was present throughout the winter. He should have been offered a promotion to Corporal for consistently showing up for roll call and remaining at his post through the winter.

The army boasted of providing men with occupational training for use in civilian life, and the Irish regiments were prime graduates. The army gave most of them first-rate training for their careers on railroad gangs, road crews, and as teamsters and porters. The Irish companies were given jobs on the construction and repair of railroads, loading and unloading wagons for the quartermasters, digging ditches and putting up defense works. They were not the fellows who watered and groomed the staff officers's horses, ran messages between companies, or served the General's wife her tea. The Irish soldiers were at the bottom of the pecking order, just as they were in civilian life, and the dirtiest tasks usually fell their way. Later in the war, Black regiments were assigned to work alongside the Irish units, not a happy working or social arrangement.

We may never know what Francis Newcomb and other family members thought about the Civil War. It would be presumptuous to assume the Irish immigrants were blasé about what was going on. Most of them were avid newspaper readers, and they certainly were not afraid to voice their opinions. The idea of defending the freedom of Black slaves was probably a touchy issue, not only for the Irish, but also for the entire North. Many people, including the Irish, were in favor of supporting the Union, but they were opposed to fighting for Black emancipation. The Irish should have been keenly sensitive to the condition of slavery; they were brought up in Ireland under the feudal thumb of English overlords. By 1864, Blacks poured North to escape the war and seek work. Sadly, the first bloody race riot in America was in 1864 Manhattan. Irish immigrants burned down half the town, and lynched several Blacks. The immigrant Irish were the largest under class, and they bitterly resented the Blacks when they came into their slum neighborhoods to compete for and undercut wages for the low paying jobs. The 1860's were times of intense anti-Black and anti-Irish feelings in the big cities. Employers put up signs which read "Irish need not apply", or "Help wanted:

three niggers or five Irishmen". There is a lyric in a Negro work song of the time:

> "My master is a great tyrant, he treats me as badly as if I was a common Irishman."

The Civil War was set up from Colonial times by the social and economic divergence of the aristocratic, agrarian plantation system of the South, and the independent farms and industrial cities of the North. For the Northerners, the moral impetus for the war was the abolition of slavery, a legacy passed on by the English, and sustained by the invention of the Cotton Gin, which efficiently seeded the native American crop of cotton. The development of huge tracts of southern land taken away from the Creek, Seminole, Chocktaw and Cherokee, made the development of large plantations feasible. The cheap labor of slavery made the system pay. Thomas Jefferson once said the institution of slavery:

> "...was like holding a wolf by the ears: you don't like the idea, but neither do you like the idea of letting go".[1]

By 1860, regional rhetoric and resentment blew apart the whole country. States and Territories lined up as Slave or Free, and those undeclared became objects of blatant strong-arm political tactics by both sides. Finally, the Slave States of the South had their fill, and starting with South Carolina they exercised what was technically their Constitutional right: to vote for or against secession from the Union. County by county the Southern States voted, but not all wanted to separate from the Union. There was a patchwork of counties in the deep South which remained Union. Virginia split in allegiance; the northern counties voted to stay with the Union, hence the new State of West Virginia. There were Secessionist all over the West, enough so Oregon and California nearly voted to support the Confederates. (Guess from which States came most the far western settlers and Forty-niners?) Within weeks, most the Southern States voted in favor of secession, and challenged Union presence in Southern territory. The Civil War formally opened when Fort Sumter was fired upon and taken, April 12, 1861.

It seems ludicrous any leading Southern citizen could possibly dream of winning a war against the North, but in 1860 and the early part of 1861, Southerners were convinced their threats and a good saber rattling would back down the Yankees. The North dismissed the threats as obnoxious regionalism spewed out by a small group of hotheads who thought they steered Southern politics. Most people thought the Southerners were venting their Napoleonic egos, and wouldn't risk spoiling their social season and horse racing circuit with a war. Southern journalism heated up, and berated the North as a pack of degenerate louts *without honor and in need of a good horse whipping*. The Northern papers portrayed Southerners as tyrants, and spent their days lolling on their porches, drinking mint juleps and beating their slaves. Both sides came on with Nazi-like political, racial and culturally inflammatory journalism. Legitimate regional differences blurred in the emotional fracas.

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1. *The Civil War* - Bruce Caton.

Nobody thought a full-blown war would erupt. Most people thought a deal could be worked out if the Northern and Southern politicians would only sit down, put aside the grandstanding and silly rhetoric, and work out a compromise. When war broke out, both sides were ill-prepared. Everybody scrambled to enlist soldiers, gather supplies, and organize a military infrastructure. It took three months before either side worked up the momentum to stage a battle (the first Battle of Bull Run, July 1, 1861). The South was outnumbered and financially inferior to the North, despite their lucrative money maker, King Cotton. Over twenty one million people lived in the North, to the nine million of the South, and of those, four million were slaves. The total economic output of the Southern States was only one quarter the output of the State of New York. The South had little heavy industry, and relied on cotton sales overseas to supply capital to buy what industrial products they wanted, and with a war at hand, munitions and military equipment. On the other hand, the North was a diverse industrial and farming power able to compete on world markets, sustain its own internal needs, and support a military campaign.

The infrastructure of the South made the commodities they had hard to transport to market. They relied on their waterways and sea trade, and gave little attention to building and maintaining roads. The Southern rail system was almost nonexistent. Several private companies used different gauge tracks and cars to insure cargo could only travel on one line at a time. When it came to transporting men and material to distant fronts, Southern railroads were nearly useless. By 1860, the North had in place an impressive road system and thousands of miles of standardized railroad track. Although the North was slow to mobilize, it was quick to deliver men and arms to the front.

The South was left wanting economically and by sheer numbers, but the North was outclassed in military leadership. The cream of the career officers in the United States military were Southerners; most of them chose to support their home States and the Confederacy. The best of the lot was Robert Edward Lee of Virginia,[1] an aristocratic descendant of several generations of wealthy Virginians, and son of George Washington's confidant, General "Light Horse" Harry Lee. As customary with the sons of prominent families, Robert E. Lee was appointed as a cadet to West Point Military Academy. He excelled and graduated first in his class, and went on to distinguish himself as an officer in the Mexican War of 1848. He quickly rose to the rank of Colonel, and was considered the rising star in the highly political Washington military pantheon. When the Civil War broke out, Lee was Abraham Lincoln's first choice to command the Army of the Potomac, the Union's main force. Lee turned down the appointment, not to support the Confederate cause, he had little confidence in such a shaky coalition, but in support of his beloved State of Virginia.

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1. Robert E. was of *the* Lee family, and by no means the last. His children were also distinguished citizens. Robert E. Lee married the aristocratic daughter of a neighboring plantation owner. She was Mary Custis, Martha Custis Washington's niece. They lived on the Lee plantation at Arlington, now the Arlington National Cemetery. The graveyard was commemorated in Lee's front yard to make sure the Lees would never return to their beloved home.

After the Confederacy declared independence, most of the Southern officers quit the Union army. Lincoln was left with a mediocre officer corps, notable for its aged Generals, misfits, incompetents, showmen and drunkards. The 1863 appointment of Ulysses Grant to Command the Army of the Potomac was not Lincoln's first choice, rather an act of desperation after a series of incompetents and fiascoes. Grant had a way of winning battles, and Lincoln was in desperate political need of a victory. The trade off was Grant's method of winning battles; he poured into battle masses of soldiers until the inferiorly equipped and manned Confederate forces were overrun. Grant was responsible for horrendously bloody battles. Grant brought along his sidekick, General Tecumseh Sherman, a brilliant man who invented modern warfare. He brought bloodshed and destruction to doorsteps of the Southern civilian population to demoralize the Confederate war effort. His march from Atlanta to Savannah and north through the Carolinas left behind swath of destruction on the towns and countryside so complete, some places have yet to recover. Both Grant and Sherman were masters of destruction, but they provided the victories Lincoln needed to keep the North determined to see through the war.

General Lee did not have the luxury of limitless manpower and resources, nor was he of a moral nature to waste lives or wantonly destroy property. He had a methodical intellect, a natural ability to command, and to the misfortune of the North, he was a brilliant strategist. He recognized the talents of his staff, and chose to command by giving discretionary orders. Lee left the initiative of execution of his battle plans in the hands of his subordinate Generals, who in turn were able to move quickly and efficiently without wasting time getting approval for ancillary tactics and battlefield maneuvers. The Southern command caused a great deal of grief for the North, especially when they tried to figure out where and when Lee's forces would attack or retreat. In addition to Lee's organizational talents, he had an uncanny ability to anticipate his adversary's thoughts, and rarely was caught by surprise. Lee had an aristocratic and compassionate presence. He instilled confidence in his men, who were mostly a ragged mob of half-trained hillbillies. Lee agonized over the war; he was loath to send Southern men to their death, but he was a gentleman and bound by honor to prosecute the war to his best ability. Henry Adams remarked Lee should have been hanged at the conclusion of the war, since it was honorable men like Lee who caused the greatest destruction.

General Lee was not without his share of backbiters and egocentric showmen. As long as they did their jobs and obeyed orders, he overlooked their personal opinions and quirks. General A.P. Hill could not go into battle without wearing his lucky bright red shirt. General "Stonewall" Jackson, Lee's brilliant assistant, rode into battle with his left hand raised and sucked on a lemon *to keep his blood balanced*. Both Generals made very visible, albeit strange targets, and it was a wonder they lasted as long as they did. Jackson had the reputation with his men as a moody, coldhearted religious fanatic. He was prone to blinding migraine headaches and fits of religious hallucination. He could order his men to their knees in prayer before a suicide charge, then assure them their imminent death was *God's will*. His men were wary of him, and a few were visibly frightened by Jackson's cold blue eyes and distracted stare. Lee ignored Jackson's unorthodox methods of leadership; he had a keen military mind,

and produced spectacular victories. Jackson's men had a strange devotion to their imposing General. Even though Jackson wasn't always wrapped too tight, his men followed him.[1]

When Francis Newcomb joined up, March 1, 1862, the Confederates were winning the war. The Union military effort failed to organize an effective campaign, and they suffered defeat after defeat. Morale was terrible, and everyone blamed President Lincoln for getting the country into the mess. Lincoln was portrayed in the press and on the floor of Congress as an incompetent boob; a hayseed from Illinois with no idea about important national politics. All of Europe watched the Civil War with a great deal of interest. England and France were poised to recognize the Confederacy as a sovereign nation, and it had more to do than the centuries-old antagonisms with America, and their plots to sever off the South and West. By 1860, Brittany in France and the Midlands in England were dependent on American cotton. Both countries were willing to openly back the South to ensure the flow of cotton to their mills. The South courted foreign alliances to trade their cotton for munitions and supplies; they lobbied foreign interests to openly back the cause and recognize Confederate sovereignty. There were rumors the South was willing to grant interests to England and France in their old western territories, should they back the Confederate cause. If the story were true, the Westerners would not have gone along with the idea, nor would the South cede over a lucrative future market. The rumor was probably a concoction of Northern politicians anxious to align the waffling West to the Union cause.

If the North had an inept and bumbling military, a querulous legislature, a backbiting press and an uneasy public, it was lucky to have the homely and unpopular Abraham Lincoln as President. He had an uncanny sense of direction throughout the war, and a dogged determination to hold together the Union at all costs, even if it meant not freeing the slaves. He compromised, juggled international interests, suspended Constitutional rights, rode over political parties and public opinion, but he was not going to quit and let the country fall apart. All he needed was a competent commanding General to put together a plan to quickly finish off the Rebel armed forces to end the bloodshed.

What Lincoln had in March of 1862 was General Alexander McClellan, a thirty-five year old replacement for seventy-six year old General Winfield Scott. McClellan was a master of preparing and training an army, but he was hesitant or inert going into battle. His men nicknamed him the "Virginia Creeper" for sitting outside Richmond, Virginia, with a huge force, and watching the Confederates fortify the city, and wander at will throughout the countryside. Lincoln became exasperated with McClellan's inaction, and put General John Pope[2] in charge. Lincoln hoped Pope was more of a mover, but he was a disaster. Pope came to Virginia with boastful proclamations and threats, and introduced harsh measures against the local civilians. Pope was the only Federal General who aroused General Lee's personal dislike.

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1. Jackson was shot in the leg by the friendly fire of his own picket line at Chancellorsville. His leg was amputated, and the next day, Sunday, he died. The house where Jackson died is outside Chancellorsville. It is a Virginia State Historical Site, and a holy shrine for devout Southerners

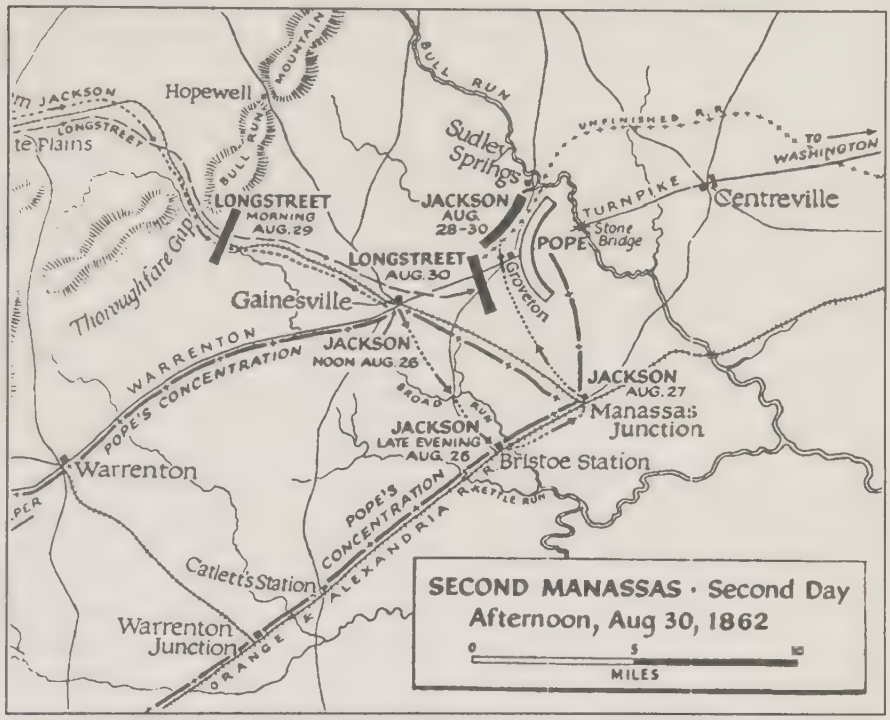
2. See Chapter 17 for more on General Pope.

According to Company G's muster rolls, the regiment was in Washington from March 8, 1862, until the 26th, then ordered to Fort Albany, Virginia. On April 2, they marched to camp at Aquia Creek south on the Potomac estuary near Stafford. [1] Company G took charge

**Military positions 1862:** *The Army of the Potomac, the Union main force, was stationed along the Potomac basin and west towards Manassas Junction. The Rebel forces were arranged from Fredricksburg to below Manassas, Fairfax and points south. Private Newcomb spent a good deal of his camp time at Aquia Creek Landing.*

1. I had an opportunity to drive down Virginia Highway 1 along the Potomac, and stopped at Aquia Harbor to see what was left of the infamous army camp and naval supply depot. It is an exclusive development of multi-million dollar estates, several with yachts tied up to the docks on their Potomac waterfront properties. I was disappointed the historical site was gone, but glad it was no longer the filthy mud hole it was during the Civil War. Aquia Creek, and Belle Plaine (seven miles south), were both ordered evacuated after Chancellorsville. General Hooker was convinced the Confederates were on their way north to attack Washington, and he was afraid the Rebels would take the supply depots along the way. What wasn't carted away or loaded on transport ships was burned, including the quartermaster stores, buildings, warehouses and wharves. Later, Aquia was a railroad station on the Alexandria to Richmond route, but few people lived there. The nearby marshes were malaria-infested.

of loading and unloading commissary and quartermaster stores, and a couple weeks later they were transferred to nearby Liverpool Point for the same duty. On April 24, they were




**Second Battle of Bull run**, *called the Second Battle of Manassas by the Southerners. The 56th Pennsylvanians were on the Warrenton Road between Warrenton and Gainesville, then retreated to Centreville along with the rest of Pope's forces. They covered Pope's retreat until nightfall, when they too retreated for the safety of Washington.*

sent back to Aquia, and Brigadier General McDowell ordered them to work on the railroad to Fredricksburg. The Confederates had been sabotaging the tracks, but more importantly for moving Northern supplies, the tracks had to be upgraded to the wide gauge used by Northern trains. They stayed on the rail line a few weeks, then they were ordered to Belle Plains for more loading and unloading of stores. May 21, Company G was marched down to Potomac Creek near Fredricksburg, ordered to stand guard, work on the railroad and erect defenses, which meant digging trenches and building bunkers. They stayed at Potomac Creek until the end of July, when they were ordered out to Centreville, Virginia.

Throughout history, government entities, such as the military, were required to spend time filling out paperwork for what they needed, what they expended, where and what they were doing, and all in a routine time frame on the correct forms. Throughout history, filling out such paperwork was addressed with the same diligence and enthusiasm we all have when filling out income tax forms, in other words, begrudged compliance with the minimum information required. The notations on most of Francis Newcomb's records consisted of a few words and a date, such as: "August 28, 29 - Gainesville. August-September - Centreville".

The Captain's terse entry was the Second Battle of Bull Run, or Manassas. Gainesville and Centreville were sites of the heaviest action, and the rout of the Union Army towards Washington. The greatest source of detail on Manassas was Robert E. Lee's battle report to Jefferson Davis, and his personal and official letters after the battle.[1] Few details of Bull Run were mentioned by Northern chroniclers; nobody cared to advertise the fiasco.

General Pope decided to clear out the Rebels from northern and central Virginia. Once the Confederate Army was out of the way, Pope planned to march south and take Richmond, the Confederate capitol. Pope was an arrogant fellow by nature, and pompous about his brilliant battle plan. He wasn't too careful who overheard his boasts, and alert spies reported to Lee, who took advantage with a delicious trap. Lee designed a ploy to suck in as many Union troops as possible to the site of the first Battle of Bull Run at Manassas Junction, ambush them, and clear out the Union Army from the State of Virginia. Lee left "Stonewall" Jackson in charge of the details.

Pope's Army of the Potomac was stationed in several camps along the Potomac estuary from Washington to just outside Fredricksburg. McClellan (a subordinate to Pope) waited east of Richmond. Generals McClellan and Burnside[2] were ordered to meet up with Pope at Culpepper Court House west of Fredricksburg. Pope had 100,000 soldiers, and McClellan came up from the James River with 50,000. General Jackson engineered clever raids and skirmishes to devil Pope. He confused Pope into thinking he could chase down the Rebels, but Jackson drew Pope into Lee's trap. Jackson and General J.E. B. Stuart popped up all over the countryside; they kept the Union off guard, slowed them down, and gave the Confederate forces time to position themselves at Manassas. Private Newcomb, along with the other regiments stationed in and about Aquia Creek, skirted north of Fredricksburg, marched west to Culpepper, and arrived August 27 at the west end of Manassas (railroad) Junction at a village called Warrenton. (See page 322.) Pope thought he could surround Jackson with forces brought up to Manassas from eastern positions near Centreville. Instead, Jackson slipped behind Pope with one of his famous cavalry feints, and attacked Pope from the rear between two little villages on the Warrenton Road, Gainesville and Groveton. (See page 323.) Newcomb's company was one of several caught outside Gainesville, and they were the first to take a pounding as the Rebel forces came down upon them. A fierce battle lasted all day until 9:00 at night, and both sides sustained heavy losses. The next morning, Pope reinforced his troops with an additional 62,000 men, but Jackson held them off with his 25,000 cavalrymen until General Longstreet came up to assist. Pope didn't see Longstreet's advance, and failed to position his men defensively. The Union was flanked and routed down the road towards Centreville. It was another long day of fierce fighting, and it lasted until 10:00 P.M. In the night, the weather turned into a pouring rain storm; the retreating Union forces crossed the stone bridge over the overflowing Bull Run Creek, then destroyed the bridge to slow the pur-

1. *The Wartime Papers of R.E. Lee* - Edited by Clifford Dowdey and Louis H. Manarin.
2. Burnside was more notable for his bushy side whiskers than his military competence.

suing Confederates. Private Newcomb and his Company of the 56th Pennsylvanians covered the retreat from the trenches and breastworks at Centreville. The main body of the Union army high-tailed it down the road for the cover of the forts outside Washington, only twelve miles away. Jackson managed to get his cavalry across flooded Bull Run Creek, and continued to devil the retreating soldiers until they were within range of the cannons outside Washington.

The Union lost 15,000 men, and 9,000 Confederates died.[1] Lee successfully beat the Union Army out of Virginia, and turned his attention to enlist the people of Maryland to the Confederate cause. After Maryland, he planned to invade Pennsylvania. Near the Virginia border was Harrisburg, a particularly choice plum, especially since Lee's supply lines were stretched thin from Richmond, and his army badly needed food and supplies. General Pope arrived in Washington with his disheartened and disorganized troops, and he was immediately reviled by the press and Congress. President Lincoln was livid. A Northern corps historian said of John Pope:

> "He had been kicked, cuffed, hustled about, knocked down, run over, and trodden upon as rarely happens in the history of war."[2]

Alexander McClellan was given back command of the Army of the Potomac, and Pope was banished to Minnesota to manage territorial forces during the Sioux Uprising, a job he didn't bungle. Lee marched through Maryland at the head of the cream of his army, but he received almost no sympathy from the populace. Those who were pro-South were already in Lee's command, and those left were mostly pro-Union. An eyewitness of Lee's march commented:

> "They were the dirtiest men I ever saw, a most ragged, lean and hungry set of wolves... yet there was a dash about them that the Northern men lacked. They were profane beyond belief and talked incessantly."[3]

Lee passed through Maryland and turned west for Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. McClellan decided to have a showdown and cut off Lee's advance at a place called Sharpsburg, Maryland, near the (West) Virginia and Maryland border. The battlefield was just outside the village of Sharpsburg on the road to Boonesboro[4] along a creek called Antietam.

Lee easily sized up his Union counterpart, and he figured he could divide up his army to make a move for both Harpers Ferry and Sharpsburg.[5] September 4, 1862, General Jackson was sent out to take Harpers Ferry, while the rest of the Southern army marched north

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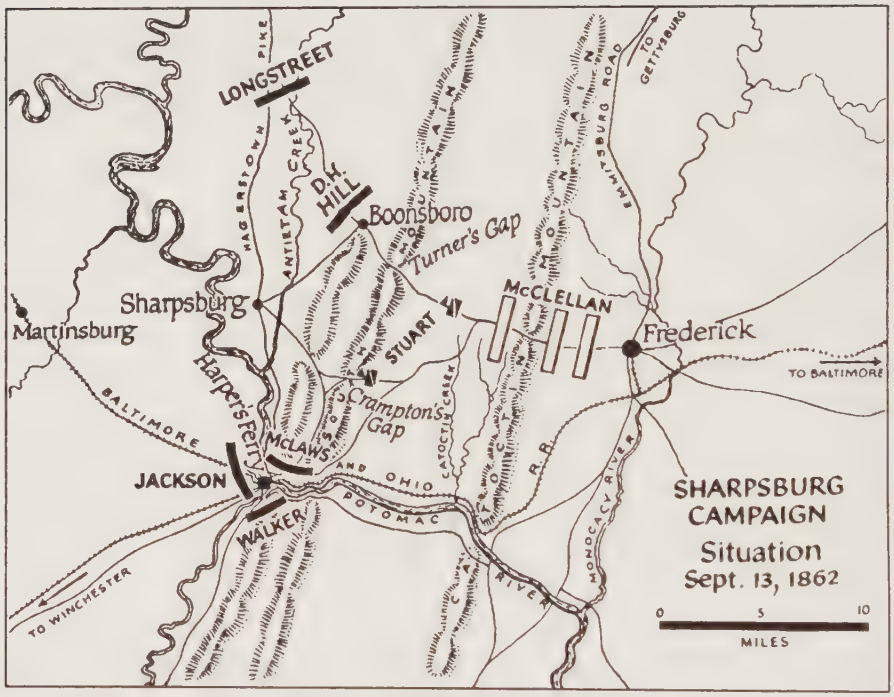
1. *Civil War in America* - Alan Barker.
2. *The Civil War* - Bruce Caton.
3. Ibid.
4. The town was founded by the Boone family. Daniel was born there in 1735.

along the South Mountain Range to Hagerstown, a little east of Sharpsburg. On September 13, Lee's battle plans fell into McClellan's hands, but possession of the choice information caused McClellan to stall for a precious sixteen hours to mull over what to do. The error gave Lee time to find out his plans were intercepted. September 15, Jackson captured Harpers Ferry and rejoined Lee at Sharpsburg. McClellan also arrived, but again balked for a day; he figured Lee had greater forces than he did. McClellan gave the Confederates time to position and dig in. In reality, Lee was outnumbered two to one, but Lee was a far better chess player than McClellan. He cleverly deployed his men to seem more numerous than they were.




**Battle outside Sharpsburg:** *The fight was outside of town along a shallow creek called Antietam. McClellan kept a large part of his army in reserve, and it is possible the 56th Pennsylvanians had the privilege of watching the action from the sidelines.*

McClellan could have averted one of the bloodiest sessions of the Civil War, but he lost his chance by stalling to consider Lee's captured plans, and he sat at the battle site for a day. Over 8,000 men were killed in a corn field in front of a Dunker church.[1] So much artillery

5. Harpers Ferry keeps popping up in American history. It was/is a key crossing point on the Potomac River, a gateway to the West. During the Civil War, it was a railroad depot, a weapons factory, the National Armory, and it had adjacent supply depots.

1. The Dunkers were a German Protestant sect. The phrase *Pennsylvania Dutch*, which came from those times, had nothing to do with Dutch immigrants. It was English-speaking people obliterating *Pennsylvania Deutsch*, German immigrants.

fire was concentrated on the spot, when the adjacent woods were cut down some years later, and the logs sent to a saw mill, the blades were torn to pieces by metal shrapnel and slugs embedded in the wood and grown over.

Lee's forces were entrenched in a sunken road bed, and from their cover they successfully held off Union advances. After terrible losses, the Union gained higher ground, and commenced to slaughter the Rebels pinned down along the road. McClellan used the dressed-up word *enfilading* to describe the scene. General Burnside was in support of McClellan, and he stationed his men behind a stone bridge over shallow Antietam Creek. Burnside was obsessed with taking the bridge, where at many places along the creek his men could have waded across. Subsequently, his 12,000 troops were pinned down at the bridge by 400 Georgian snipers. Confederate General A.P. Hill came up from Harpers Ferry, and helped the Georgians push back Burnside. By day's end, the Confederates were not beaten, and the Union advance was halted. Lee assessed his damages, and found one quarter of his army was gone, a loss of 10,000 men. Of McClellan's 87,000, 13,000 were lost. The Battle of Antietam was the bloodiest single day in America's history, greater than D-Day of 1944. During the night, Lee slipped away, and crossed the Potomac to safety. McClellan knew about Lee's retreat, yet failed to pursue. McClellan lost another chance to capture Lee and end the Civil War. President Lincoln was exasperated. The country was horrified at the losses, more so since photographer Matthew Brady arrived on the battlefield and made extensive photos of the scene. His New York City exhibition of his battlefield pictures was the first major show in this country dedicated solely to photographic compositions

The records don't pinpoint Francis Newcomb or his company. Company G was present, but McClellan held back thousands of soldiers, another botch. A full force would have overrun Lee early on, and ended the battle with less bloodshed. Private Newcomb's Regiment was probably hanging out on the east side of Antietam Creek watching the battle. A veteran of the Army of the Potomac later lamented McClellan:

> "Never realized the metal that was in his grand Army of the Potomac".[1]

There were units from Pennsylvania at the sunken road site, but there was no mention of the 56th. If Company G sustained heavy losses, and had to be reinforced, reassigned or recombined, there should have been mention in the reports. Of course, information was at the mercy of the Company Captain's innate enthusiasm for filling out reports.

Although the Confederates thought they were at a high point in their struggle for independence, they already lost the war. In a shrewdly timed political maneuver, President Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation, September 22, 1862. No sanctimonious European power dared to be seen publicly supporting a rebellious collection of States dedicated to upholding slavery, even though the acute shortage of Southern cotton was closing down English and French mills. The British Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, was on the

1. *The Civil War* - Bruce Caton.

point of recognizing the Confederacy, and he closed the door. The French went along.[1] Lincoln figured his public anti-slavery crusade would give the unemployed British mill workers a moral cause to support their loss of wages. Lincoln's rhetoric looked good in our newspapers, but it is questionable how altruistic an unemployed mill worker could be when his family was going hungry. The Emancipation Proclamation did not free all slaves, only those in regions of rebellion; slavery was not abolished nationwide until after Lincoln's death. If the Proclamation sounded like a move to goad the core of Southern resistance, it was. Lincoln also took aim at the morale of the poor Southerners, people who neither kept slaves, nor approved of the institution.[2] The Southern newspapers labelled Lincoln as a minion of hell; they openly called for a bounty to be paid to anyone who would assassinate him.

The end of September and all of October, 1862, Lee camped near Martinsburg, southwest of Sharpsburg at the head of the Shennendoah Valley, now West Virginia. The Shennendoah was the bread basket for the South, and it was keenly protected by the Confederates. Its devastation by Northern soldiers literally starved out Lee's army, as well as most of the Southern civilians. Lee replenished his troops with new recruits, and took the opportunity to rest and refit his army. By the end of October, he massed a sizeable force to protect Richmond from the Federal threat. Lee decided to secure Fredricksburg, a key link and transportation hub in the protection of the South. From a strong position in Fredricksburg, Lee planned to make fresh offensives against the North, perhaps attack Washington forty miles up the road from Fredricksburg.

McClellan diddled around Washington until Lincoln ordered him to *do something*. Lincoln was quoted saying to McClellan:

> "If you don't want to use the army, I might borrow it for a while"

McClellan decided to move on Gordonville, south of Culpepper, but he was too lethargic. Lincoln gave up and fired McClellan for good. McClellan was replaced with General

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1. Thanks to some brilliant statesmanship by our Ambassador to England, Charles Francis Adams, of *the* Adams famly of Boston, England was talked out of backing the Confederacy.

2. Despite the morality of the situation, only the well-to-do could afford slaves. Most Southerners were not rich. The following by Alexander Gardener accompanied his photograph of a slave pen in Alexandria, Virginia, from his photographic collection *Photographic Sketchbook of the Civil War*, published in 1866: "Auction sales were regularly held, at which Virginia farmers disposed of their servants to cotton and sugar planters from the Gulf States. If a slave-owner needed money which he could not easily procure, he sold one of his slaves; and the threat of being sent South was constantly held over the servants as security for faithful labor and good behavior. Before the war, a child three years old, would sell, in Alexandria, for about fifty dollars, and a able-bodied man at from one thousand to eighteen hundred dollars. A woman would bring from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars, according to her age and personal attractions." If the last bit sounded sinister, it was. Figure an antebellum dollar at around fifteen to one to today's money. Most farmers and shopkeepers were lucky to make $300 a year.

Burnside, who immediately changed McClellan's battle plans to go directly for Richmond. Burnside planned to march south through Fredricksburg to Hanover Junction, destroy the railroad, and continue on to Richmond (roughly along present day Highway 1). Burnside assembled his troops and left Warrenton November 7, supposedly in secrecy. The uncanny R.E. Lee understood the thinking of his opposing commander, and he had a plan ready before Southern spies reported Burnside's activities. Lee wanted to cut off Burnside at Hanover Junction, but he was afraid Union troops would detour to Aquia Creek, board naval transport ships, and sail for the James River or North Carolina. Lee's second choice was to meet Burnside at Fredricksburg.

Burnside's Army of the Potomac was comprised of 150,000 troops, with 100,000 men stationed in reserve at posts from Washington to south along the Potomac River north of Fredricksburg. The best Lee could muster was 34,000 men, which made a Rebel offensive out of the question. By November 17, Union forces occupied the high ground north of Fredricksburg at Falmouth. They deployed heavy artillery overlooking the city below.[1] Lee moved in from Culpepper on the west, and formed up at Fredricksburg on the Rappahannock River. The weather turned cold and stormy, and when Burnside ordered the civilians to evacuate the city, November 21 and 22, it was snowing. Burnside had a grand idea to ford the river with portable pontoon bridges, but he didn't allow for the late arrival of the pontoons, thanks to a timely raid by "Stonewall" Jackson. The delay gave Lee time to position his forces and bring up his reserves. On the morning of December 11, the fight started. Lee had the advantage of position despite the Northern dominance of artillery on high ground and superior numbers.

Nine thousand Union soldiers were killed assaulting a Confederate position behind a stone wall. Union troops were ordered out on fourteen charges across a stretch of open ground, and each time the Confederates mowed them down. After the fourteenth assault, the Confederate soldiers behind the wall ran out of ammunition and were overrun. Today, Burnside would be court marshalled for murder, or relieved of duty by a subordinate for insanity. The Confederate soldiers usually scoffed at the Union soldiers's abilities, but they put up a cheer for the suicidal bravery of the repeated assaults at the wall. Such was the glory of battle and martial etiquette.

Both sides usually called a cease fire to collect the wounded and dead before the next morning's battle, but not at Fredricksburg. On the night of the 11th, there was a hard freeze. Hundreds of men froze to death on both sides, particularly the wounded left laying on the field. December 14 and 15 there was only a little action by sharpshooters.[2] On the 16th, the

1. If anyone has a chance to visit Fredricksburg, it is worth the time. The historical society people have done a first rate job restoring the old town. They designed historical walks through the places of interest; many buildings survived the Civil War battles. The town, the Rappahannock River, and the battlefield a mile from the town center, belie the blood-soaked devastation of 130 years ago. There is an uncanny sense of claustrophobia surrounding the battle sites. Thousands of men fought and died in a small arena as confined as a few acres. The famous stone wall at Fredricksburg battlefield is only about 100 yards long.

Union retreated, but Lee was unable to chase them down; the Union kept to the high ground under the cover of their heavy artillery. The battle was a costly draw. Burnside lost 12,653 men to Lee's 5,039.[1]

Lee pulled back and went into winter camp to the south of Fredricksburg. The Union forces moved a few miles north of Lee to their winter camps along the Potomac estuary near Washington. The civilians returned to Fredricksburg to find their homes and businesses bombed out, looted and burned. The city was stripped of fuel, horses and food. Most people left for safer havens south; those who stayed either died in the cold, or scratched out a grey existence in the hulks of their former homes and businesses.

There are entries for the 56th Regiment in September and October near Bolington, Virginia, then in November they were at Brooks Station, Virginia. From November until April 10, they were at Pratts Landing, Virginia. Private Newcomb's company was one of Burnside's 100,000 soldiers left in reserve south of Washington on the Potomac estuary. He got out of the first bloody episode of Fredricksburg, but not the next.

The new year of 1863 was bad for Lincoln. His army was defeated and disheartened. The nation was stunned over the devastation and bloodshed, and everyone clamored to stop the war at all costs. His political party, the Republicans, were deserting him, and the press worldwide hailed him as an incompetent fool. His emancipation of the slaves in rebel territory brought on ugly feelings in the North. People who supported Lincoln to preserve the Union refused to fight for the liberation of the black slaves. February of 1863, Lincoln signed the Conscription Act to make up for the AWOL's[2], and to expand the army. The public reacted with protest riots, defiance, refusal to serve, and open threats of Presidential impeachment.

If Lincoln thought he hit rock bottom, he had, but so did Confederate President Jefferson Davis. The rebellious Southern States distrusted a central government, which is what drove them to seccession in the first place. Every time Davis tried to pool resources and programs, he was met with opposition, indifference and infighting jealousies. The Southern economy was in shambles; foreign help evaporated the year before, or was blockaded by Northern gunboats outside Southern sea ports and rivers. Basic commodities and food disappeared for both civilians and the army. Everyday there were pleas from General Robert E. Lee for supplies. His men were literally barefooted and in tatters; the horses and mules were nearly useless with wear and disease. Ammunition and food rations were at a premium. Lee wrote President Davis from the battlefield promising he could inflict immeasurable harm on the poorly directed Union forces if he had bullets and cannon shells. He asked President Davis how he could lead his army into battle without ammunition. Davis was personally blamed

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2. A Sharps rifle was a longbarrelled rifle noted for distance and accuracy. Keen-eyed snipers of both sides were assigned Sharps rifles to pick off long-range targets. Many rifles were fitted with Austrian telescopic sights.

1. The count was taken at musters after the battle, and noting Christmas was not far off, it was suggested many of the missing had taken *French leave*.

2. Absent Without Leave.

for all the privations, and he was scourged in the Southern press and social circles as an idiot.

Jefferson Davis complained he was unjustly maligned. If he only had Lincoln's executive powers he could direct a viable war effort. Davis referred to the various powers Lincoln assumed on his own, not those proscribed in the Constitution for the Executive Branch. Should anyone think Abraham Lincoln was a shining defender of the U.S. Constitution, think again. Be thankful he was not as power-hungry as people made him out to be. He declared war without the consent of Congress; he seized private telegraph offices and put them under army command. He authorized the commandeering of private property and capital without consent; he censored newspapers, jailed protestors and critical newspaper reporters. He put the Mayor of Baltimore and other seccessionist legislators in jail, then suspended Habeas Corpus. When the Chief Supreme Court Justice ruled Lincoln's actions unconstitutional, which they were, Lincoln ignored him. When the Chief Justice persisted, Lincoln threatened to throw him into jail too. Lincoln's tenure in office was as close to a dictatorship the United States ever came, and it scared hell out of most people.

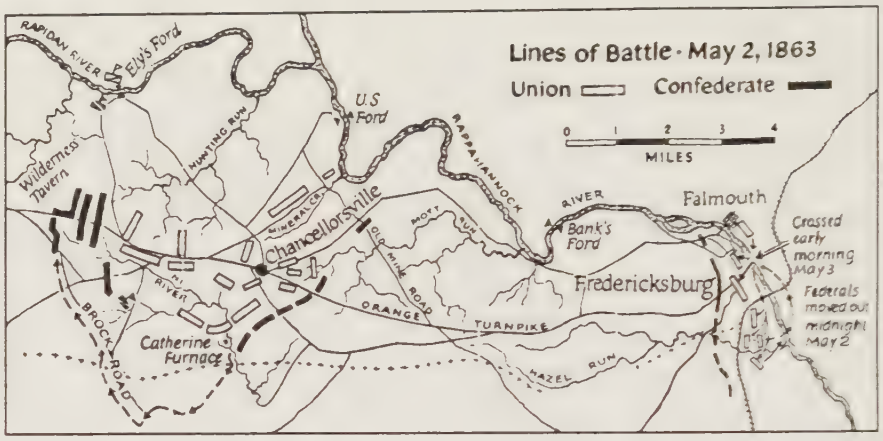
January 26, 1863, Lincoln fired Burnside and gave the job to General John Hooker. He was not Lincoln's idea of the perfect general, but at the time, Hooker was the best Lincoln could do. In a letter to Hooker, Lincoln complemented the General on his bravery, skill as a soldier, and his self-confidence. He also commended the General's avoidance of mixing politics with his profession, a comment aimed at the Presidential ambitions of McClellan. Lincoln went on to say he made his choice of command for various other reasons as well, but he was not quite satisfied with Hooker:

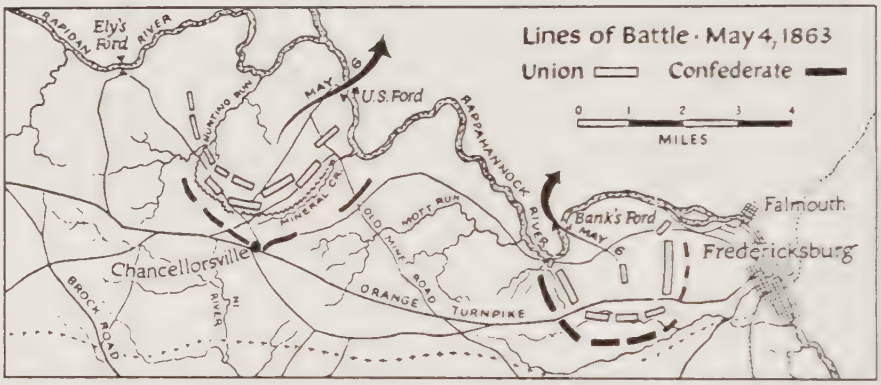
> "I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition, and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country, and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying, that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship."[1]

Hooker opened the spring campaign with a reorganized and disciplined corps. The Union army was still in camp north of Fredricksburg, and Hooker decided to go after Lee encamped in winter quarters south of town. Once again, Lee read his adversary and made preparations to take advantage of the timing and position. Lee chose the outskirts of Fredricksburg near the settlement of Chancellorsville. He put his 50,000 infantry troops and 5,000 cavalrymen into position against Hooker's 122,000 infantry and 12,000 cavalry.

April 10, 1863, the 56th Regiment, including Private Newcomb, was ordered out of

1. *The Civil War* - Bruce Caton.




**The Battle of Chancellorsville, April 28 to May 6, 1863:** *The first map depicts the deployment and assault by Federal troops on the City of Fredricksburg. Eight men of the 56th Pennsylvanians were wounded, possibly Private Newcomb. The bottom map shows Lee's clever deployment of his troops, and the retreat of Hooker's army.*

camp at Pratts Landing, and marched south to Fredricksburg. Hooker split his huge army into two large groups, and ordered an artillery detail left on the high ground at Falmouth on the north side of Fredricksburg. Lee deployed his men on the southwest side of the Rappahannock. Hooker crossed the river April 28 on boats and pontoon bridges floated into position below Fredricksburg. Once his soldiers landed, he did not aggressively press Rebel positions. Lee figured out the crossing was a feint. His scouts reported Hooker sent almost half his army along the north bank of the river to encircle and attack the Rebels from behind. Hooker's scattered deployment of men was wasteful, but Lee was badly outnumbered, and his men and animals were in too poor a condition to take advantage of the sloppy Union movements. Lee pulled back from Fredricksburg, and ordered half his army to Chancellorsville to ambush Hooker's sneak attack. On April 30, Hooker marched into Fredricksburg and pursued what he thought was Lee's retreat.

Mid morning, April 30, the main Union forces crossed over the Rappahannock at the U.S. Ford, fifteen miles north of Fredricksburg, and met Lee's forces near Chancellorsville. The battlefield is now a pastoral farming community, but in the 1860's, it was little more than

a small clearing with a few houses and barns, and surrounded with a dense second-growth forest, tangled with vines and undergrowth. Lee relied on the forest to counter Hooker's superior artillery and slow the Union advance. Instead of retreating between the jaws of the Union forces, Lee boldly attacked at Chancellorsville. He ordered his troops to fall back to Fredricksburg, and they retook the poorly defended city. Lee stalled the Union forces long enough for his reinforcements to position themselves on Hooker's flank. Hooker marched a large force from Chancellorsville without seeing he was drawn into a text book trap, the old Roman tactic of *the crescent*, with Lee's army on the perimeter of the closing points.

Something happened to Hooker's nerve; perhaps he thought Lee had a larger force than his scouts reported. Hooker slowed his advance, turned to withdraw, stopped and ordered his army to encamp. Hooker handed over his advantage to the Confederates. Even with his brilliant battle plans, Lee knew he was no match for Hooker's huge army and heavy artillery. Lee made a brilliant call, and again split his small army. He sent Jackson's cavalry around Hooker's rear on the southwest of Chancellorsville. Hooker's scouts reported Rebel movements, but he ignored their warnings. His troops were caught in camp unprepared. The only warning of danger was a stampede out of the forest through their camp of panicked deer, rabbits, and a flutter of startled birds the last few seconds before the Confederate charge. The Union army near Chancellorsville was cut to pieces and routed. On the afternoon of May 3, Lee pushed the Federal troops back to the Rappahannock River. On the morning of May 5, Lee formed up to finish off Hooker. Luckily, Hooker managed to force march his men across the river at night during a rain storm, and they ran for the cover of Union artillery and reinforcements near Falmouth.

The Battle of Chancellorsville was considered Lee's masterpiece of tactical genius, but it was not won without casualties. Hooker lost upwards of 14,000 men, and Lee lost 10,000. Most of the losses were infantry men of both sides. Lee lost 20% of his foot soldiers, with no reserves or replacements expected. Also killed at Chancellorsville was Lee's chief assistant, the brilliant and intrepid General Thomas Jonathan "Stonewall" Jackson.

The Second Battle of Fredricksburg was the end of active duty for Private Francis Newcomb. After the battle, the 56th's Captain had a little more time for his battle report, and the following is his terse notation from the 56th Regimental Return, May entry, written up near Fitzhugh House, Union headquarters on the north side of Fredricksburg:

> "On the 2nd of May the regiment was withdrawn from its position on the south side of the Rappahannock about 2 miles below Fredricksburg where it had been under fire the 29th and 30th of April with a loss of 2 men killed and 8 wounded and marched to the U.S. Ford before daylight of the 3rd. Again crossed the Rappahannock and took position near and west of Chancellorsville where it remained without being under fire till the morning of the 6th. On the sixth recrossed the Rappahannock and marched 5 or 6 miles towards Falmouth. On the 7th after a march of 7 or 8 miles encamped near Fitzhugh House about three miles east from Fredricksburg where it remains."

Private Newcomb participated in the assault across the Rappahannock on Fredricksburg, and he may have been one of the eight wounded mentioned above. His company was ordered to march to Chancellorsville along the north side of the Rappahannock to the U.S. Ford to reinforce the heaviest fighting. They were routed back across the Rappahannock by Lee's forces. The retreat was not without shooting, and Newcomb could have been shot on the run, or on the march to Chancellorsville. The regimental reports for the 56th were not very informative, but there was a written account by Captain Henry Blake. He belonged to the 11th Massachusetts Regiment, and they marched with the 56th to Chancellorsville.

> "May 2. The appearance of a rabbit caused an excitement and a chase upon all occasions, and one ran in front of the line as the action commenced; and the birds were flying wildly among the trees, as if they anticipated a storm; and a soldier shouted, 'stop him, stop him! I could make a good meal if I had him'".
>
> "The ominous silence of the sharpshooters in front was a sure indication that the main force was approaching; and a rebel officer, upon the left brought every man into his place in the ranks by exclaiming to his command: 'Forward, double-quick, march! Guide left!'. The hideous yells once more disclosed their position. A demand for ammunition was now heard - the most fearful cry of distress in a battle and every man upon the right contributed a few cartridges, which were carried to the scene of action in the hats of the donors. The forty rounds which fill the magazines are sufficient for any combat, unless the troops are protected by earthworks or natural barrier; and the extra cartridges, which must be placed in the pockets and knapsacks, are seldom used."

On May 3, Captain Blake described the march to the U.S. Ford[1] (see maps on page 332), which was the route the 56th took the same day:

> "The brigade was aligned upon the road to the U.S. Ford at 9:00 A.M. and the men recovered their knapsacks in the midst of heavy cannonading... no symptoms of fear were manifested, although the artillery was planted upon the left, in the rear and the front, from which point most of the shells were hurled; and the force was threatened capture."

Concerning the medical support on the field, the Captain wrote:

> "There were few if any stretcher bearers at the front, and wounded men that had lost a leg or arm dragged themselves to the field hospital; the surgeons of some regiments which had not been engaged in the battle sat upon a log in idleness, and refused, with a great display of dignity, to assist the suffering who were brought to them, because they did not belong to their commands... exasperated officers often

1. The site had nothing to do with the future automobile manufacturing dynasty. It was an unimaginative name for a convenient crossing at a shallow part of the Rappahannock River.

threatened to shoot if they didn't take care of the wounded."[1]

Francis Newcomb was carried by a fellow soldier, or hobbled on his own to a field hospital. He was shot twice, once through his shoulder and the other through his right thigh. He also had a gunshot wound across his forehead. He was evacuated from Fredricksburg to Aquia Creek, where the injured men were gathered up, loaded onto wagons and taken to Washington. After major battles, like Fredricksburg, the hospitals in Washington were overloaded. Wounded men were put anywhere there was space; private homes, churches, armories and theaters. The Capitol Rotunda, hallways, and floors of the Senate and House of Representatives served as wards for the wounded until they were transferred or sent home.

After Francis Newcomb was given preliminary treatment in Washington, and since he didn't look like he was going to die, he was transferred to his regimental hospital in Philadelphia, where he spent the next twenty seven months. A few days after Chancellorsville, his regiment marched north into southern Pennsylvania to participate in the most horrendous battle of the Civil War, Gettysburg. Only a few men from his company survived Gettysburg.

Private Newcomb was lucky to live through several bloody battles, but he was equally lucky to survive his medical care. Soldiers were reluctant to report an injury or illness. They were convinced, and rightly so, their chances of survival were better outside the surgeon's tent. The concept of germs, bacteria, and antiseptics were vaguely known, but generally discounted as wild theories. What the medical people couldn't see was relegated mythology; dirt and shrapnel in a wound made sense, microscopic organisms did not. Filth, insects and rats were the norm in field hospitals, as well as facilities in town. Those were the days of hacksaw amputations to treat gunshot wounds and bone injuries. Heated stove hobs were often used to cauterize bleeding, and dirty pocket knives substituted for surgical scalpels.[2] An army doctor was not necessarily a trained physician; he could have been a barber or mortician in civilian life. The surgeon's tent was Faustian scene of unwashed surgeons and aides going from one patient to the next, wiping their instruments across their dirty aprons, and carving into the next soldier. The death rate from infection and disease transmitted from the unwashed hands and instruments of the hospital staff was a horror story.

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1. *Campfires and Battlefields* - Rossiter Johnson.

2. There is a display of surgical instruments at the Fredricksburg Battlefield museum. It is a chilling reminder of how crude field hospitals were. The surgeon's case was about the size of a businessman's attaché case; inside was a small square-edge saw, like the ones we use in miter boxes, a thing like an ice pick, a couple of knives which looked like kitchen boning knives, and a lancet, a gizmo like an automotive feeler gauge with several different sized blades for opening veins or digging out bullets and shrapnel. The surgeon's case had a couple small blue glass vials for morphine, which was always scarce on the battlefield. Most men had to endure the knife and saw without benefit of a pain killer as marginal as whiskey. Thousands died of shock. Bandages were fashioned out of whatever was at hand; an old bed sheet, someone's undershirt or handkerchief, and if the surgeons were lucky, a delivery of rolled bandages made up by patriotic ladies from old rags and clothes.

If a soldier survived the field hospitals, and managed to be transferred behind lines, it was to be assigned for treatment in his regimental hospital, also viewed as death houses for many of the same reasons as the field hospitals. Beds were scarce, and many of the hurt were put on the floors and in the hallways. During busy times after a battle, the men were lucky if someone had time to check and see if they were still alive or bring a cup of water. Men laid in their own filth, and their bandages became putrid while the overworked hospital staff scrambled to take care of the worst cases first. Rats and other vermin roamed the wards, and made homes in the dirty linen piled in the corners. The unspeakable creatures boldly nibbled uneaten plates of food, and on the wounded and dead. Death on the battlefield was probably more merciful than the lingering deaths caused by gangrene, septicemia and other infections and diseases passed around the wards. Only the lucky survived the battlefields; only the strong and determined survived the Civil War hospitals. Private Newcomb lived.

Francis Newcomb's military pension records have a signed statement declaring he was wounded at the Second Battle of Bull Run. It was an odd statement, probably meant to expedite the paperwork. Perhaps his forehead wound occurred at Bull Run. His records describe his other two gunshot wounds, one through his shoulder, and the other through his thigh. On Regimental Returns and Company muster lists, Francis was present at Bull Run, as well as two weeks later at Antietam, and through the Battle of Chancellorsville. Foot soldiers don't march on gunshot legs, nor shoulder muskets with a useless arm. His records described his injuries in detail, as well as hearing loss, dizziness, disorientation (which could have been related to the head injury), and rheumatism. By the time Francis applied for his pension, the hospital records in Philadelphia were lost, but he had plenty of affidavits from his commanding officers and doctors to verify the gunshot wounds. Nevertheless, the army had its rules, and since the official medical records were lost, he was granted an Army pension for hearing loss and rheumatism.

From his pension records, Francis Newcomb was under care in his regimental hospital from May 1863 until his discharge, July 1, 1865, the date the entire 56th Regiment was mustered out of service. On August 30, 1863, he was fit enough to be out of bed, but in no condition to report back to active duty. He was transferred to the 1st. Company, 2nd. Battalion Regimental Invalid Corps, a veteran reserve unit attached to his regiment at the hospital in Philadelphia. If Lee invaded Philadelphia, those fellows could hobble to the window, load a musket and fire on the enemy. In the meantime, the walking wounded were not left to idle their time. They worked around the hospital as best they could as aides, orderlies, nurses, janitors, kitchen help or assistants in the morgue.

Francis Newcomb next appeared on the 1870 Minnesota Census as a laborer in the town of Wall, Fairbault County. On the 1880 Census, he lived with his sister Mary's family, the Martin Gilbrides of Elysian, Le Sueur County. By 1900, both he and his widowed sister, Mary Newcomb Gilbride, lived in Elysian with Mary's daughter (Francis's niece) Brigid Gilbride Lavin and her family. Since his discharge from the army, Francis lived on his pension, and worked as a laborer on the family farms. Francis never married. November 1904, Francis Newcomb died at the home of his niece in Elysian. He was sixty-four years old.

CHAPTER 17

# SANTEE LAKOTA

The wars between the whites and native peoples of North America were fought over land. The whites figured the entire continent was theirs to take; they had a right to all land not occupied by a stronger European power. The Indians believed the land they lived on for thousands of years was their sacred trust, but the whites gave little thought to the rights of the native American peoples. Hostilities and suspicions were fanned by prejudices and different cultural values between the Christian Europeans and totemic native Americans. Concepts like rights of discovery, claiming unoccupied lands, and spreading God's word in a godless land were part of the veneer atop European imperialism and the glory of empire. The whites proclaimed it was their God-given right and sacred duty to confiscate native lands, and force the landscape and its contents into an orderly domain. The Indians saw themselves as integral parts of their natural surroundings, no more or less important than the trees, birds, wolves and rivers. The Great Spirit was the true owner of the land, and He ordained the tribes to keep and protect His domain and its contents. The tribes were disgusted by the European lust to own land, fence it off, destroy the wildlife and chop down the forests. The Indians meant to protect their domains and obey the mandates of their Great Spirit, in blood if necessary.

By the early 1800's, most tribes east of the Mississippi River were removed from their lands and pushed west, or forced onto reservations. The Sioux in Minnesota heard of the plight of their more eastern cousins and the Trail of Tears, the forced march of the Cherokee, Shawnee and Creek into Oklahoma. About the same time, the Minnesota tribes were obliged to make treaties with the new white settlers. They hoped to forestall white intrusions onto their lands with treaties signed in what they thought was good faith. The Sioux occupied most of Minnesota, and they were nearest to most of the white settlements along the Mississippi and Minnesota Rivers. The Sioux incurred the earliest injustices and broken promises, and

stored up their outrages. In 1862, the proud Sioux went on the warpath. The event was one of the greatest tragedies in American history, and the largest white massacre by Indians. It was the opening act of the Great Plains Indians wars, which ended twenty eight years later at Wounded Knee, South Dakota.

The Minnesota Sioux were comprised of seven clans, called the Woodland Sioux by the Sioux of the plains. The Minnesota clans were viewed by their western cousins as not as warlike, therefore inferior, a chilling thought considering the bloodbaths set off between the northern Minnesota Chippewa and the Woodland Sioux clans. After the Uprising, the surviving Sioux fled west into Dakota Territory, others escaped north into Canada. Those captured were herded onto reservations. Their reputation as weaklings was exonerated, and the Santee Sioux refugees were welcomed by their cousins as heroes. With the Sioux came the seeds of future wars, and the story of Chief Little Crow of the Santee Lakota (Sioux) spread throughout all the western tribes. After the Civil War, when the U.S. Army was sent to enforce or alter existing treaties, the western tribes were prepared.[1]

There are thousands of early firsthand accounts of the Sioux as absolutely merciless. Like the eastern tribes of the previous century, such as the Shawnee, Iroquois and Miami (Sioux cousins), they raided, scalped, marauded and tortured captives for entertainment and religious purposes. The ultimate test of a warrior was in the glory of battle. To steal horses, take scalps, and count coup[2] earned the glory of eagle feathers and status in the tribe. The Sioux were proud of war; they avidly passed down grudges through the generations, and eagerly expunged prehistoric outrages by wiping out an entire enemy settlement. Even though the tribes recognized each other as brothers in religion and kinship, they ruthlessly protected their hunting grounds and tribal honor from unwanted intruders. If any restraint were shown, it was towards the whites. The Sioux recognized the white men had greater powers and resources. By the early 1800's, most Americans had experienced at least a generation near Indians, or had a basic knowledge of native customs and behavior. The mid 1800's was notable for a huge surge of European immigrants. Most new settlers in Minnesota were of foreign birth; Germans, Scandinavians and Irish. The traditions and behavior of the Indians confused and frightened them.

The early white settlers and trappers of Minnesota dismissed the local Sioux as a loosely organized horde without much intelligence, and certainly no match for a local militia. The cavalier white attitude eventually cost lives and property. The Sioux were a proud and sophisticated tribe; they defended their honor with blood, and they understood intricate planning and battlefield tactics. Colonel George Armstrong Custer, among others, paid a dear price for underestimating the Sioux. [3] Sitting Bull, the most famous of all Sioux chiefs, observed the

1. See Appendix D for Little Crow.

2. Counting coup was to face off with an enemy in defiance, or to strike an enemy in battle with a war club. The object was to disgrace the enemy in public, which was worse than death. Coup was coined by the early French traders, meaning in French a blow or unexpected and successful stroke.

white style of fighting. He pronounced the U.S. Army inferior. He said a difference between Indians and the white men as warriors was the whites wanted to die. He observed the white soldiers took a stand to defend a position, whereas an Indian only cared about the position as protection. The goal of a warrior was to defend life and kill the enemy. Sitting Bull observed the pitched battles staged by the whites, with orderly formations and rows of soldiers and cavalry. He considered formal battle lines suicidal. The whites considered the Indian style of hit-and-run, and battle by stealth as cowardice. The Sioux designed their battle tactics to fit the situation, as observed by Judge Flandreau, the man in charge of defending New Ulm in the battle of August 19, 1862:

> ".... it was one of the most skillful manoevers they ever witnessed. The Indians in large force approached in a column, and at the entrance spread out like a fan, surrounding the town on three sides - the river bounding it on the north. The military men, who, even in the face of the danger surrounding them, could not but admire the manner in which it was executed."[1]

The Sioux understood the psychology of warfare. They knew if they broke the courage of their adversary before the battle, the war was won before the first arrow was shot. They painted their faces and bodies, as well as their horses, to appear as the embodiment of their protective spirits, and display their status as warriors, much like an army officer's ribbons and medals. They unnerved their enemies before the battle with animal cries, war whoops and taunts. They demonstrated their personal valor by dashing out in front of the battle line, or sneaking up to the enemy lines. Nobody who valued their hair doubted a Sioux warrior's resolve to die in the glory of battle. When an Indian announced it was a good day to die; he meant it. In the September 6 issue of the Mankato *Record*, Judge Flandreau noted:

> "White men fight under a great disadvantage the first time they engage Indians. There is something so fiendish in their yells and terrifying in their appearance when in battle, that it takes a good deal of time to overcome the unpleasant sensation it inspires."

Like most Indian tribes, the Sioux rarely made exceptions killing women and children on a raid. The whites were horrified; they had an idea their noncombatants should be spared the carnage of war. However, the whites rarely practiced their morality when they attacked Indian villages. To any Indian, women and children were as much an enemy as an armed warrior. They were the economic and population producers, and the elimination of the passive element of an enemy tribe meant an easy extinction. The Indians occasionally took hostages, and killed fewer white captives than they were accused. They recognized the whites

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3. Sitting Bull defeated Custer at the Battle of the Little Big Horn, June 24, 1876. Sitting Bull's raids and battle strategies are studied at the U.S. Army Academy at West Point.

1. The Mankato *Record*, August 30, 1862 issue.

became inordinately angry and vengeful when their families were captured or killed. Besides, there were too many whites to eliminate completely.

According to Mary Fitzpatrick, the hanging of the Sioux, December 26, 1862, was "a black page in the history books". It was a chapter out of volumes of black pages in the westward migration of white people. When tribes were moved off their lands to reservations considered by other tribes as their own, they created bloody hunting rights and cultural clashes. The once mighty Winnebagos lived near the Mullins at Duck Lake; they were a tribe moved out of Wisconsin, then Iowa, and settled on a reservation in Waseca and Blue Earth Counties. The Winnebagos were distant cousins of the nearby Sioux. They were considered intruders by the whites, who wanted their good farm land, and by the Imperial Sioux, who made a point of cowering the Winnebagos whenever they saw fit.

The Europeans had poor attitudes towards the native peoples from the beginning. The English settlement of Jamestown (1607) was wiped out partly due to hostilities with the native peoples, and Champlain's blunders with the Iroquois almost eliminated French presence north of the Delaware River. The reservation and annuity systems developed during George Washington's tenure as President pauperized the Indians. They were restricted to unsuitable land within cramped boundaries, and assigned resident agents and supervisors to oversee the treaties and govern the tribes. The agents were under orders to usurp Indian traditions by converting them into Christian farmers. The Santee Sioux war chief, Wanditanka (Big Eagle), said:

> "The whites were always trying to make the Indians give up their life and live like white men - go to farming, work hard and do as they did - and the Indians did not know how to do that, and did not want to anyway... If the Indians had tried to make the whites live like them, the whites would have resisted, and it was the same way with many Indians."[1]

The reservation system allowed for exploitation by unscrupulous traders, agents, missionaries and settlers. Indians were cheated out of their land, fur and hunting rights. They were subjected to alien white values, morality and diseases. In a short time, the once proud and independent tribes became an impoverished adjunct to the nearby trading post or Indian agency, reliant on handouts and the late or never-arriving annuity payments of gold and trade goods. The shady reputation of the Indian agents and traders was no secret, but political patronage protected many of the rascals, often at the expense of the local settlers, who suffered Indian reprisals.

> "The Sioux are pensioners upon the Government to the amount of $150,000 yearly; while the Winnebagoes are the recipients of about $60,000. These large sums of money pass through the hands of the Superintendent and agents yearly, and our Indian system is so defective that dishonest officials can, without the fear of detection, appropriate from one-tenth to one-fifth annually to their own private

1. *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* - Dee Brown.

> fortunes. Here is the secret of the extraordinary wealth acquired by these officials in a few years. A political and financial bankrupt may receive the position of Sioux or Winnebago agent, at a salary of $1,500, spend yearly twice that amount, and at the end of his four years' term, retire with from $50,000 to $100,000."[1]

Indian agents exerted tremendous political influence. They had the power to subcontract goods and services to their reservations. The dishonest agents skimmed annuity payments, and laundered stolen merchandise through local merchants and traders. The crooked agents were despairingly labeled the *Moccasin Influence* by angry locals. They were blamed for inciting the Indians, and for refusing to support the removal of the tribes to more distant reservations. In the October 25 issue of the *Record*, there was a scathing indictment of agency fraud. Included was a list of goods allotted to the Sioux, and a corresponding list of goods received, which was nearly half. In adjacent columns on the same page, there were a series of public notices. One was an announcement placed by a local general store. They just received a new shipment of dry goods and hardware, "...offered to the public for unbelievably low costs, at Eastern prices."

Agents and Indian traders figured as long as the tribes were limited to a reservation, they were in no position to complain when they were cheated and starved due to the slow delivery of their treaty merchandise and annuity payments. The yearly annuity payment to the Sioux was due July 1, 1862, but nothing appeared. The Sioux waited until August, and there was still no sign of the annuity, nor a commitment for a late payment. The excuse was the Federal Government was at war with the Confederacy, and the Treasury Department didn't have time to fool around with inconsequential Indian annuities. The Sioux in Minnesota were not the only tribe to be cheated by the Federal Government. The truth was the U.S. Government was short of cash, and dipped into the money set aside to fund tribal annuity payments to pay for the Union Army. The Sioux were unable to buy food and supplies, nor could they hunt sufficient game for their families on their narrow strip of a reservation on the Minnesota River. It was already fall, and they were faced with a winter of starvation. The Indians complained, but the Sioux Agent, and short-lived wit, Andrew Myrick, had the bad taste to publicly announce the Sioux could eat grass or their own dung, for all he cared. The Sioux made a point of paying a call on Mr. Myrick during the Uprising.

August 17, 1862, a band of Sioux warriors went out to forage for food. They were caught stealing eggs and chickens from a farm near Acton in Meeker County. The result of the confrontation left fifteen family members of two families dead. The Sioux leader, Little Crow (*Ta-oya-te-duta*), wrote General Sibley to explain the reasons for the war:

> "For what reason we have commenced this war I will tell you, it is on account of Major Galbrait, we made a treaty with the Government and beg for what little we do get and then can't get it till our children was dieing with hunger - it was with the

1. Mankato *Record,* September 12, 1862.

> traders that commence Mr. A. J. Myrick told the Indians that they would eat grass or their own dung. Then Mr. Forbes told the lower Sioux that (they) were not men then Robert he was making with his friends how to defraud us of our money, if the young braves have push the white man I have done this myself. So I want you to let the Governor Ramsey know this. I have great many prisneer women and children it ain't all our fault the Winnebagoes was in the engagement, two of them was killed. I want you to give me answer by the bearer all at present. (His mark) Little Crow"[1]

After the warriors returned from Acton, they reported directly to their chiefs. The Sioux feared retribution from the whites and their soldiers, and Little Crow was chosen to sort out the dilemma. The younger men wanted war, a chance to show themselves as warriors, and to amass glory by slaughtering the whites out of the entire territory to reclaim their land and dignity. Others wanted to gain stature within the entire Sioux confederation, and exonerate their reputation as weaklings for making treaties and allowing the whites to take away their hunting grounds. (The plains Sioux had yet to feel the sting of treaties and the loss of their lands.) The Minnesota Sioux clans knew if they had a chance, they had better act before the whites gathered their forces. The Sioux also knew Minnesota was poorly protected, since the whites sent most of their soldiers south to fight their brothers. The pride and bravado of the younger men forced their hesitant leaders into war.

Little Crow had an innate wisdom of the vulnerability of the Indian surviving near whites. He was reluctant for the war, and foresaw the demise of his people. Rather than live with the shame of being accused of cowardice, and lose his position as chief, Little Crow agreed to lead the uprising. He was quoted to have said:

> "The whitemen are like locust, when they fly so thick the whole sky is a snowstorm... Yes, they fight among themselves, but if you strike at one of them, they will all turn upon you and devour you and your women and children, just as the locust in their time fall on the trees and devour all the leaves in one day. You are fools. You will die like the rabbits when the hungry wolves hunt them in the hard moon..."[2]

Since July 1 (due date for the annuity payment), squabbles increased between the local farmers and Indians. The Sioux were angry, and the whites kept their rifles handy when Indians were seen in the neighborhood. Before word of the incident at Acton spread, the Sioux went on the war path. Their lightning-quick mobilization caught everyone off guard. The

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1. Ibid. Major Galbraith presented the Treaty of Traverse de Sioux, 1851; Mr. Forbes was Agent Myrick's predecessor, and Roberts was a crooked agency trader. The implication of the Winnebagos was a bit of creative editing on the part of the *Record* to stir up hysteria. The Winnebagos were nowhere near Acton, nor did they participate in any Sioux raid.

2. *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* - Dee Brown. A hard moon was a full moon in winter.

morning after Acton, the Sioux attacked and overwhelmed the Lower Sioux Agency, and the next day they went on to attack Redwood Landing. There was widespread panic; people abandoned their farms, and ran for cover to nearby towns and stockades. Every able-bodied man in southern Minnesota mobilized for home guard duty, and within a few weeks, they were reinstated into State Militia units. Patrick Mullin and the Murtaugh men were among the Jamestown contingent stationed at the St. Peter stockade.

> "We learned that the citizens of Jamestown have organized a military company numbering sixty men, for home protection, and are erecting fortifications. This course has been rendered necessary from the fact that Winnebago Indians are constantly roaming through their town, and when opportunities offer commit depredations upon the property of settlers. We would advise Winnebagoes to give a wide berth to the Jamestown company, otherwise some of them may get their feelings hurt."[1]

Governor Ramsey petitioned President Lincoln to defer Minnesota men from the State conscription quota for home protection. President Lincoln excused the new recruits of Minnesota from service in the Civil War until the Uprising was over. When the regular Minnesota forces were organized, our relatives signed up with a volunteer cavalry unit called the Mounted Rangers. They were ordered out to chase after the Sioux. The closest our Minnesotan Civil War heroes came to Robert E. Lee's Confederate States Army was patrol duty on the Iowa/Minnesota border near Albert Lea.

August 20, two days after attacking the Lower Sioux and Redwood Landing Agencies, the Sioux went after Fort Ridgely, the gateway to St. Paul and hub of the State. Little Crow figured (correctly) if the Sioux wiped out the fort, they could sweep to the Mississippi River, and secure a strong position to take the rest of the State. Confederate General "Stonewall" Jackson could not have had a better plan for a small, mobile fighting force. August 23, a splinter group of warriors decided to leave Little Crow's force for a couple days of rest and relaxation to plunder nearby New Ulm. Little Crow knew he could not take the fort without a full complement of warriors, but it was tribal custom any man could decide for himself what he wanted to do in war, even over the wishes of his chief. Little Crow's depleted force could not take the fort. He held the siege a few more days, then relinquished his position. The Sioux lost their advantage.

New Ulm was poorly prepared and hardly defensible. It sprawled along the Minnesota River bank, with businesses and houses widely dispersed. The Sioux burned and plundered most of the town, and by nightfall, August 24, the townspeople prepared to make a last stand from the brick post office building. Judge Flandreau took charge of the defenses, and ordered

1. Mankato *Record,* October 11, 1862. The new fortifications were at Marysburg, a mile north of Duck Lake. Jamestown was not a town, rather a development of adjoining farms north of the Winnebago reservation. The nearest towns were Marysburg, St. Peter and Waterford.

the burning of remaining structures in the line of fire to deprive the Indians of convenient cover. During the night, 1,200 women, children, old people, and the wounded were loaded onto the remaining wagons, and slipped out of town. They raced twenty miles east for the safety of Mankato.[1]

> "Sunday was the gloomiest day in Mankato since the outbreak. Martial law was proclaimed, families deserted their houses to seek shelter in the fortified buildings, armed men were constantly seen parading the streets, reports that the little garrison at New Ulm was surrounded by flames and hundreds of Indians, rumors of a threatened attack by combined Sioux and Winnebago forces, - all combined to excite and terrify people. In the evening, not less than twenty five loads of men, women and children deserted town to seek safety elsewhere."[2]

Several men deserted during the night, but most stayed in town to put up a stand to slow up the anticipated final attack, and to give everybody in the surrounding countryside a few extra hours to evacuate for Mankato. The next morning, they awaited the final fight, but it never happened. The Sioux had enough plunder, cattle, and horses to satisfy their purposes at New Ulm. They left in the night. The newspapers lauded the brave men of New Ulm as victors over the heinous savages, and there were numerous heroic accounts of the action from second and third hand observations. In their personal diaries, most of the defenders thought they would never see another day. A few men admitted they doubted their courage when faced with death at the hands of a painted Sioux warrior.

Panic was widespread, no thanks to publications like the *Record* and the St. Paul *Pioneer*. The papers eagerly spread rumors and erroneous reports to stir up distrust and hatred for all Indians. The frightened Winnebagos tried their best to keep a low profile.

> "It is a settled fact that this section of the State will lose a large portion of its population in consequence of the recent massacres. Men are actuated to this course by a desire for the peace and safety of their families which cannot be guaranteed to them so long as a large part of our territory is owned and occupied by savages. It will be folly to attempt to restore public confidence so long as there is a hostile Indian within our State limits, and not until they are totally exterminated or driven beyond our boundary and our frontier guarded by a line of forts - a sure barrier to further depredations - will peace and prosperity again smile upon us...The cruelties perpetrated by the Sioux nation in the past two weeks demand that our Govern-

1. The Sioux rarely attacked after dark, a time when unfriendly spirits were afoot.

2. Mankato *Record,* August 30, 1862 issue. Also in the issue was another notice: "When it was determined to evacuate New Ulm, a quantity of Strychnine was sent for and put into three barrels of whiskey and a quantity of brown sugar and flour. The Indians, we regret to say, did not taste any of these articles." During earlier Indian wars, it was common practice for the army and fleeing settlers to leave behind blankets used by people infected with small pox, another effective way to eliminate a hostile tribe.

ment shall treat them for all time to come as outlaws, who have forfeited all right to property and life. They must cease to be the wards of the Government, and their whole possessions and annuities converted into a fund to remunerate, so far as money will do so, for the depredations already committed...We want no more treaties or compromises. Minnesota must either be a Christian land or a savage hunting ground - either the white man must exercise undisputed sway or the Indian - the two races can never live peacefully and prosperously together again."

The same issue reported Governor Ramsey's speech to the State legislature:

"So entirely have they (Sioux) destroyed all confidence among out people in the securities of life and property in the neighborhood of Indians, that as much as many might regret it, it will doubtless be necessary sooner or later to remove the Winnebagoes, now dwelling in the heart of our most populous and beautiful agricultural districts, beyond the borders of the State."[1]

During the days of siege at Fort Ridgely and New Ulm, the Sioux sent out raiding parties to kill all white settlers they could catch. Farm families ran for their lives; those left behind were killed, and a few taken captive. Several people were stranded on the prairie without a way into town, or wounded and left for dead along the road, in their yards and fields. There were harrowing accounts of children found wandering alone on the prairie, and wounded people obliged to walk twenty or thirty miles to the nearest settlement. The entire State was in terror, and people bolted at the slightest rumor of nearby Indians. Laverne Madigan Folstrom related in her family history the Winnebagos warned the Jamestown families the Sioux planned to attack all of southern Minnesota once they were through with New Ulm. The Jamestown families stampeded for the St. Peter blockhouse, three miles to the north. Little eight year old Mary Ann Mullin was one of several barefooted Jamestown children to run for the blockhouse. It was August, and shoes weren't wasted on children in good weather. Mary Fitzpatrick told a story of an old man in the family who left his rifle at his house when the family ran for the blockhouse. He turned back to fetch his rifle, and was caught and scalped by the Sioux. From the records found of the summer of 1862, Thomas Murtaugh Sr. was the only old man missing. He was in his late sixties, and died in July, a month before the Uprising. The Minnesota Historical people say they are pretty sure there were no raids as far into Blue Earth County as Duck Lake, but they also admit their casualty records are sketchy.

August 27, the 6th Minnesota Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Crooks; a company of Mounted Volunteers, under Colonel Samuel McPhail; a few of the 7th Minnesota Volunteers, and several local militias joined up at St. Peter. They made a force of 1,400, and marched off to relieve of Fort Ridgely. There were not too many Jamestown volunteers in the expedition. They were left to guard the county, and watch the nearby Winnebagos. The soldiers marched to the fort without incident. Little Crow was not about to engage the large

1. Mankato *Record,* August 30, 1862 issue.

relief force, so he and his warriors slipped away in the night.

The relief of Fort Ridgely was not the end of the hostilities; the Sioux still roamed the State. September 6, 1862, Governor Ramsey petitioned President Lincoln for reinforcements. The North was losing the Civil War, and Lincoln had no troops to spare, but he managed to send Major General John Pope to Minnesota. Most people were hopeful of Federal troops, and some were pleased to get an important General, the ex-Commander of the Army of the Potomac. The local newspapers were conspicuously quiet about Pope's qualifications to lead a campaign. It was no secret a transfer of a ranking officer to the frontier was punishment for some indiscretion or ineptitude, tantamount to the end of his career. Nevertheless, Pope took his position seriously, and he did a first-rate job organizing and executing a punitive campaign against the Sioux.

There were fierce battles at the Upper Agency, and September 23 at Woods Lake, the Sioux were routed. On September 30, Little Crow attacked Fort Abercrombie on the North Dakota/Minnesota line, but the Sioux didn't persist. They slipped away from the pursuing soldiers. After September 30, there were no more major engagements, only the terrifying raids on isolated farms and settlements. October 4, General Pope wrote to the General-in Chief in Washington, Henry W. Halleck, and announced the Sioux War was over. Governor Ramsey informed President Lincoln the same. The reaction from the newspapers and populace was livid. Ramsey and Pope were charged with compromising the security of the State, and undermining public confidence. Pope and Ramsey immediately back-peddled their decision to send all regular troops to the Civil War, and promised to keep most units at their posts:

> "...to restore confidence to a people panic-stricken at the awful outrages but recently perpetrated by the Sioux."[1]

Since the State had quieted down, somewhat, Henry H. Sibley replaced General Pope as commander of the Military District of Minnesota. He personally supervised the garrisoning of troops at various posts from Fort Abercrombie on the Red River, to Albert Lea near the Iowa border. Soldiers patrolled designated areas to guard against Indian raids, but mostly to prevent opportunistic people from looting deserted farms and settlements.

By November, 2,000 Sioux were rounded up and put in detention camps. Three hunderd ninety two warriors were put on trial for murder in front of a military court at the Lower Agency. The proceedings were lividly covered by the Minnesota newspapers. The reporters howled for retribution; the exile of all Indian families, and the immediate execution of the convicted 392 warriors. The prosecutors and spectators tried to intimidate the warriors into pleading for their lives, but the Sioux had a dignified approach to the spectacle. When their sentence was read in their own language:

1. Mankato *Record*, October 25 issue.

> "...The occasion was one of much solemnity to the persons present, though but very little emotion was manifested by the Indians... All listened attentively, and at the conclusion of each sentence indulged their usual grunt or signal of approval... Several Indians smoked their pipes composedly during the reading, and we observed one in particular who, when the time of execution was designated, quietly knocked the ashes from his pipe and filled it fresh with his favorite kinnekinick; while another was slowly rubbing a pipe-full of the same article in his hand, preparatory to a good smoke."[1]

The press tacitly condoned mob action. When the sentences were slowed up by due process, the press accused the bureaucrats and military of forcing the good people of Minnesota "to think of despicable acts to see justice done". The condemned Indians were taken to Camp Lincoln at South Bend (outside Mankato) to await sentencing. The people of Mankato threatened to riot and lynch the whole lot, so the condemned were moved to a defensible storehouse in downtown Mankato.

General Pope was hesitant to affix his name to the largest mass hanging in United States history. He decided to send the warrants to Washington and let President Lincoln do the dirty deed. Lincoln had plenty on his mind at the time, especially with the Confederates poised to invade Washington. He demanded to see the files for each convicted Indian, and made a personal review of each case. The Minnesotans were livid at the delay, but Lincoln wrote to Governor Ramsey that he would not:

> "... be party to a lynching within the forms of martial law."

Lincoln added he considered the Indians prisoners of war, an astute decision which set the precedent to prevent a blood bath after the Civil War. After several weeks, Lincoln signed death warrants for the Indians convicted of killing defenseless civilians or committing rape. The list was trimmed down to thirty nine to die December 19. The dispatch from Washington was late, and the hanging was put off until December 26. One Indian was reprieved, and thirty eight were hanged in the Mankato town square. The hanging remains the largest execution in American history. The relatives of the condemned Indians requested their bodies returned to the tribe to be interred according to Sioux customs. The authorities denied their request, and the bodies were buried in a shallow mass grave on the banks of the Minnesota River. Within hours the medical people and souvenir hunters dug up the corpses. Dr. William Mayo and his sons learned osteology from the skeleton of Chief Cut Nose.

Governor Ramsey cancelled all annuity payments ($2,000,000), both past due and in the future. He ordered the Sioux and suspected collaborators out of the State. The order extended to the Winnebagos. It was widely known the Winnebagos were not participants in the

1. Mankato *Record,* December 26 issue. Kinnekinick, an Algonquian word (akin to the Sioux), is/was the dried leaves of sumac, silky cornel and the inner bark of dogwood, in whatever combination was available or preferred by the smoker.

Uprising, although a handful of half-Winnebago renegades were implicated in a couple of the Sioux engagements. The Winnebagos were in a sorry position. Their reservation was surrounded by trigger-happy white farmers, and the poor Indians were frightened to leave their villages. At the same time, the Sioux pressured them to participate or suffer future reprisals. The Winnebagos were suspected by the whites as active allies of the Sioux, and the Sioux jeered them as weaklings and cowards for toadying after the whites. May of 1863, the Winnebagos were gathered at their agency headquarters at St. Clair, and marched off to Fort Randall on the Missouri River in Dakota Territory. Before they left their reservation, their land was advertised in the local papers for auction, with a minimum bid of $2.00 and acre. The State of Minnesota had no business advertizing the sale Federal land before the surveyors arrived, nor could they legally usurp the Homestead Act, which set Federal land at $1.25 per acre. The promoters claimed the Winnebago land was near developed properties, and therefore worth more. Only the edges of the reservation adjoined white farm land, but those details were ignored. By the time Federal surveyors arrived to mark off the Winnebago reservation, settlers were already on the land.

Most of the Sioux were rounded up and marched off to reservations and detention centers, but several thousand escaped into Canada and sanctuary with other western tribes. In 1863, it was estimated over 800 Lower Agency Sioux and 4,000 Upper Agency Sioux roamed Dakota Territory and lived with related Sioux tribes, like the Yankaton and Yanktonai. The Sioux were still considered a threat to Minnesota settlers, so plans were made to chase them down. May of 1863, General Sibley led six companies out of Fort Snelling to join the main body of troops at Camp Pope, twenty five miles beyond Fort Ridgely. Patrick Mullin and the Murtaughs enlisted for a year with the Mounted Rangers (November 5, 1862 to November of 1863). Their company joined the others on General Sibley's march.

There was a thin line of settlements along the Minnesota and Mississippi Rivers, but in 1862 and 1863, they were mostly abandoned due to fear of marauding Indians. 1863 was pre-railroads times in those parts, and all provisions had to be hauled by wagon and pack mule from St. Paul and Minneapolis. The campaign was held up until there was enough grass on the plains to support the horses and mules. Armies not only marched on their stomachs, they also marched on horse fodder. The drought of 1862 continued into 1863, and the plains of Minnesota and Dakota were parched. Lakes and streams dried up, and the few left were reduced to alkaline mud holes. Soldiers had to dig ten to twelve feet into muddy riverbeds to find drinkable water. The foul water caused sickness with the troops and weaken the animals. The camp dogs, which were allowed to accompany the expedition, died of thirst or were shot to put them out of their misery. To top off the privations, lightning-induced prairie fires raged in the uplands late into June, and burned up what grass remained. The army was forced to slow down, reroute around the blazes, and search out suitable country to provide for their animals. The drought and fires made game scarce, and the soldiers could not supplement the quartermaster's rations by hunting rabbits, antelope, deer or buffalo.

A typical day started with reveille at 2:00 AM. Dawn was early in northern latitudes in the summer (3:30 AM), and everyone was expected to be on the trail by daybreak. The day's march couldn't go beyond noon, since the rest of the day was needed to find forage for the

livestock from what could be scoured up in the marshes and lowlands. The animals could not be set out to graze at night, for fear the Indians might steal them, so they were tied to picket ropes. Once again the cavalry soldiers went out to find and cut more grass. After the animals were settled for the night, the soldiers sat down to the culinary delights of a plug of dry hard tack, fried salt pork, beans cooked in alkaline water, alkaline coffee, and a smoke if they had them. Everyone but the camp guards sat in the camaraderie of good fellowship around aromatic campfires made out of dried buffalo chips.[1] During the night, the soldiers were assigned picket duty, including the cavalry. A foot soldier may not have had the privilege of riding during the day, but he didn't have to look after the horses into the night plus stand his watch.

The Sioux were reasonably well-armed with the trading gun of the day, a breech-loaded rifle, as well as what they picked up on raids and in battle. Many warriors retained their bows, arrows, and war clubs in addition to their guns. The bow and arrow were made of light wood, usually pine or spruce, and arrows were tipped with iron bought from the trading posts. With velocity, an arrow could pass through a man's body. At close range, the bow and arrow were far more effective than a rifle or revolver. The Sioux were extremely accurate, and could shoot off arrows with great rapidity. Whenever possible, the western soldiers avoided close combat with the Indians.

The drought conditions did not slow the Sioux in retreat as much as the soldiers. The Indians had generations of experience in the plains country, and they knew which routes to take to protect themselves and their horses. They traveled light, and even with the women and children in tow, they covered great distances in a matter of days. Sibley planned to move out quickly to sneak up on the Sioux. When the expedition finally left, June 16, it formed a column five miles long, with over 200 wagons to carry provisions for ninety days. It is highly doubtful the Sioux were surprised; the long line of foot soldiers, wagons and cavalry stood out like a dusty rooster tail on the stark, dry prairie.

The expedition was a two-pronged punitive foray into Dakota Territory. Its purpose was to encircle the fleeing Sioux. A column led by Sibley marched northward from Fort Ridgely; General Alfred Sully's force moved up the Missouri River from Fort Randall. They planned to meet at Devil's Lake. Sibley massed 3,300 men, including our Mounted Rangers, at Camp Pope near present day Redwood Falls. Attached to the force was a battery of light artillery, and seventy scouts composed of Chippewas and half-breeds. They took the job to get even with the Sioux. After a month's march through the drought-ridden plains, Sibley's army reached a point forty miles south east of Devil's Lake, a base called Camp Atchison. Sibley learned 600 lodges[2] of Sioux left Devil's Lake, and they were heading for the Missouri River.

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1. Definitely *not* a product of Frito-Lay Corporation.

2. Lodges were how white people described Indian abodes, whether they were hogans, tepees or wickiups. It was a crude way of figuring out how many Indians lived in a given area.

July 20, 2,300 men, including the Mounted Rangers, set out after the Sioux. Sibley caught up with them a few days later. He halted the column and camped, while the Sioux watched from a nearby range of hills. A group of six Sioux warriors stationed on the highest hill, called Big Mound (near Kidder, North Dakota), rode towards the soldier camp. They were not on a social call; it was on a quest of valor to show their intention to fight, and gain coup for facing off with a formidable enemy. There was a great deal of haranguing and waving of guns between both sides. A shot was fired, and the surgeon with the Mounted Rangers fell over dead. The soldiers opened fire, and the Sioux attacked. 1,500 Sioux fought all day, then retreated west during the night. The Sioux were similarly routed at Dead Buffalo Lake, July 26, and two days later at Stony Lake (northeast of present Driscoll, North Dakota).

**Sioux Campaign:** *The Mounted Rangers stood guard and patrolled during the winter of 1862/1863. June of 1863, they were ordered out on the Sibley Expedition to chase down the Sioux. The following year, Colonel Sully traveled as far as the Yellowstone River searching for the Sioux.*

Sibley reported Stony Lake was the greatest conflict between his troops and the Indians. He did not realize in each instance his soldiers were not fighting a war party, rather a body of hunters whose major concern was to delay the soldiers while their families crossed the Missouri River to the safety of no-man's land in the Dakotas. Only one of Sibley's soldiers was killed, other than the surgeon, and Sibley estimated 120 to 150 dead Sioux. The Indians suffered a great loss of utensils and equipment in several hasty retreats towards the Missouri River. When the remaining Sioux finally found refuge with cousin tribes, they were not only beaten out of their land, they were also hungry and destitute. July 29, the day after Stony

Lake, Sibley reached the Missouri River (near present day Bismarck) to await Sully. He waited two days, and decided he could stay no longer due to his supplies running low. He marched back to Fort Snelling, and arrived September 13, 1863. Sully was delayed by low water in the Missouri River, and when his supply barges ran aground in the shallows. At several places on the river, the barges had to be unloaded to lighten the draft to clear sand bars; the baggage was hauled up stream by the men, then reloaded in deeper water. Sully missed his rendezvous with Sibley by a whole month. Not wishing to come back empty-handed, Sully took a southeasterly route to track a Sioux hunting party. He arrived at Whitestone Hill (now a State park in North Dakota), and found a large Indian camp. The Sioux were caught unprepared; they had no time to break camp and send their women and children to safety. Sully attacked, and the Sioux put up a desperate fight. Sully counted 150 to 200 dead Sioux, including many women and children. According to Samuel J. Brown, a nineteen year old interpreter at the Crow Creek Agency in Missouri, there was a dark cloud on Sully's victory. November 13, 1863, he wrote to his father:

> "I don't think he (Sully) ought to brag of it all because it was, what no decent man would have done. He pitched into their camp and just slaughtered them, worse a great deal that what the Indians did in 1862, he killed very few men and took no hostile ones prisoners, he took some but they were friendly Yanktons, and he let them go again... it is lamentable to hear how those women and children were slaughtered it was a perfect massacre, and now he returns saying that we need fear no more, for he has 'wiped out all hostile Indians from Dakota', if he had killed men instead of women and children, then it would have been a success, and the worse of it, they had no hostile intention whatever..."[1]

Over the next two days, Sully's men spread over the countryside. They destroyed food stores, killed the Indian's ponies, and burned everything the tribe left behind. He dispersed small bands of Sioux, captured others, and returned to base camp on the Missouri with 156 Sioux men, women and children as prisoners. Sully was a great hero in Minnesota. A few years later, he became an influential politician and wealthy land owner. His name was given to a county north of Pierre, the North Dakota State Capitol.

The 1863 expedition was no victory. It drove the main body of Sioux farther from the Minnesota border, and it failed to kill or capture the core of Indian fighting men. Before long a few Sioux wandered back to their old homelands in Minnesota to hunt buffalo and raid isolated farms. They continued to alarm the settlers, and the State legislature ordered out another expedition. General Sully led the next expedition into Dakota Territory in 1864. John Murtaugh rode with General Sully. He reenlisted in the Minnesota 2nd Cavalry after his one year hitch with the Mounted Rangers expired. Two thousand men of the 2nd Cavalry, 8th Infantry, and two sections of the 3rd Battery crossed the Missouri River and established Fort Rice. The

1. *The Sioux Uprising of 1862* - Kenneth Carley.

climax of the expedition was at Killdeer Mountain (southeast of present-day Watford City in northeast North Dakota). July 28, 1864, Indians from about 1,600 lodges watched the soldiers approach. The Sioux made an unfortunate error with their overconfidence; they thought victory was guaranteed by their overwhelming numbers. They allowed their women and children to remain behind to watch the glory of their men in battle. The 3rd Battery (John Mullin's outfit) was ordered up front, and they set loose the Howitzers on the Sioux.[1] The Sioux fought until sundown, then retreated. They left everything behind, including most of their dogs and horses. Sully lost five men; 100 to 150 Sioux men, women and children were slaughtered when they tried to escape. After Killdeer Mountain, the expedition rode into the Dakota Badlands, and proceeded west to the Yellowstone River in Montana Territory. They returned home to Fort Ridgely on October 8, 1,625 miles later. Further marches were made into Dakota Territory, but no Sioux were encountered. The Minnesota Sioux were given sanctuary with their Sioux and Cheyenne cousins in Dakota, Montana and Wyoming. Several of the Santee Sioux showed up as far south as Colorado, and as far west as the Snake River in Idaho.

Occasionally, a few Sioux would sneak through the frontier defenses. As late as May 2, 1865, near Garden City in Blue Earth County, four members of a family were killed by a Sioux raiding party. The result was a hysteria-incited lynching in Mankato of John L. Campbell. He was a half-breed Sioux, and only a suspect in the incident. Campbell was another black page in Minnesota history. Several forts were garrisoned as late as 1866, but by then Indian raids ceased, and settlers slowly moved back to their deserted farms. By 1866, the frontier shifted further west. The Dakotas, Montana, and Colorado Territories became the leading edge of white settlements, and hostilities with the neighboring Indians.

One hundred twenty six soldiers and as many as 800 civilians were killed. An exact listing was never made of the civilian deaths, and a modest estimate is 350 dead. There is some confusion over the unaccounted people. Some may have deserted the State during the Uprising, and many others were believed to have been killed and never reported. The loss of Indian lives is unknown. The Sioux didn't care to report their dead, nor for that matter was it their custom to mention the name of a dead person for fear of offending his spirit.

The Sioux Uprising of 1862 was the first major uprising of the Lakota tribes against the white man. It was a blood-spattered memorial to the failure of American Indian policies. After Little Crow came other formidable Sioux and Cheyenne Indian leaders, such as Red Cloud, Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse. Bloody battles at Fort Phil Kearney, the Little Bighorn, and in 1890 at Wounded Knee, brought an end to the era of Indian warfare. The ensuing reservation system brought an end to the Indian way of life on the open prairies and hills of the west.

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1. The Mountain Howitzer was a light, mobile cannon, easily attached to a wagon, caisson, or anchored to a tree trunk. It had a short barrel, shot what looked like a two pound shell, or grapeshot, and it had a good curved range of several hundred yards. The Howitzer was extremely effective. There is a decent exhibit of them at Fort Bowie in Arizona.

From regimental reports, muster, and pension records kept by the State of Minnesota and National Archives, there is a fairly good picture of the activities of our Indian war soldiers. Patrick Mullin and his in-laws, "Big Tim" and John Murtaugh, enlisted November 5, 1862 at Fort Snelling as Privates in Company E of the Mounted Rangers.[1] The mighty warriors of Company E (John, Tim and Patrick) started off in November of 1862 with guard and scout duty at New Ulm. Although the battle of New Ulm was over, people were still panic-stricken. Company E's job was to restore confidence, and guard against looters who prowled the abandoned town and adjoining farms.The Mounted Rangers wintered over in New Ulm area until the spring thaw. May of 1863, they received orders to join the regiment at Camp Pope to form up with the expedition to chase down the Sioux. June 12, they marched to Camp Atchinson, and from there they rode out to engage the Sioux in the Battles of Big Mound, Buffalo Lake and Stony Lake. From Stony Lake they returned to Fort Ridgely, September 5, 1863. They marched south to the Iowa border to scout, and returned to Fort Ridgely September 19. A few days later, they were sent out on patrol to Dipe Lake. The company Captain noted there was over 2,000 miles of marching during the summer, and he added the following notation:

> "...with a miserable outfit, except arms, in all that renders cavalry valuable."

It seemed the quartermaster did not have the best horses to assign to the men; possibly the better animals were given to the Union soldiers to fight in the South. It was more likely the army contractors sold the army inferior mounts. When the company was formed and outfitted, the mustering officer noted:

> "the horses inferior, thereby weakening the efficiency of the Company."

It wasn't long after Sibley marched out on the parched prairie before the poor animals suffered from exposure and weakness for want of decent water and forage. They became nearly useless and slowed the expedition. Not only were Company E's marches long and trying, so was their morale. Before the Company left on the expedition, a special muster report was submitted April 11, 1863. It stated the Captain of Company E was placed under arrest by Lieutenant Colonel Pfander, Commander of the Mounted Rangers, upon charges preferred by two Sergeants of the Company. By the time the report was received, the Captain was already released and ordered back to active duty by order of Colonel Stephen Miller of the Minnesota Volunteers. The Captain was charged with mustering falsely (December 31 and February 28) a man who was mustered by another officer, and caught by a third officer. Apparently, the man joined both Companies E and M, and it was up to the Captains to keep

1. I didn't look into the records of Patrick's brothers, John and Michael. John was from St. Paul, served in the 3rd Artillery, and fought at Killdeer Mountain. He mustered out at Fort Snelling July 20, 1865. Another of the Mullin in-laws, John W. Murtaugh from Albert Lea, enlisted October 31, 1862 with Company H of the Mounted Rangers.

track of their men to prevent the dishonest from collecting pay from two sources. The Company Sergeants ratted on their Captain. After his release, the Company's Captain went on to complain his arrest caused:

> "...abatement in the discipline of the Company as every private believes he has but to forward charges and I will be arrested and relieved from command. I therefore state with much regret that discipline is bad at this time in this company."

John Murtaugh was promoted to Corporal; the others remained Privates. At the end of his hitch with the Mounted Rangers, John Murtaugh joined the 2nd Minnesota Cavalry, and he was paid a cash bounty of $160. He was assigned the rank of Sergeant, probably as an incentive to join the 2nd, and for his experience as a Corporal with the Mounted Rangers. The 2nd Cavalry was under the command of General Sully, and they spent their time on the trail chasing the Sioux in Dakota Territory. The 2nd Cavalry was initially stationed at Fort Snelling. They were transferred to South Bend, then a couple months later to Mankato. From Mankato they were ordered out onto the frontier via Fort Ridgely to Camp Vengeance, the first of several forays into Dakota Territory to hunt down the Sioux. Regimental returns noted confrontations with the Blackfeet and Pawpaw.[1] Neither tribe was friendly with the Sioux, but then they were not partial to white men either. The regiment went to Camp Yellow Bank, and returned to Princeton (a dusty camp in Minnesota, not the Halls of Ivy in New Jersey) and Chengwatoona. From those posts they rode out on forays until September of 1865. The end of September, the entire regiment was marched to Fort Ridgely and mustered out of commission.

A company muster roll recorded the 2nd's movements from Fort Wadsworth, Dakota Territory, October 27, 1864, to Fort Ridgely. They arrived November 4, a distance of 180 miles. On November 10, they marched to Fort Snelling, and arrived November 15, another 120 miles. Along the way, forty enlisted men were detached to Chengwatoona, a distance of seventy two miles. The rest of the company left Fort Snelling November 22 for Princeton, and arrived November 24, another sixty miles. They rode a circuit of close to 400 miles within a month. They crisscrossed and camped out on the scenic, windswept Minnesota prairie during one of its famous winters; not exactly a first class safari.

According to Sergeant John Murtaugh's pension papers, he was 5' 6", with dark complexion (probably a cavalryman's tan), black eyes and dark hair. His wife, Margaret, applied in his name for a pension based on an injury inflicted on him by one of his men, Private Connelly, who for some reason took exception to his Sergeant and knocked him down on his head. Margaret claimed the army never treated the injury, subsequently, John suffered from seizures. Due to the seizures, John spent a short time in the St. Peter Insane Asylum, and from then on he was declared legally incompetent. His wife was made legal guardian of him, his children, their property and his pension.[2] From other family accounts, John was quite intel-

1. See Chapter 9 for the Blackfeet and Pawpaw.

ligent and competent, other than when he had seizures.

John died November 9, 1887. He was walking near the tracks of the Canyon Valley line (the Wisconsin, Minnesota and Pacific) near his home at Madison Lake, and was struck by a passing train. It is possible he had a seizure, but nobody noted a reason at the time. Tragedy hit the family again. On January 20, 1895, Margaret died, followed a couple days later by her youngest daughter, Katie. No cause was given, but it sounded like they died of one of the numerous Nineteenth Century epidemics, choice items like diptheria or scarlet fever.

"Big Tim" Murtaugh never applied for a pension. Apparently he stayed healthy, or didn't have anything significant happen during his service in the army. [1] The other Indian War pensioner was our own Patrick Michael Mullin. He claimed a saber wound in his right forearm resulted in a useless hand. He also made claims based on a double inguinal hernia, and crippled feet from calluses.[2] There was no mention of how he received the saber wound, but it was not so terrible to cause him to be absent from duty, or prevent him from handling his horse and rifle on the march after the Sioux in 1863. The hernias were documented as the result of falls and hard work on the farm. They were not injuries incurred while in the service of the Mounted Rangers, which meant the military pension system was rather loose. Mary Fitzpatrick said her grandfather, Patrick Mullin, used to walk to the Mayo Clinic fifty miles away, but if he had double inguinal hernias, he probably moved in pain and wore a truss.[3] Patrick probably walked down the road to the Madison Lake station, and rode a train to Rochester.

Mary Fitzpatrick described Patrick Michael Mullin as: "6' 2", and a very sturdy fellow." To a little girl, grandpa Patrick Mullin was a large person, but by his military records, he was 5' 8", with light complexion, blue eyes and light hair. By another family description, he weighed about 150 pounds, whereas his wife, Brigid Murtaugh Mullin, was quite obese. According to Laverne Folstrom, Patrick Mullin:

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2. Seizures, whether injury-related, epileptic or other, were considered insanity in those times. There was a great deal of social stigma, which may have accounted for Mary Fitzpatrick's little sister's (Rubina) confinement at home. Rubina had seizures starting when she was a child.

1. I have no pension records for John or Michael Mullin, nor did I look up the Murtaugh cousin from Albert Lea. The documents are available; I have an index listing for all of them, as well others who may be relatives, should anyone have an interest

2. I wasn't aware the feet were where cavalry soldiers got their calluses.

3. Inguinal hernias were/are serious business and potentially life-threatening. They are the result of internal pressure which forces a piece of the intestines to pop through the abdominal sheath and muscles, much like a child would press on a balloon to force the air into a new bubble. The danger is the bubbled out intestine could pinch off, and result in an agonizing death from gangrene or peritonitis. Abdominal surgery was tricky business in the Nineteenth Century. A marginal remedy was to wear a truss, a tight leather girdle to hold in the rupture, or keep it from extending.

> "... called her 'the little woman'. That wasn't very unusual except that she probably weighed over 200 pounds. She was a good wife, an excellent seamstress and took great care of him as long as he lived. She always wanted him to go to church, but even when he was there in body his mind was roving free. He was a free spirit and not easily domesticated."

Patrick Mullin was born in Ireland, March 14, 1829, and he came to America 1850 or 1851. He was thirty-three years old when he enlisted with the Mounted Rangers. By 1870, Blue Earth County had dozens of Murtaughs and Mullins in residence, but by the time the 1880 Minnesota Census was taken, only few of the families were left in Blue Earth County. Most of the Murtaughs either died out or moved on. Several of the younger Mullins were also gone. In 1885, Patrick and Brigid moved off their farm and started up the Lake House, their hotel in Madison Lake. Patrick's hernia and other disabilities prevented him from hard labor, and by all accounts, his wife, Brigid, took care of most the chores. Within a few years, they closed the hotel and reverted it to their home. Patrick and Brigid lived on his army pension and odd jobs he took around town. Patrick also was a Justice of the Peace, participated in civic affairs, and he was a member of the school board. According to Mary Fitzpatrick, Brigid was confined to her bed after a gall bladder operation, and died in November of 1917. Patrick was eighty-seven years old when Brigid died, and he probably found their large Madison Lake home too much to look after alone. It is unknown if the decision to move was his own, or a consensus of the family, but he took up residence in the Minneapolis Soldiers Home. According to Patrick's military pension file, he fell down a flight of stairs at the home, broke his back, and died May 11, 1918.

CHAPTER 18

# GANDYDANCERS

The history of the Nineteenth Century western expansion of the United States was written on thousands of miles of steel rails. After the Civil War, America experienced phenomenal growth pushed along by a population explosion of new immigrants. Millions of people moved west in search of land, mining and business opportunities. Towns sprang up on the western prairies, in the mountains and along major rivers. Everybody clamored for a transportation system to connect with eastern markets, and the railroads provided the service. The iron horse closed the American frontier in a flash of twenty years.

By 1890, thousands of miles of rail tracks crisscrossed the United States. Railroad water tank stops, trading posts, and cattle yards evolved into small communities, then affluent mercantile centers. Railroad companies blazed a trail of prosperity across the land, but they also left behind mounds of dirty financial and political laundry. No rail line was built as the result of centralized governmental planning, nor were they chartered solely to serve the needs and welfare of the general public. They were private enterprises, built and operated for the benefit of a few, and the detriment of millions of people sucked into their altruistic promotional schemes. Nineteenth Century railroads were the perfect vehicle for a select cadre of influential promoters; outright thieves who amassed power and wealth riding on trains.

After the Civil War, the country slid into another Panic, but enterprising opportunities, legitimate or otherwise, floated around the war-torn and depressed country. Any talented and venturesome entrepreneur would be richly rewarded if he had the nerve to seek out his prey, and exploit the unfortunate and ignorant. A highly lucrative adventure was to scour the war-ravaged Southern States for land and businesses ruined by the Civil War. For pennies a Carpetbagger could pick up a bankrupt business, or for the payment of overdue property taxes he could come away with choice real estate. Another glittering opportunity was to master the

complexities of the promotion of major industrial ventures, like mining, oil fields, steel mills, shipping and railroads. The railroads perfected the art of promotion as an ideal milieu for the generation of wealth. The requirements were a quick mind and no conscience.

The key to railroad promotion was to grab as many perks and concessions as possible, then make off with the proceeds before some meddlesome investigating committee, grand jury, or bilked electorate discovered what was happening under the guise of *forwarding white civilization into the wilderness*. The other part of the business, building and operating the railroad, was considered profitless drudgery. It involved too much management, and profits were diminished with the costs of labor and equipment. A few promoters worked out schemes to squeeze the last dollar out of construction contracts. The formula for promotion was not very complicated, especially since there were few public regulations for incorporation, securing public monies, or for chartering public carriers. The following is a basic outline of how a smart railroad promoter operated:

1. Pick a grandiose name to impress the politicians and businessmen, names like Baltimore and Ohio, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Pacific or Great Northern.
2. Convince State legislatures or the U.S. Government to grant a charter for the line and issue bonds. Usually, the display of a projected construction map was the only requirement, especially if the projection happened to pass near key legislators's land or businesses.
3. Pass out part of the bond issue to legislators and important businessmen to convince them to sanction land grants of alternating sections along the right-of-way, which doubled the land grant. Once the grants were secured, the promoter and his friends were rich before the first tie was put down.
4. Establish a separate land company to manage the land grants, both for sales to settlers, as well as for managing mining and timber rights.
5. Begin construction only after part of the land grants were sold off, cash subsidies obtained from grateful State legislatures, and after bonds were peddled in Europe, where investors were eager to believe prospectuses promising a bonanza in western railroads.
6. Establish a separate company for construction composed of select insiders, so the rails for the new railroad would be laid down at an enormously inflated cost to the holders of the railroad's securities. If a promoter were smart, he still hadn't put up a dime out of his own pocket.
7. When the line was near completion, advertise in Europe and in Eastern cities for people to come out and colonize the railroad right-of-way at easy terms provided by a bank owned by the railroad insiders. If the newcomers's farms failed, the railroad repossessed improved land. If times were tough, and the railroad couldn't peddle their repossessed farms, the securities holders were stuck, since by then the smart promoter sold out his interests and disappeared.

John J. Astor and Cornelius Vanderbilt set the style of American capitalism; the railroad kings perfected the methods. John I. Blair of New Jersey and Russell Sage of New York (later of Minnesota) were master promoters. Sage started his railroad business in Wisconsin, and with backing from his New York associates, he organized the Minnesota and Pacific on a promise to open up the primitive Northwest, and put a line through between St. Paul and Winona, the western side of the Mississippi River. Naturally, Sage expected favors from Minnesota, and he settled for 14,000,000 acres of prime timber and farmland. To sweeten the deal, Sage garnered Minnesota State subsidies and tax exemptions for his railroad.

For no apparent reason, the Minnesota and Pacific plunged into bankruptcy, but not before Sage organized a new company, the St. Paul and Pacific. He diverted Minnesota and Pacific assets to the new company, and the old stockholders were stuck with the liabilities and debts; Sage and his friends skimmed off the cream and became rich. Sage *severed off* 30,000 acres of prime farmland in Stearnes County for his personal estate, a small piece of the land the State of Minnesota ceded to his railroad. Whenever creditors or cheated stockholders went after Sage, he relied on his paid for U.S. Circuit Court Judge, John F. Dillion, to win judgements. When Sage mortgaged stockholders's interests in the railroad for $13,380,000 to a Dutch holding company, and the money mysteriously evaporated, Judge Dillion made sure Sage was not sued or jailed.[1] Judge Dillion went on to more lucrative heights. A few years later, he hired on as counsel for Sage and his new partner, Jay Gould, when they assumed control of the Union Pacific Railroad. Over the years, Sage's money lost its dirty edges. In his old age, the wealthy Russell Sage was a philanthropist and venerable citizen of Minnesota.

Not everybody rolled over for the skullduggery cooked up by railroad promoters, nor could everyone be bought off. Sage had a thorn in his backside by the name of Ignatius Donnelly, a feisty Irish-American from Philadelphia. Donnelly was drawn to Minnesota in 1856 by railroad advertisements, the same year the Mullins and Murtaughs arrived in Jamestown. He bought 800 acres of uncleared land on the Mississippi River below St. Paul, and founded a city he dubbed Nininger. Donnelly was a first rate utopian; he set up his town as an artistic and intellectual center. Donnelly invested all his resources on Sage's promise to bring his railroad to Nininger, and 1,000 people flocked into town. With the Panic of 1857, Sage reneged on his promise to Donnelly, and took his line through nearby Hastings. Within a year the population of Nininger packed up and left, all but Donnelly and his wife. Donnelly was furious.

Ignatius Donnelly was one of the first to speak out against the Robber Barons, powerful industrialists who ruled their empires from their roosts in eastern cities. He was especially a foe of the railroad and banking crooks, and accused them as malignant influences on the national destiny. He was an articulate spokesman for ridding the country of the nefarious monopolies, and he campaigned for social and economic reform. Donnelly exposed the deals and bribery railroads made to appropriate public lands. He claimed absentee landlords, the railroad bosses in New York City, squeezed out the tenants and small farmers in the west. He

1. Sage made off with the equivalent of about $1 billion in today's money.

ran for Governor of Minnesota then for Congress, and lost on both accounts. Despite his disappointing try at politics, he stirred up plenty of dirt in his campaigns. Donnelly took to his pen and spent the rest of his life as a scathing polemicist. He exposed illicit agreements, shady land transfers and political payoffs. Governors, legislators and influential businessmen became sheepish when they conducted business with the railroads, especially when alerted tax payers made embarrassing demands for accountability. Donnelly is most famous for giving impetus to various political movements, like Populism and the National People's Party.

The greatest railroad scheme in Minnesota was put up by the promoters of the Northwestern Railroad, a line chartered in 1854. By slippery dealings with influential friends in Washington D.C., the promoters received their federal land grants in advance. Figure ten sections per mile on each side of the track in States, twenty sections each side in Territories like Minnesota (before 1858).[1] The Northwestern Railroad promoters presented Congress with their planned route from Lake Superior (mining and timber) to the Red River (timber, grazing and farm land), across Dakota and Montana Territories along the Yellowstone River (more timber, farm, grazing and mining). The line crossed the Continental Divide and routed past Missoula, across Idaho to the Columbia River, and west to Puget Sound into Oregon and Washington Territories. When the promoters sent out their teams of surveyors to chart the prospective route, they made detailed notes of the potential of the landscape. Insiders not only made out on the advanced grant, they also bought up choice land adjoining and in the path of the railroad. When the route was finally announced, they graciously offered to sell their properties to the securities holders for a modest profit. Imagine the money the insiders made on that one.

The railroad companies further protected their profits when presented with major obstacles of the landscape, like mountain passes or major canyons and rivers; they went bankrupt, and immediately reorganized a new company. They dumped the costly sections of the line onto the old investors and bond holders, and the new company took over the easy terrain. The trick was to have an insider on the railroad's projection team to know when to sell out before the line met up with something monumental, like the Grand Canyon. Sometimes railroads encountered snags along the way, like settlers living on the prospected rout, or Indian tribes with a strange idea the land was theirs via some Federal treaty. Those problems were dumped on Washington D.C. and the local Territories and States. It was up to the government to rescind and deny homesteads in the path of the railroad, and to either renegotiate the Indian treaties, or send out the army to eject the tribes. The railroad agents handled the few recalcitrant settlers themselves. They bought them out, or ran them off their land.

1. One section was 640 acres, or one square mile. The trick was to checkerboard alternating sections along the line, thereby control twice the land, or from twenty to forty miles each side of the track. Take a look at a topographical map of the Cascades or Sierra Nevada Mountain passes, and note the checkerboard pattern of public and private sections. Look for the rail line or old rail right-of-way snaking through the middle. If viewed from an airliner, the sections are easy to see; most are clear-cut of their timber in checkerboard patches, giving the western mountains the look of a run-in with a one-bladed lawn mower.

It was estimated public lands granted to railroads amounted to 755,000,000 acres, or the equivalent of the entire area of the State of Texas. The Northern Pacific took 44,000,000 acres, the Central Pacific 24,000,000, and the Union Pacific had 20,000,000. The Santa Fe had only 17,000,000 acres, and the other small lines took the rest. The Federal government took back 25,000,000 acres for noncompletion, a pittance. The above did not count what grateful State legislators granted to the railroads, an additional 49,000,000 acres.[1] In 1864, the Northern Pacific was chartered by Congress with 3,000,000 acres of land in Minnesota alone. Due to internal reshuffling and refinancing, the line wasn't started until 1870.

The early history of the railroads in Minnesota was tied to the State's proximity to the commercial activities on the Great lakes and the Mississippi River. In 1854, the Rock Island Line went from New York to Illinois, then transferred passengers to a steamboat on the Mississippi River to St. Paul. The Winona and St. Paul went from Winona on the Mississippi River to the Minnesota River. In the 1870's, after plenty of reshuffling, the line expanded to the Dakota border. The Southern Minnesota went from La Crosse west along southern Minnesota, and later connected to routes across Missouri. The Great Northern was started in 1868 by the ultimate promoter, James J. Hill.[2] He was into railroads, banks, land, ore, agribusiness and anything else which generated money, preferably interconnected so he could make out on the kickbacks and residuals. By 1872, there were fifteen railroad companies in Minnesota, and 2,000 miles of track. There were the usual buy-outs, reorganizations and consolidations; a few were legitimate. The Minnesota Valley Railroad linked the Twin Cities to Bend, then ran south to Iowa. The Southern Minnesota went from La Crescent to Rochester, and across the southern counties. The Canyon Valley line, known as the Wisconsin, Minnesota and Pacific, was chartered from Red Wing (on the Mississippi River below St. Paul) to Mankato. The line was proposed in 1884. The railroad sent ahead a right-of-way man to scout the route, and determine which communities along the way offered the choicest concessions. The proposed route was to pass by either Lake Washington or Lake Madison. Lewis Fitcher, Margaret Mullin's husband and Patrick and Brigid Mullin's son-in-law, bought the property along Lake Madison the year before. Fitcher cleared the land for agriculture, but when it looked like a railroad might pass through, he jumped in and set out his property into lots and proposed streets. Fitcher allied with the Point Pleasant resort crowd, and pushed to get the railroad to pass through their properties.[3]

The Point Pleasant crowd gave the railroad right-of-way man (promoter) a choice lot, and showed him a good time. In turn, the railroad promoter sold the idea of a nearby railroad line and station to an already eager audience. He painted a rosy picture of a luxurious depot

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1. *Iron Wheels and Broken Men* - Richard O'Connor.

2. See any U.S. history book under Robber Barons.

3. Point Pleasant was a small peninsula jutting out into Lake Madison. Before the development of the nearby town, Point Pleasant was an early hunting and fishing hangout for the affluent businessmen and politicians from Omaha, Chicago and St. Louis. Within a few years, Point Pleasant was a thriving resort on the lake.

near the resort to attract people from all over the country. The depot erected by the railroad was another story. The depot was built on Fitcher's property within a convenient walk to the Point Pleasant resort. The catch was the railroad wanted half interest in all townships along their route, a sore issue for farmers and homeowners along the way. Nevertheless, railroads meant development and transportation, and when the Lake Madison crowd aced out Lake Washington with the best concessions, the railroad committed to its route.

On page 219, note the Wells property along Lake Madison. They were the original owners, and sold to the Barclays, who in turn sold to Lewis Fitcher for $20 and acre in 1883. In 1884, Lewis laid out his Madison Lake land into parcels and streets, and when the railroad reached Madison Lake, November 13, 1884, the town was ready. The Fitchers were suddenly in the real estate business. The first to buy in and build a house was Fitcher's father-in-law, Patrick Mullin. He saw business arriving in town with no place to stay, so he built his home to be a part-time hotel, the Lake House, plus an adjoining grocery store. Patrick didn't persist in the hotel business, and another full-time establishment operated by A.P. Cole opened a couple blocks away, also called the Lake House. Lewis Fitcher built his home across the street from the Mullins, followed by T.B. Murtaugh.[1]

The Wisconsin, Minnesota and Pacific claimed it cost them $3,000 a mile to build the line. It went through Elysian and Waterville before reaching to Madison Lake, and routed on to Mankato. The rail charter stipulated the line would get its sections of land once they reached Mankato. The Wisconsin and Minnesota interpreted the charter to mean to Mankato Township, which meant the line stopped at the furthermost eastern boundary, miles from the town center on the Minnesota River. The people of Mankato howled to their State legislators, and they held up the deeds to the railroad grant. After a great deal of bickering and threats, the railroad reluctantly agreed to take the line into town for an additional $5,000, paid for by the people of Mankato. The Wisconsin, Minnesota and Pacific was officially completed in Mankato May 27, 1887.

The line was operated by the Minneapolis and St. louis, and in the 1890's it was transferred to the Chicago and Great Western. Over the years, with the development of highways and truck transportation, the line declined. In 1975, the track was taken up, and the depot in Madison Lake torn down. All that is left is a line on the maps for the old right-of-way.

Charles Madigan said his grandparents, the Murtaughs, arrived in America from Ireland around 1850. They stayed in the Chesapeake Bay area, where they found work with the railroad. The only railroad in the Chesapeake was the Baltimore and Ohio. Between 1852 and 1854, the B and O routed west across Maryland and the northern counties of (West) Virginia

1. Lewis Fitcher opened up a drug store in 1886 in partnership with T.B. Murtaugh, another early resident of Madison Lake. Fitcher and T.B. remained partners through the years. They opened a general store in 1895. On the side, both men participated in community affairs and served on the city council. T.B. was the Madison Lake Postmaster from 1894 to 1898. His salary was based on stamp cancellations. T.B. was born in Maryland in 1855; his father was Thomas Sr.'s brother.

to the Ohio River at Parkersburg. In 1854, the B and O crossed the Ohio, continued through Barlow and southwestern Ohio to the fork of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers at Cincinnati.[1] Charles Madigan said a couple of the Murtaugh families stayed with the railroad until it reached Cincinnati, then they booked passage on a river boat and joined their relatives already settled in Minnesota. Mary Fitzpatrick said her grandparents, Patrick and Brigid Mullin, left for Minnesota from their home in Ohio. Mary Fitzpatrick said the Mullins and three Murtaugh families came overland from Ohio on wagons pulled by oxen.[2] The next Mullin child, Charles, was born in Ohio 1855, and Helen was born in Minnesota 1856. A guess is the Mullins and Murtaughs arrived in Jamestown in the summer of 1856.

According to Mary Fitzpatrick, the Gilbrides first arrived in Minnesota at Dundas, a southeastern Minnesota junction for several rail lines. Mary said the Gilbride family worked on the railroad, but she did not recall the railroad company. The family moved to Elysian, and bought a second homestead they renamed Vinegar Hill. Their home was within walking distance of the Chicago and Great Western Railroad, and it is possible the Chicago and Great Western was their employer. Mary Fitzpatrick said the property belonged to a railroad executive, but the lady who sold them the property was a widow. There was no mention on the deed of a connection to a railroad, but not everything was written up on the Nineteenth Century title papers. I have not searched the origin of Elysian. The name pertains to Elysium, or the blissful abode of the dead. Jamestown was founded by a group of land speculators with colonial nostalgia. The railroads were part of the lives of our families from the Nineteenth into the early Twentieth Centuries. Anybody who left the farm and moved away usually took the train. In 1909, when the intrepid Mary Gilbride decided to head out on her own, she boarded the Great Northern in St. Paul and rode west to Seattle.

To build a railroad and cash in on land grants and connected businesses, promoters advertized for settlers to buy railroad land. It was common for railroad workers to be the first to know when a line's properties would be offered for sale, and those who had an idea where their line was routed could keep their eyes open for choice plots. Knowing what land was going to be offered for sale was not always good enough. Railroad workers were not paid enough to save much money to buy the more expensive railroad land. The chief manual labor pool (east of the Rocky Mountains) in the mid 1800's was the Famine Refugees from Ireland, unemployed Civil War veterans, ex-slaves, slum rats, jail birds, vagrants looking for a grub stake, and others on the bottom of the economic ladder.[3] Railroad companies usually adver-

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1. Mary Ann Mullin was born in Parkersburg in 1854. Her parents (Charles Madigan's grandparents), Brigid Murtaugh and Patrick Mullin, as well as her aunt, Mary Murtaugh (to John Gregg) were married in Barlow, November, 1853.

2. Paul Merrill is in possession on an old cast iron kettle Mary Fitzpatrick claimed was used by her grandparents on the trail from Ohio. She said the kettle was also used on the hearth at the homestead at Duck Lake. If the kettle is indeed that old, it probably predated the trip. A guess is it was probably a wedding gift for Brigid's new household.

3. The far western railroads were built mostly by Coolies brought from China.

tised for single men, but in a few case they allowed the men to bring along their families. For those with no capital, a stint in purgatory on the railroads was worth the chance to start over in the western territories.

Working on the rail lines was no paradise; living conditions were abysmal. A day's labor was from sunup to sundown, and in the summer, a workday was sixteen hours. In 1871, most railroads offered $1.25 to $2.00 a day, plus a cot and tent shared by several other men. Food was provided by the company's cooks. A good day was to lay down three miles of road bed and track. The usual policy was to pay bonuses for putting down extra track, and sometimes the workers saw the bonuses. Gangs of men swung heavy sledge hammers to pound spikes through the metal plates to attach the rails to the wood ties on the road bed. Ahead of the track-layers were gangs of men on picks and shovels to clear the track bed, level rises and fill in dips. Rugged terrain involved specialists (powder monkeys) to dynamite rocks and hills. Other specialists were the mule-skinners, men hired to work the supply and construction wagons pulled by teams of mules. Other gangs worked for the engineers to build trestles and bridges over canyons and rivers.

The bosses had the option to assign soft or unpleasant jobs to one work gang or another. Road gangs were commonly segregated by color and ethnic origin, and the workers developed among themselves exclusive subcultures. The Irish had an ancestral history working for overlords. They were quick to invent wry games, songs and inside jokes among themselves for being called Micks and Gandydancers.[1] A wealth of railroad folk songs survive to this day, and if anyone listens carefully, traditional Irish tunes can be heard, overlaid with wry humor, derision of the bosses, irony and double entente.

Railroad crews were usually housed in company tent towns brought along on flatbed cars as the track progressed. The bosses stayed in a nearby town, or they were provided with a dormitory car with their own cook. The work gangs were subjected to the culinary delights of the cook tent. The main fare was corned beef; it was easy to transport, and it kept almost indefinitely in barrels of salt and vinegar brine. Corned beef was a cheap cut of greasy beef brisket, said to be the second worst part of the cow's anatomy. It was thrown into a cauldron with pickled cabbage (sauerkraut to the Germans), sometimes potatoes, and the whole mess boiled all day to be on hand for the workers when a break was called. Modern Americans like to serve corned beef and cabbage on St. Patrick's day, a menu dating back to the diet of Irish railroad workers of the Nineteenth Century. The corned beef and cabbage dish is no more Irish than hamburgers are German or chop suey Chinese. Anyone who endured the rancid and slimy stuff in a railroad camp would find modern America's nostalgia abject stupidity.

In 1862, President Lincoln signed the Homestead Act. A settler was allowed to purchase one quarter of a section of government land at $1.25 an acre, stay five years, improve the property by $200, and the deed was theirs. Railroad interests in Washington opposed the legislation, but Lincoln was backed by the Territorial and farm politicians. The subsequent Pre-

1. A gandy was a long heavy iron pole wedged under a track length, then several men jumped up and down on the gandy to inch the track into alignment.

Exemption Law made eighty acres, or one lot plus $500 of goods and livestock exempt for one year from the rules of the Homestead Act. The intention was to give squatters and the government surveyors time to properly register their land. The Mullin and Murtaugh properties were pre-Homestead Act, bought from a land developer. The Mullins bought eighty acres October 16, 1857, due south of Duck Lake, adjacent to the Murtaugh parcel. On August 20, 1858, Patrick bought eighty acres from Thomas Murtaugh between Duck and Madison Lakes, near Lake Ballyntine. (See split quarter section on page 219.) Both Thomas and his brother, Timothy, registered their land in 1856, and at the time, Thomas probably already committed half of his parcel to his brother-in-law, Patrick Mullin. It took Patrick until 1858 to earn $200 to buy the eighty acres from Thomas and take title to the land.[1]

With the Federal price of $1.25 per acre, the railroads had to compete for settlers with the U.S. Government, but they were not completely put out. They figured if a person homesteaded government land, it was likely to be ten to forty miles from the rail line. (Remember the grants and the checkerboarding?) Distant land would not appreciate much, and of course the costs and inconvenience of transporting goods to market devalued the land even more. The railroads were willing to sell their grants for $2.00 to $10.00 an acre. Since they were in the banking and mortgage business, they provided loans *on easy terms* at interest rates as high as 7%, an exorbitant rate for those days. In 1870, the St. Paul and Pacific had over 1,000,000 acres of prairie, meadow and timber land on the real estate market in Minnesota.

The railroads were out to sell their property, and they certainly didn't want bothersome rumors to go around they peddled unproductive real estate, or bled fledgling farmers into failure. The railroad banks were careful to set prices and arrange mortgages to keep their revenues flowing. They knew a farmer's first few years were tenuous, and all available resources were needed for the first crops and improvements. Mortgages were usually adjusted to allow for start up expenses, with heavier payments a few years later when the farm was more established; hence, the birth of variable mortgages in the United States.

The railroads had good sales pitches. They advertised after a couple of years a man could make a good living on his purchase. They said a railroad ticket west from Boston cost $30 to $40,[2] if a person didn't have his own rig and oxen to travel on his own. They figured on an average of $3.00 an acre to clear and plow 160 acres, bought at about $320 a quarter section, or $350 if close to the tracks. Fencing would be extra, but they projected the first crop would pay for the ground, fencing and plowing. In five years, the place would be worth $15

1. I have a copy of the early deed activities of the Mullins and Murtaughs. There was a little buying and selling within the neighborhood, mostly mortgages to friends and family, paid back within a year or two. The Mullins never borrowed on their land, and kept their land after they moved to Madison Lake. Patrick's son, Thomas, eventually took over the Mullin land. The Mullins, Murtaughs, Fitchers and other families with land in the path of the railroad, were obliged to sell the line a 100 to 275 foot strip of land through their properties.

2. $30 in 1870 is about $450 today, which would buy an airplane ticket from Boston to Minneapolis plus airport snacks, like a bag of tasty freeze-dried corned beef chips and a styrofoam cup of vinegar-soaked coleslaw.

to $25 an acre.[1] It turned out they were correct. According to the 1870 Minnesota Agricultural Census, farms closer to the tracks were worth much more than those far away. The railroads were quick to point out a government homestead of 160 acres worth $200 would have a transportation problem to a distant rail head. Little mention was made of charges for cargo transported to and from market on trains, a volatile issue which sparked off the activities of the Grange and Farmers Associations in the 1870's. The Gilbrides wagoned their hogs and grain to St. Peter, Waterford and later to Madison Lake. They may have thought they avoided the clutches of the railroads, but their business transactions were subject to the profit margins of flour mills, shops, wholesalers and dealers obliged to pay costly railroad overhead.

1. *Seat of Empire* - Charles C. Coffin.

CHAPTER 19

# *NORTH BY NORTHWEST*

Just when the nation pulled out of the slump after the Civil War, it augered into the Panic of 1873. Under President Grant's administration, Washington politicians juggled the Federal budget. They presented artificial projections to make the Treasury look better than it was to allocate the available funds to their own special interests. They granted tax and revenue concessions to industrial monopolies, and enacted relaxed trade provisions to select European countries. A flood of cheap foreign merchandise undermined American manufacturers. Factories closed down, people were thrown out of work, and those dependent on servicing the wage-earning community lost their shops and businesses. Money became scarce, and prices for almost everything fell. Several major banking institutions toppled, and dragged along their customers. The Federal Government could do nothing but watch.[1]

The Patrons of Husbandry, more commonly known as the Grange, was founded after the Civil War to protect farmers from onerous price fixing and arbitrary restrictions set by the railroads and the banks. The Grange was the first organization to specifically represent the rural interests of farmers and ranchers. With the 1873 Panic, the solidarity in the Grange faltered. Farmers and stockmen went bankrupt; many had to sell out or accept foreclosure. The banks and railroads still in business jumped on the opportunity. They raised their prices, foreclosed, and squeezed whatever they could from the remaining solvent farmers and stockmen. Not everyone went broke in the Panic, certainly not our Minnesota relatives. They kept out

1. American depressions have been unusual among other western nations due to their deflationary nature, i.e. not enough useless paper currency in circulation. European depressions have usually been inflationary, or too much useless paper currency in circulation. The Great Depression of the 1930's was our last deflationary depression; the one we are now teetering on the edge is definitely inflationary.

of debt, avoided the banks, and carefully managed their assets. It took a good business head to keep ahead of the carpetbaggers,[1] crooks, railroads and banks.

Few people classified names like Pillsbury and Weyerhaeuser as carpetbaggers, but they were. They took advantage of the depressed prices of land in Minnesota to buy large tracts of choice real estate and timber, and moved their flour and finished lumber milling on site to eliminate the added costs of shipping raw materials to eastern manufacturing cities. The closure of their eastern facilities devastated people dependent on the mills for their living, but the move was an advantage for Minnesota. The little towns of St. Anthony and Minneapolis became important milling and manufacturing cities, and provided employment for anyone who chose to live in Minnesota. Iron ore was shipped out of the Mesabi Range of northern Minnesota during the Civil War, but in the 1870's, smelting and steel manufacturing were transferred on site. Finished products were shipped out via Lake Superior and the new railroad lines. The lake side trading village of Duluth boomed. Famous names crept into Minnesota's history. Rockefeller invested in the mining and extraction business; Andrew Carnegie set up iron manufacturing; J.P. Morgan carved out transportation by shipping on Lake Superior to Chicago and down the Mississippi River, and James Hill provided railroads. Besides the legal, or at the time legal business concerns in Minnesota, there was a small minority of men who did not work within the established guidelines of the law. Most of all, they were flamboyant enough to direct public attention to their activities.

## UNAUTHORIZED BANK WITHDRAWAL

Every Territory and State had its share of felons, larcenists and thieves, but after the Civil War a new breed roamed the countryside. The Civil War disrupted lives, destroyed homes, property, and shook beliefs and loyalties. Too many people came away embittered, and never forgave the ravages and impoverishment caused by the war. The years immediately after the Civil War witnessed massive homelessness and dislocation, an era of drifters, hobos, saddle tramps and vagrants. Veterans of both sides took to the road to look for a new start. Thousands wandered into the southwest to work as cowboys to move the great Texas cattle herds to rail heads further north. Others took jobs as ranch hands, migrant laborers, Indian fighters, miners and railroad workers. Tens of thousands left their farms and businesses, packed up their families, and headed west to start a new homestead, or find work in a new town.

A small percentage of ex-soldiers, and other characters on the fringe, had other ideas about making a living after the War. Names like the Daltons, Youngers and James Brothers inspired romantic images fired up by the popular journalism of the time, and years later by the bards of Hollywood and Tuscany. Oscar Wilde observed:

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1. Carpetbagger was a derogatory name derived from a class of mostly Northern opportunists. They descended on the devastated post-Civil War South, and were conspicuous for arriving in town with all their belongings in a large satchel made out of carpet material. The term came to apply to anyone who financially exploits the misfortunes of others.

"Americans are certainly great hero-worshippers, and always take their heroes from the criminal classes."[1]

In a few instances, Wilde was correct, especially after the nefarious characters were shot down or executed, and the American and European press had their lurid day. The above brothers and their gangs were hardly romantic characters in a melodrama; they were misfits with unpleasant attitudes. Unfortunately, they had formal military training to abet their ambitions. For the most part, the postwar gangs were Rebel sympathizers. They roamed the border Territories of Kansas and Missouri; many of them had previous experience as Jayhawkers, the anti-Union sympathizers and terrorists. They joined in the Civil War as Confederate volunteers and free lance marauders, and the South eagerly legitimatized their activities. They may have started off their careers as naïve farm boys and saddle tramps out on a spree, but after working with army personnel, they became sophisticated tacticians trained in killing and destruction. Of all the ex-Jayhawkers, Jesse James was the most adept. He applied his invaluable military assets to his civilian avocation of bank and train robber.

Mary Fitzpatrick told of the infamous James gang hiding out in the family barn overnight. She said her grandfather (P.M. Mullin) forbade the family from leaving the house, and he took food and a lamp to the men in the barn. She said one of the fellows was hurt, but the men left in the morning before the household was awake. I have to admit my eyes glazed over when I heard the story, but I happened upon an account of the famous Northfield First National Bank holdup, pulled off by the James and Younger gang. The date was September 7, 1876. Mary's mother was twenty-two years old.

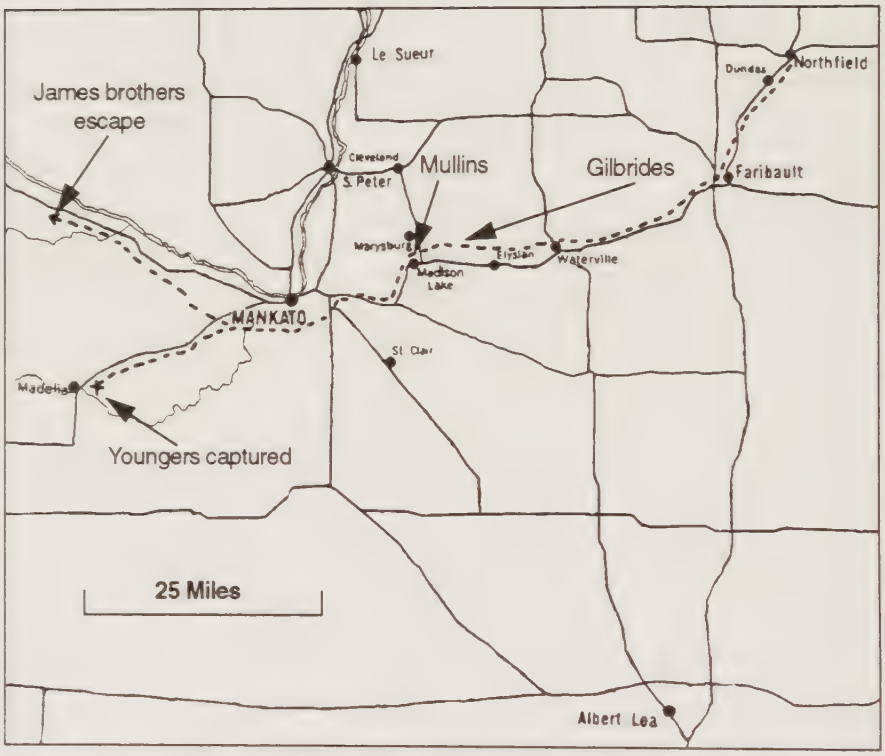
The James gang terrorized the States of Missouri, Iowa and Kansas. In 1876, they took on a new man from Minnesota, and he told them of the fat farm communities and flush banks. In the middle of August, Jesse ordered the gang to take a train north. They wandered around ten cities in Minnesota, and made extensive notes of town entrance and exit points, and safe cover in case of trouble. Of particular interest was the accessibility of the bank, with details on the number of bank employees, placement of the cashier cage or safe, and presence of any security officers. Jesse and the Youngers decided the Mankato First National Bank was a prime target. The gang made a lazy trip by twos on horseback from St. Paul along the Minnesota River to Mankato. There was no reason to stay in anybody's barn; nobody knew who they were, and drifters using a farmer's barn for shelter would alarm the neighborhood. When Jesse rode into Mankato to personally case the bank, a man on the street recognized him from the War and greeted him. Jesse immediately abandoned Mankato, and regrouped for Plan B: the First National Bank at Northfield.

Jesse was quite a military man, and the Confederates valued him for his thinking, as well as his action. He was famous for his detailed planning, precise timing and backup plans. The gang drifted into Northfield, and converged at the bank when Jesse determined it was empty of most customers. What should have been an easy set up was put off by a cashier when he

1. Oscar Fingal Ó Flahertie Wills Wilde (1856-1900): An Irish man (your choice which), wit, playwright, poet, critic, novelist, and in the above case, armchair observer of America.

refused to give over the money. Jesse lost valuable time arguing with the man, and the gang tired of the delay and killed the cashier. In the fracas, a teller bolted out the door, and he too was shot, but not killed. Too much time elapsed. The town was alarmed by the shots and the escaped teller's cries for help.

Spaghetti Westerns like to depict townspeople as cowards cringing in doorways during a shoot-out. In reality most people who moved to the west were not the shrinking types. Everyone in Northfield, with a rifle handy, converged on the main street. There was a rip-snort-




**Northfield robbery:** *The James and Younger gang fled southwest along the road to Faribault. They avoided the towns, and headed west near Waterville and Elysian. They cut across north of Madison Lake, and skirted Mankato to the south. The James brothers set off for Dakota Territory, and the Youngers headed towards Madelia.*

ing shoot-out in front of the bank. An unfortunate Swede, who didn't understand everyone shouting at him in English to keep back, wandered into the crossfire and was killed. Two of the James gang were shot dead, and another had his horse shot out from under him. A backup man galloped into town, boosted the unhorsed man behind him, and they rode out of town on the heels of the rest. Every member of the gang had at least one gunshot wound; their horses were peppered with bullets, and became weaker by the hour. The indignity was the gang came away with no loot for their trouble.[1]

1. A robbery and shoot-out, like in Northfield, was a rare event in 1876 America; nothing compared to a routine Saturday night in East Los Angeles.

The gang escaped, but the townspeople were furious over the deaths of the Swede and the brutal murder of the cashier (the outlaws slit his throat before shooting him). About 200 men mounted up and rode after the James and Younger gang, who were by then hot-hoofing it southwest through Dundas. From Dundas they veered west to Elysian (near the Gilbride farm), and they were tracked to Duck Lake. They hid where they could in barns and thickets, and on the fourth day, the James brothers split up the gang. It was a good tactical move, but also freed the James brothers from being held back by the badly wounded Youngers. The James brothers escaped into Dakota Indian territory, and the Youngers made it as far as a wooded gulch near Medelia, twenty five miles southwest of Mankato. It was amazing they weren't lynched when the Northfield posse caught up with them. Instead, they were fed and their wounds bandaged before they were taken to jail in Faribault.

Northfield was the last big job for the James brothers. They made it back to Missouri, and became famous for evading arrest. Jesse was shot dead in 1881 by a family friend, and his brother was caught and jailed. The Youngers avoided hanging, and spent most of their lives in the penitentiary at Faribault. They were pardoned and released forty years later. While in jail, the Youngers gave several interviews, which is how we know about the setup and escape from the Northfield Bank job. They mentioned Duck Lake on their escape route, as did several members of the posse. Take a look at page 370, or any Minnesota map, and trace the current roads from Northfield (Rice County) south to Dundas and Faribault, then across to Waterville and Elysian. Most of the roads on page 370 existed in 1876, though hardly paved highways. Turn to page 219, and look at the old 1879 map. The road under the "n" of Jamestown came from Elysian, past Round Lake to Jamestown, and continued north on the east side of Duck Lake to Marysburg and St. Peter. It is possible the gang passed along the road, then cut across the Willard, Lange and Murphy places to catch up the road south along Lake Madison, or they cut across the Mullin and Murtaugh places to connect with the road from Lake Gilfillin. Both roads joined up with main roads to Mankato and Medelia. Cutting across fields, forests and marshes was not the most expedient method of escape, but sometimes such a way was a shortcut or evaded a posse. The Youngers said Jesse thoroughly scouted ahead of time several escape routes. Knowledge of the terrain of Jamestown was probably no coincidence, since Mankato was Jesse's first target. At any rate, the Mullin house was near enough to the escape route to make Mary's story credible.

## DEERE, JOHN

The tremendous Civil War demands on northern manufactured goods and agricultural products, plus the scarcity of labor due to hundreds of thousands of men inducted into the army, gave impetus to the invention of labor efficient manufacturing and farm machinery. When commodity prices soared, the development of farm machinery and improved manufacturing systems became profitable. People like John Deere and Cyrus McCormack invented new fangled machines to work large areas of farm land with minimum labor. Within a few years, the small family farm system stepped into the era of large production agribusinesses. Farmers bought the new plows, balers and horse-drawn reapers. They could plant, tend and

harvest hundreds, even thousands of acres with a small work force. Those who could not afford the new inventions formed co-ops, and shared the machinery and labor at planting and harvest time. There were the usual misfortunes when commodity prices fell, due to Panics and speculation. Occasionally, natural events like a tornado, flood or locust swarm would wipe out crops. For the most part, owning a farm on good land in the Midwest, and the possession of the new farm machinery, yielded a comfortable living.

According to several sources, Mary Mullin Gilbride ran the family farm with an iron fist. Her daughter, Mary Gilbride Fitzpatrick, complained her mother was so stingy, she sold all the best farm and dairy products to reinvest back into the farm. She treated the cows and pigs better than her own family; surplus grain and root crops were put aside to keep the cows healthy and producing throughout the winter. Mary Fitzpatrick said she grew up hardly knowing the taste of eggs or meat; the children of the family were fed principally sorghum and bread. She attested the lack of nutrition caused her to lose her teeth at an early age. Pat Fitzpatrick Digerness pointed out the bread on the Gilbride table was stone ground whole wheat, a nutritious luxury today, and perhaps there was more put on the table besides sorghum and bread. There were plenty of children in the family to pick wild berries in the forests and along the lakes. Everyone put up fruit and berries in the summer. In another account of her childhood, Mary mentioned they had an orchard and vegetable garden adjacent to their house, and what items were not preserved were served fresh at the table. The milk, butter and eggs were probably taken to town, but with so many young children in the family, it was likely some of the milk was kept for home use. Like everyone else in the neighborhood, the Gilbrides kept a smoke house to cure hams, fish and bacon, and they had a root cellar for the season's apples, pears, squash and potatoes. It makes no sense to think a Nineteenth Century farming family would not have provisions set aside to see them through the winter, or overlap the time between planting and harvest. Mary Fitzpatrick's tooth loss may have been due to the high fevers from her childhood diseases, or borderline scurvy from passing the long Minnesota winters without fresh fruits and vegetables.

According to the 1870 Minnesota Agricultural Census, the Mullins grew wheat, Indian corn (maize), oats and potatoes. They had seven horses, three milk cows, seven beef cattle, five sheep, ten hogs. They sold wool, butter and milk. They also had woodlands and sorghum, and sold timber and molasses. The Mullins were no richer, nor poorer than everyone else in the neighborhood. John and Margaret Murtaugh were slightly better off with more land and farm animals, but they occasionally went into debt to leverage their crops and land purchases. The Mullins were worth $2,472, which included farm machinery, land, buildings, animals and crops. The farm equipment and wagons were worth $200, a tidy sum for those days.[1] It is possible the Mullins had one of the new McCormack horse-drawn reapers, which were advertised in the *Record* for $50.00. In 1870, the Gilbrides lived on Round Lake in Le Sueur County, six miles east of the Mullins. They were worth $3,375. They grew the same

1. Figure about fifteen 1870 dollars to one 1994 dollar, but also take into account land and buildings are assigned greater value today than in 1870. By today's standards, the farms were much more valuable than the straight-across conversion of net worth.

crops as the Mullins, and had several cows, hogs, sheep and a few more oxen and mules. Their farm machinery was worth $125, which probably didn't allow for much beyond the wagons, plows and hand tools. The difference in net worth was probably with the cost of the property. The Gilbrides bought an improved farm with buildings near the railroad tracks. The Mullins bought unimproved land; in 1870 there were no train tracks in Blue Earth County.

In the wake of the 1857 Panic, and the onset of the Civil War, farming communities clamored for the Federal Government to standardize currency. By 1860, western farming communities were powerful enough to lobby for their own interests in Washington. Farmers demanded legislation for a reliable medium of exchange to conduct business and sell their crops and livestock on credit, or leverage future prices at predictable rates to compete with other parts of the country, as well as European markets. The inflation during the Civil War made farmers reluctant to commit to a price on their crops until the day it was harvested, and manufacturers were hesitant to contract their goods ahead of time, when they might be paid later in debased notes. The hodgepodge of notes and currencies, and the absence of any sort of standardized valuation, made people hesitant to trust the financial integrity of any institution, including the Federal Government. War Department contractors became nervous. Abraham Lincoln tried to standardize currency in 1863 with the National Bank Act. He ordered the United States Treasury to issue Federal script backed by the gold assets of the Treasury, which was not too flush. Everyone called the new script Greenbacks for the green inked design on the back of the bill.[1]

Powerful banking concerns pressured Lincoln into a compromise to permit banks to continue issuing their own script. It took another fifty years before the Federal Reserve System finally standardized currency. There continued to be bond scandals and bank failures due to unsecured loans given out to pals and influential political friends with shaky collateral. There were no regulations to direct banks to hold back reserves to cover deposits, so they didn't. Interest on loans was unregulated and at the whim of the bankers, as were calling in loans and making foreclosures. In farming States, where capital was sometimes needed to float along the farm until harvest, shady banking practices ruined whole communities. Most people avoided bank loans by toughing it out, or borrowed from trusted friends and family. Everybody understood repayment would be in gold, property or crops.

By the summer of 1863, the Sioux and Winnebagos of Minnesota were gone. The northern Chippewas stayed out of the Uprising of 1862. They volunteered to fight the Sioux if the whites would provide them guns and ammunition, but Minnesotans were edgy about giving arms to any Indian. The invitation was declined, which was fine by the Chippewas. They were perfectly content to watch the Sioux and whites slaughter each other. However, the Chippewas in northeastern Minnesota were not forgotten, especially when the Civil War

1. The reverse side of American paper money is still a Greenback. Our paper is no longer redeemable in gold, as of 1932, nor in silver (I think the date was 1965). Our paper money is now a Federal Reserve Note, redeemable on the good will and integrity of our Treasury, which if anyone cares to think about our national debt, makes our paper money about as inviolable as the Continental currency of 1781.

put a voracious demand on timber and iron ore along Lake Superior. The Chippewas were obliged to sign a treaty in 1864 to give up another five million acres, which included their sacred mountains, the iron ore rich Mesabi Range. The tribe was dispersed onto several small patches of their once vast reservation near Lake Superior in northeastern Minnesota.

After the Civil War, railroads crisscrossed Minnesota; cities sprouted major flour and lumber mills, foundries and meat packing facilities. The politics of Minnesota reflected its farming majority, and by 1890, the State leaned towards Populism and pro-farm Democrats. Minnesota still retained its strong Temperance leagues, and the loud minority gained enough clout to tighten up the State liquor laws. Parts of the State were declared *dry*. There was a strong social reform movement, and Minnesota was one of the first States to formally extend full and equal suffrage to the few blacks living in the State (not for women). There was also pressure to break up the power of the large monopolies within the State. The Knights of Labor organized mill and factory workers, and by the 1890's, there were several violent strikes. The Grange and Farmers Alliance reorganized the farmers and ranchers to go after the railroads for freight price-fixing, and once again there were rail boycotts, stockyard closures, and occasionally violence whenever the railroad dicks and protesting farmers fell into arguments.

In 1884, Lewis Fitcher mapped out the village of Madison Lake, and within a couple years, the place was the commercial and social center for the Jamestown crowd. According to Charles Madigan (Katherine Mullin Madigan's son):

> "The Murtaughs... There was a large number of them. They were real good looking and sociable, good workers, but when Madison Lake moved in with two saloons, they drank up everything."[1]

According the Charles Madigan and Mary Gilbride Fitzpatrick, Pat Jr., and his brother, Jim Mullin, were found in the saloons, and often slept it off on some friend or relative's front porch. Patrick Mullin Sr. kept a patch of ground around his Madison Lake house, and he raised a few chickens and hogs. He kept busy with small jobs helping friends and relatives tend their crops and animals, and kept active in civic affairs.

> "When I think, grandpa always held a school office, grandma could sing, remembered poems, cut (out) every good recipe, like all of us. A cleaner woman I never knew. She would talk about hired girls during their hotel (days, who) kept coming from Mrs. Jones's, never washing their hands, (and) the dirty mop and water Packy's (her uncle, Patrick Jr.) new wife used in scrubbing. Grandpa washed clothes every Monday while I was there. Always wore clean everyday clothes, milked cows and cared for the village place, clean(ed) pigeons and had fish (for meals). He was about 78 then. I was 24, (1903), grandma 82, or nearly 83."[2]

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1. From a letter written by Charles Madigan to his son Mel, November 5, 1959.

2. From a letter to LaVerne Madigan Folstrom from Mary Fitzpatrick, dated October 28, 1975. Patrick was born in 1829, Brigid in 1826.

Patrick and Brigid Mullin had nine living children; most of them lived nearby until they were adults. Mike had asthma, moved to Denver for the altitude and dry air, and ran a butcher shop. His brother, Tom, followed him to Denver, and worked in the butcher shop. After a few years, he returned to Madison Lake to work for Dan Brown's butcher shop. Tom died of complications from an appendectomy operation. Francis moved to North Dakota, homesteaded property near Brookings, and lived there until he died. Patrick Jr. moved to Alexandria, Minnesota, and married Lizzie Farrell. He was a good gardener, and worked as a caretaker for some wealthy Texans in the resort area. His brother, Jim, stayed near Madison Lake.

> "Jim was married to a very nice lady named Tillie, Scandinavian. They had a large family. When Jim was fairly along in years he went to the hospital and met a very attractive nurse. Well, Tillie divorced him and Moe was his new wife. This was around 1912 and divorce wasn't very common, so it caused a real sensation. They had one child - Adrian.
>
> "We heard that Adrian was quite a little character. One evening my mother was sitting in the back yard on a big stump drinking tea and talking to her brother, Jim. Adrian wasn't along so we inquired about him. The answer was: 'Jesus, Kate, we can't do a G.d. thing with the little s.o.b. He cusses like h___ all the time.' I think Adrian lives in the Cities, but I've always hesitated to call up or contact the little s.o.b.!"[1]

Margaret Mullin married Lewis Fitcher, and they lived in Madison Lake. Lewis and T.B. Murtaugh owned businesses together in town, and both were leading citizens in the affairs of the town. According to Mary Fitzpatrick, T.B. Murtaugh was quite popular.

> "Who was more important than T.B. Murtaugh in the early days of Madison Lake? He was second cousin to your and my mother. He was a different line, arriving in Maryland in the late 1840's as immigrants. He must have been a son of great grandpa's brother. He did not have a great education, but did have poise, personal appearance and friendliness - so much the Mullin girls were 'nuts' about him. I remember him as a man of prayer. He married when 16 to a Pennsylvania Dutch (See footnote 1 on page 326) girl of 14. When plowing, he injured his leg for a lifetime and suffered.
>
> "I remember him walking to Marysburg for services. My mother would see him passing to church, would run to the road and ask him in for a chicken dinner on his return. Except for myself the coast was clear and she would set the table just for T.B. with a good dinner. She would sit in a rocker to talk, proud over the kind act. You may be sure he was hungry after a long walk on a sore leg.
>
> "T.B. was always on demand on graduations and celebrations, made speeches with a flourish of his anatomy....T.B. always had Kate (Katherine Mullin Madigan)

1. From *My Family* by LaVerne Madigan Folstrom, April 16, 1976. The Cities are the combined metropolitan area of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

> in mind to be queen of the ball or any occasion. Those girls were so strong and playful. Kate was sliding down the roof and a seven-inch sliver ran into her leg. It was just awful, but the Mullin girls, Aunt Mag (Margaret), my mother (Mary), Dehlia, called her 'Sliver' among themselves."[1]

Margaret was the aunt who housed and fed most of her nieces and nephews when they visited Madison Lake overnight. Dehlia married Jim Mape, and lived on the same street as Margaret. Jim kept a saloon in town, and he was probably a favorite brother-in-law of the Mullin and Murtaugh boys.

Mary Mullin married Martin Gilbride November 18, 1878, in the Catholic Church at Marysburg. They lived with Martin's family at Round Lake until 1881, then they bought a place near the Mullins at Duck Lake. The plot described by Mary Fitzpatrick was the 35.40 acre parcel #9 (see page 219) on the south and eastern shore of the lake. They had about 160 acres. I didn't search the land records to find out exactly when and where, but they probably bought nearby parcels.

LaVerne Folstrom described her Mullin aunts and uncles speaking with Irish brogues. Even though they all were born in America, they grew up with Irish friends and relatives, and heard the Irish accent from their parents and grand parents.

> "My Aunt Mary (Gilbride) was very small, vigorous and had curly hair. Her brogue was very thick - always referred to us as 'ye', answered 'did ye now'. She was well-read, reading newspapers and discussing events until she was at least 90. She retained many of the Irish ways and seemed to me not as sociable as the other Mullins. She probably was a harder worker and did have a large family - Jim, Frank, Mary, Rubina and a few others. She used to walk to town to visit my mother and always brought an arm load of rhubarb or a pail of fresh eggs. She'd visit briefly, buy groceries and walk home. She carried a big load both ways for at least three miles."[2]

The early days of the Gilbride family are well covered in Mary Fitzpatrick's *Rambles*. As the family grew older, they all went their separate ways, with the exception of Rubina, who stayed at home. The Duck Lake farm was a valuable piece of property with first rate crops. Mary Fitzpatrick claimed the family never suffered the misfortune of a crop failure, or devastation by a tornado or flood. Nobody wanted to stay on the farm; the hard work expected of each child, and the strict discipline of their mother probably soured them.

Mary Fitzpatrick said when she was around nine years old, she baby sat and did odd jobs for a neighboring family, and was paid a dime for her work. She planned to go with her

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1. From the October 19, 1974 letter to LaVerne Madigan Folstrom. If the names and connections are confusing, turn to page 235 for Mary Fitzpatrick's family tree.
2. From *My Family* by LaVerne Madigan Folstrom, April 16, 1976.

father and cousins to the Blue Earth County Fair in Mankato to spend her dime. Before they left for town, her mother took away the dime, as she did with any money the children earned. Mary said she was beside herself with disappointment, and the event moved her father to chew out her mother for the first time, at least in front of the children. He accused her of being mean and a skin flint, and reduced her to tears. Mary Fitzpatrick was impressed her kindly and mild father had his limits; she figured he should have stood up and spoken his mind more often. Despite her often angry feelings about her mother's stinginess, Mary was given the greatest opportunity of all the children in the family. Her mother paid for her to attend Normal School. Her sisters were not so fortunate; Margaret in particular was bitter over not having the same opportunity. The girls had few options: marry, or remain spinsters at home with their mother. The boys left home as soon as they could. None of them cared to become field hands on their mother's farm.

Francis was allegedly the old lady's golden boy, and Mary Fitzpatrick mentioned her brother was given more attention, and often allowed to go into town while the others had to finish their chores. Nevertheless, Francis left the farm and married a woman his mother did not like. They moved to North Dakota and bought a farm (I don't know if it was near his Uncle Francis Mullin in Brookings). The farm failed, and the couple returned to Duck Lake. Several of Francis's brothers and sisters moved away, and there was plenty of room in the large house, but his mother refused to put them up. Instead, she said they could live in the old log house, which had been moved from the old site years ago, and was converted into a corn crib and granary. There were bitter feelings, and as soon as Francis saved a little money, he and his family moved out. In 1908, Francis bought five lots in Madison Lake.

The Mormon Library has old public records and strange regional histories only the Mormons would bother to keep. Their crown jewel is an extensive worldwide family registry data base on their computer system. For a lark, I pulled up our Irish family names, and there were the Gilbrides. It seems a granddaughter of Francis Gilbride is a Mormon. She entered the family into the Mormon family registry, and included her immediate ancestors back to Mary Newcomb and Martin Gilbride Sr. They have been duly ratcheted post-mortem into Mormon heaven. When the Day of Judgement comes, they are supposedly in line ahead of the rest of us sinners. Mary Fitzpatrick would have enjoyed that one.

Matt was a soldier during World War I. He served in France, and was gassed in the trenches. He was sent home on disability, and received a pension for the effects of the mustard gas. He was in and out of several soldier homes, and he finally moved to Spokane, Washington. He avoided alcohol until he was forty years old, but once he acquired the taste, he was never far from a bottle. Shortly after Frank Fitzpatrick died, Matt came to Seattle to help his widowed sister, Mary, take care of the rose nursery. According to Pat Digerness, he was a great help to the family, and everyone enjoyed his company. He waited for his monthly disability check, then went into town to pay a call on the bars. His sister had strict rules concerning his drinking, but he found ways to quietly disappear whenever he had his check. Terence Fitzpatrick said Matt thought he avoided his sister's view when he ducked down behind the hedge lining the property, and crept along on his hand and knees to 48th Street. His ruses didn't escape his sister's eagle eye. One day Andy Donohoe and John Brady, both cops for

the Seattle Police Force, brought home tipsy Matt. Mary was furious and scandalized over her brother's habits. Matt was ordered to leave. He returned home to Spokane, and a few years later moved to Hot Springs, South Dakota.

Mark was another well-loved character in the family. He was the Sheriff of Pend Orielle County in northeastern Washington. He lived in Newport, about fifty miles northeast of Spokane on the Idaho border. Mark was close to Matt, and he often drove to Spokane to look after his brother. Mark was dubbed the philosopher of the family, a cow town King Solomon noted for fitting the punishment to the crime. Several teenagers tipping over garbage cans rated as a crime wave in Newport, and Matt rounded up the kids and made them pick up trash along the streets. Pat Digerness said her Uncle Mark liked to affect an Irish accent, and would refer to a person as *ye*. He grew up with the Irish accent, even though he was born and raised in Minnesota. If anyone remembers his older sister, Mary Gilbride Fitzpatrick, there was an Irish overtone to her speech, as well as a few Irish phrases. A joke among the children of my generation was her pronunciation of the word potato, which came out with the soften *t's* of the Irish rendition *p'daydah*.

Uncle Jim stayed in Minnesota. (Born 1881, died 1945.) He bought a place near his mother's on Duck Lake. (See picture on page 304.) I heard he worked in Madison Lake for the post office. From several accounts, Jim liked his drink, and he was often in need of money. Mary said he usually went to his mother and talked her into loaning and giving him money, none of which was paid back. Mary thought it was just deserts for the stingy old lady. When all the boys left the farm, and Martin Gilbride was too old to work, they leased the pasturage and fields. During the 1920's, the old lady decided to get rid of the operation, with the exception of the main house and surrounding acres. She gave each of the boys forty acres, and each girl $1,000. Mary Fitzpatrick was frosted over the favoritism; the land was worth far more than what she gave the girls. The boys sold off their land, which eventually left Mary Ann Gilbride and her youngest daughter, Rubina (born 1900), at home. After her mother died, August 1947 (she was ninety-four), Rubina sold the house and moved into Mankato on her own. The spring of 1968, the Minnesota River overflowed its banks and flooded Mankato. Rubina was found drowned in her flooded basement, either from going down to check the damage and getting electrocuted by switching on a light, or from having one of her epileptic seizures; nobody knew for sure.

## THE EMERALD CITY

Mary Fitzpatrick described 1909 Seattle as a dirty, rowdy town. On the other hand, the city was the cultural and mercantile hub of the Pacific Northwest. The shopping and business districts of town were adjacent to Pioneer Square, and extended to about 5th Street on the hills, and from around Yessler Way to Pike Street in the north. West from Pioneer Square were several blocks on the tide flats of Elliot Bay, with warehouses, flop houses, railroad tracks, saloons, pawn shops, the Chinese and Japanese businesses, and other low rent concerns. The middle and upper classes lived on the hills above town, and some people lived as far away as the shores of Lake Washington. Everybody was within reasonable walking dis-

tance of town, or at most a short horse-drawn trolley ride away. On the 1910 U.S. Census, Seattle was a thriving city of about 110,000 people, 75% of the entire population of the State of Washington.

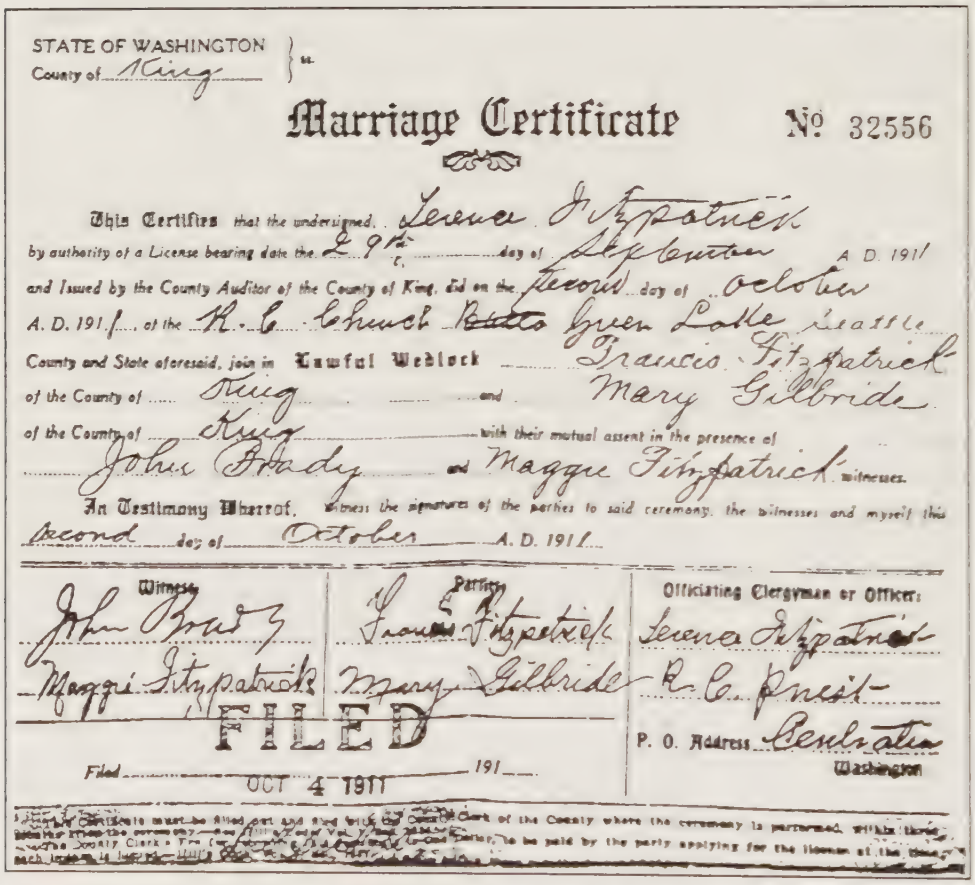
Seattle[1] is only about 150 years old. The site was known to the Spanish from their mission on Whidby Island. The Honorable Company, Hudson's Bay passed it by to build their fort at Victoria on Vancouver Island. Seattle was considered too exposed to the elements, and the shoreline too inaccessible for a port. It was little more than a trading post and lumber camp in 1850, then the voracious lumber demand for the California and Fraser River gold mines put the place on the map. The earliest recorded deeds for Seattle were in 1852, when the place finally organized its bureaucracy.

Clever men like Henry Yessler built saw mills at the base of the Seattle hills, rather than ship logs to distant mills. Yessler logged his forests on the hills behind Seattle, and constructed wooden flumes to skid the logs down the hill to his mills below. Vagrants and low paid workers built their shanties along the log skids, hence the addition of the phrase *skid row* into the American lexicon. The saw mills dumped their wood chips and refuse along the shore of Elliot Bay, and everyone else in the city used the waterfront for a garbage dump. The Duamish River delta, and adjacent waterfront marshes, were dredged to dock ships closer to town. The sludge was added to the refuse and mill dross, and soon there was a respectable elevated frontage. Warehouses and docks were built on the new fill. The older districts in town, at the foot of the hills, found themselves below the level of the new water frontage and adjacent road beds. The downtown businesses were from one to three stories below the new roads, and they had to build ladders and stairways down to their front doors and sidewalks. Mary Fitzpatrick said after a few major fires, most people rebuilt at street level, but even in her early days in Seattle, she was obliged to climb down below street level to shop in certain stores. She said it was a terrible nuisance. When it rained (Seattle? Rain?), mud poured down into the lower levels. Horses, wagons and debris constantly fell off the streets to the sidewalks below. Another annoyance of the below street level businesses had to do with the new indoor toilets. They had to be elevated to avoid the inconvenience of a sewage back up during high tides. Several of the old commodes were literally up a flight of steps, making them look like little white thrones with a water closet suspended overhead. Years ago, someone ceremoniously nailed wooden cutouts of an orb and scepter above the door to one of the throne rooms.[2] Seattle is noted for earthquakes as much as anywhere else on the Pacific Rim, but since Seattle became a city, it hasn't had a shaker near the magnitude of the San Francisco quake of 1906, or Anchorage quake of 1964. Should such a calamity occur, the old garbage, saw dust and mud-filled flats along the waterfront will react like liquefied jello. The Alaskan Viaduct, the supposedly earthquake-proof King Dome, waterfront docks, warehouses and buildings will probably pancake into the mud.

1. The city was named after Chief Sealth, the local tribal leader who was forced to sign over his Puget Sound land to the whites, or witness his people slaughtered.

2. The Underground Tour is conducted from Pioneer Square. It explores the old sub-level store fronts and shops left intact when everyone moved into the higher stories.

In 1888, the Northern Pacific Railroad reached Puget Sound at Tacoma, a small lumber community thirty miles south of Seattle. The railroad advertized all over Europe, the Midwest and eastern cities for people to buy their land. The State's population rose from about 50,000 in 1880 to nearly 180,000 in 1890. The Seattle promoters and businessmen represented a powerful clutch of influential lumber and mercantile interests. They considered the Northwest, Alaska, and if they could get away with it, British Columbia their private marketing domains. They stopped at no skullduggery to torpedo Portland's bid to become a port city and railroad terminus, and they made sure Tacoma remained subservient to Seattle's special interests. The Great Northern Railway gave Seattle its direct continental reach in 1893, and thousands of people poured into Washington.



STATE OF WASHINGTON }
County of King } ss.

**Marriage Certificate** № 32556

This Certifies that the undersigned, Terence Fitzpatrick by authority of a License bearing date the 29th day of September A. D. 1911 and Issued by the County Auditor of the County of King, did on the second day of October A. D. 1911, at the R. C. Church ~~Butte~~ Green Lake Seattle County and State aforesaid, join in Lawful Wedlock Francis Fitzpatrick of the County of King and Mary Gilbride of the County of King with their mutual assent in the presence of John Brady and Maggie Fitzpatrick witnesses.

In Testimony Whereof, witness the signatures of the parties to said ceremony, the witnesses and myself this second day of October A. D. 1911.

| Witness | Parties | Officiating Clergyman or Officer: |
|---|---|---|
| John Brady | Francis Fitzpatrick | Terence Fitzpatrick |
| Maggie Fitzpatrick | Mary Gilbride | R. C. Priest |

FILED

Filed OCT 4 1911 191__

P. O. Address Centralia Washington

[illegible] Certificate must be filled out and filed with the County Clerk of the County where the ceremony is performed, within three [illegible] the ceremony [illegible] the County Clerk's Fee [illegible] to be paid by the party applying for the license at the time [illegible]

When Mary Gilbride married Frank Fitzpatrick, they lived in his house at 253 Davis Street, a part of Seattle called Mount Virgin. On a good day, the house had a view of Elliot Bay and the Olympic Mountain Range to the west. The home still exists, but it overlooks the

main Goodwill Industries distribution warehouse, and the cloverleaf intersection of Interstates 5 and 90. On a good day, there is a stunning view of Seattle's indoor stadium, the concrete behemoth called the King Dome. According to Mary Fitzpatrick, they had two good springs on their hillside property, whereas everyone else on the street had to rely on the city water system. In 1911, Seattle piped its water from nearby Lake Washington, which was a dump for nearby saw mills, and the sewage outflow for homes and businesses on the lake side of the Seattle hills. Mary said typhoid broke out from the dirty water, and the old city water lines frequently leaked and ruptured, leaving large parts of the city without water until the utilities workers repaired the damage. Seattle's water system of underground pipes was a modern improvement in the 1880's, but by 1910, the city outgrew the system. The pipes were hollowed out cedar logs lashed together and laid underground. After several decades, the logs became sodden, rotten and leaky. The phrase *water logged* was coined to describe all sorts of sodden objects and conditions.

In 1916, the Fitzpatricks sold the Davis Street house and moved into their new home built on one of their parcels on Chicago and 48th Street. Frank kept his job with the First American Bank, and commuted into town on a trolley, which stopped a few blocks from the house. On the side, he started up a flower and fruit tree nursery on his adjoining parcel. Living far from the center of town had its inconveniences, but overall it was a fine place to raise a family. Chicago Street was rural enough to have room for the children to play, and populated enough to have neighbors along the street. The shopping district was some distance away, but for five cents, Mary took the trolly on 48th Street into town.

Frank still commuted into town to work for the bank when his oldest daughter, Elizabeth, was three years old (1918). His job as a guard necessitated his carrying a pistol, but most men in Seattle carried firearms for protection. There were plenty of shady characters in town; unemployed dock workers, destitute sailors between jobs, gold miners who lost their money, drunks, drifters and outlaws. It was common for gangs to keep an eye on the mills, docks, or other places of employment, to watch for men who just received their pay. If they couldn't grab a man as he exited a bar, they would wait until their target was on a deserted street, or walking home on an isolated path through the many overgrown thickets and ravines. They would jump him, beat him up, and occasionally murder him for his money. Barney Keefe's grandfather was one of the unfortunates killed on his way home. When Frank Fitzpatrick arrived home after work, he routinely deposited his pistol in the top drawer of a chest near the front door. Mary Fitzpatrick had a loathing for firearms, and was never pleased Frank had such a thing in the house. One evening three year old Elizabeth pulled open the chest drawer, and took out her father's pistol. It was loaded, and she managed to pull the trigger. The bullet passed through the living room wall into the kitchen, where her mother, Mary, was feeding little Patricia in a high chair. The bullet grazed past Patricia's head and nicked off a piece of her earlobe. There was a terrible uproar in the house, and Mary strictly forbade firearms in the house. It is possible Frank quit the bank after the shooting incident, or he made sure the pistol was locked up where the children would never find it. Elizabeth came out of the ordeal terrorized for life by guns. Despite the potential tragedy of the event, several of Elizabeth's children were irreverently in awe of her marksmanship.

The family belonged to St. Edwards parish. Elizabeth, Patricia, Terence and Marie attended St. Edwards school taught by the Dominican Sisters from Tacoma (their aunt Elizabeth "Sr. Terencia" Fitzpatrick's order). By the time Elizabeth, Patricia and Terence were ready for high school, the Depression put Catholic school tuition out of reach for the family. They were sent to public school, Franklin High. Mary Grace (Keefe) and Marie attended Catholic high schools; Mary attended Holy Names, and Marie had a scholarship to Holy Rosary in West Seattle, operated by the Dominican Sisters of Tacoma.

The Fitzpatrick household was a social center on Sundays. Frank decreed the day for rest, and no business was carried on. After Mass the house was open to visitors, and people came and went all day. Elizabeth and Pat said her father played a violin, and when the Irish friends and relatives gathered, he took it out, played the old tunes and everybody sang. Elizabeth and Pat played the piano, and their father trotted them out to play for the guests. Neither girl was especially pleased when they were asked to perform, but they complied. Frank raised song birds for his own pleasure, and he sold a few. It seems unimaginable Mary, an impeccable housekeeper, allowed her husband to let the birds fly loose in the house, but occasionally Frank let them out of their cages. (Perhaps while Mary was away shopping.) One day he set loose his favorite canary while Elizabeth was practicing the piano, and the bird perched on her music and started to sing. Elizabeth said her father was charmed beyond words, but she was furious. She claimed "the filthy thing crapped on my music!" Both Pat and Elizabeth were assigned the chore of cleaning the cages, and both of them hated the birds. When we were young, the slightest mention of a pet parakeet threw Elizabeth into fits of disgust. After Frank died, Mary gave his sister, Bea, his last linnets. Aunt Bea kept them for years in her apartment in San Francisco.

There was no mention if the family kept a cat or dog. Mary Fitzpatrick said she was not about to allow animal dirt in her house, although Frank kept his songbirds. The family kept a few rabbits and chickens outside, but not as pets. The children eventually became fond of the rabbits, and Elizabeth singled out a favorite. One Easter Sunday, Mary presented to Elizabeth a coat she made for the occasion; it was green wool and had a grey fur collar. Later in the afternoon, the family sat down to Easter dinner. The main course was rabbit. By then Elizabeth noticed her favorite rabbit was gone, and she "...threw a fit only I could throw", and refused to wear the green coat or eat rabbit. She got away with it.

Frank Fitzpatrick had a few other hobbies which did not please his wife. Even though alcohol was illegal during the 1920's, he made beer in the basement. He set down strict orders for the family to keep away from his beer, his equipment and ingredients. Mary said she waited until Frank was gone, and went downstairs to dip into his malt mixture for use in her bread dough. Frank chewed her out when he found his malt depleted, but she said he never complained about the taste of her bread. Naturally, all the kids slipped into the basement to taste the green beer. Terence was caught by his father, who decided to teach him a lesson. He poured Terence several beers, and told him to have his fill, which he did until he was sick. Mary caught on to what was going on and was furious. The lesson might have worked with an overdose of cabbage, but nobody in the family grew up with an aversion to beer.

**Rabbit Hutch, 1918:** *Seated on the left was Elizabeth, to the right Patricia. Posing in front was dinner.*

Mary didn't like smoking in her house. If any of the men wanted a smoke, she fretted and stewed until they stepped outside. Frank grew tobacco to dry and grind into dust for mildew on his roses. He reserved the best leaves to make up cigarettes and cigars for his own use. The kids in the family probably had their first try at smoking by filching their father's tobacco. Elizabeth said she started smoking at eight years old, and Pat was close behind. Terence was introduced to smokes when Elizabeth drove him to school in her Model A Ford, and offered him cigarettes along the way. Pat and Elizabeth were sure they were sly enough to keep their mother from finding out they smoked. The girls used to sneak a smoke in the upstairs bathroom and blew the smoke out the window, but the ploy did not go unnoticed. Shortly after Frank died, one of his Fitzpatrick nephews called on the family. He was a Jesuit, and lived in the Virgin Islands. Nobody seems to remember the fellow's name, nor whether he lived in the British or American Virgin Islands. Mary trotted out Pat and Elizabeth to meet him, then in her offhanded way casually announced, "Pat and Elizabeth don't think I know they smoke, but I do." The nephew considered her statement, then replied: "Tis better to smoke now than in the Hereafter."

Mary Grace Keefe told us her Aunt Mary took her under her wing after her mother died. Mary Keefe spent a great deal of time at the Fitzpatrick house as a welcome niece, as well as Elizabeth's best friend. She proudly told us her Aunt Mary taught her all she knew about sewing, keeping house and cooking. Mary Keefe had an unorganized approach to housekeeping, but she never let it bother her. As a child, she directed her attention to her play and entertaining friends; she never let her housekeeping embarrass her, or interfere with making people feel at home. All her life, her guests were a priority, and everyone felt welcome in the Keefe house. Mary was quite a contrast to her friend and cousin, Elizabeth, who was prone to subordinate the comfort and hospitality of her family, friends and herself to a dust mop.

Mary Fitzpatrick had a plain style of cooking which leaned towards Midwestern-bland, but in general she had a versatile touch in the kitchen, and put on first rate family feeds. She could produce homemade bread, pies and cookies on little notice, and she always had something in reserve when unexpected guests called on her. Patricia and Marie paid attention when she taught them to cook, and both are excellent cooks on their own. Elizabeth and her cousin, Mary, had their minds elsewhere during the cooking lessons. Elizabeth's cooking

**Mary Grace:** *Mary's father was Mike Grace, and her mother was Margaret Fitzpatrick Grace, Frank Fitzpatrick's next younger sister. The photo was taken c. 1928.*

was an underground joke in our family; her meatless meals on Fridays were such specialities, we thought she should patent the recipes and sell them to the Purina Cat Food Company. We may have been subjected to Elizabeth's draconian style of cooking, but we were spared her renditions of dishes she hated: rabbit, lamb, liver, cabbage in any form, poultry, wild game, and very few potatoes. In my opinion, Mary Keefe was a far superior cook to Elizabeth, but among the Keefe kids they joked their mother was trying to poison the family. Those criticisms came at a time when we, the younger Cordon Bleu food critics, belonged to the culinary genre which defined a four star meal as a mound of salty French fries, a quart of pecan mocha ice cream covered with chocolate sauce, garnished with a pound of chocolate chip cookies, followed by the fleeting suggestion of salad in the form of polite table discussion of a picture of a head of lettuce and a tomato seen in the newspaper food section.

Frank Fitzpatrick thought enough of Elizabeth's skill on the piano to consider sending

her to Cornish, an art and music college in Seattle. As it turned out, the expense was more than the family could afford, especially with the onset of the Depression in 1929. No matter, Elizabeth wanted to go to business school and join the working world to earn some money. She entered the Metropolitan Business College in June of 1933, and graduated July 13, 1934. She was an average student all her life, not particularly adroit in mathematics, but she found her niche in business school. Elizabeth excelled, and won awards for her speed on the clunky

**Elizabeth Frances Fitzpatrick Merrill: March 16, 1915 to November 20, 1989.** *The photo was taken for her passport when she and Mary Keefe visited Ireland together in 1985.*

typewriters of the early 1930's. Her hands were strong and nimble from years of practicing the piano, and she typed over 120 words per minute without a mistake. She was also an ace at shorthand and transcription, and she had little trouble finding work when she left business school. Terence Fitzpatrick said his sister turned over most of her wages to her mother, a great

help to the family after their father died.

Elizabeth worked for an advertizing agency, and was once asked to pose for a Pepsodent tooth powder newspaper ad. Despite her chain smoking and poor eating habits, she had perfectly straight teeth; she had no cavities until she had her youngest, Jim. (Elizabeth's smile on page 385 feature her own teeth.) Mary said Elizabeth's and Pat's good teeth came from a good start as babies. Mary made Pat and Elizabeth's baby food herself; she mashed up meats and vegetables, and ground up grains without adding sugar or salt. When Terence and Marie came along, Mary said she was too busy, and bought the new canned baby food. In 1935 or 1936, Elizabeth went to work in the claims division of Safeco Insurance. She became friends with one of the bookkeepers, future mother-in-law Frances Appelgate.

The Klondike gold rush was over by 1920, and the miners drifted away. With the loss of the lucrative Alaskan business, the population of Seattle declined. People left for greater opportunities elsewhere, notably to California. Those who remained capitalized on local timber, shipyards and fisheries. A few shopkeepers sharpened their talents, and consolidated their operations to retain their positions as merchandisers to the Pacific Northwest. During the 1920's, Brigid, John, and Terence Fitzpatrick left Seattle. Terence and Brigid moved to San Francisco, and John and his family lived in Portland. After John died, his son, Jack, moved to San Francisco. There is a healthy list of Fitzpatricks in the current San Francisco telephone book. There is probably a clutch of first and second cousins on the list.

A major concern for merchandising the Northwest involved delivery and transportation over vast distances to remote and rugged locations. Until World War I, the chief means of delivery was by truck, dog sled, pack mule and river boat. A bright entrepreneur saw a future by flying cargo to remote sites in the mountains, waterways and tundra. June 29, 1916, William E. Boeing built and test flew on Lake Union his first amphibious airplane, called the B & W trainer. July 15, 1916, Boeing organized the Pacific Aero Products Company to further develop his B & W biplane. In March of 1918, William Boeing won a Government contract to fly the first air mail between Canada and the United States. Boeing continued to develop seaplanes, but he also bid on Army contracts. In 1921, Boeing built for the Army the GA-X, a ponderous armored attack triplane. His company went on to win Navy contracts with other designs, and Boeing airplanes gained a reputation for reliable design and durability. They won trophy races, and set early endurance and altitude records.

Boeing Airplane Co. became part of United Aircraft and Transport Co. in 1929. They developed the trimotor model 80-A, the ultimate in passenger comfort. The motors were mounted outside the pilot's window, and the racket probably kept hearing specialists in business. Boeing's design of the Monomail was the first truly streamlined, low-wing, all-metal transport built in America, and it revolutionized aircraft design. Boeing continued to grow, and by 1934 they pulled away from United Aircraft and became an independent company comprised of Boeing Aircraft of Seattle, the Stearman Aircraft Co. of Wichita and Boeing Aircraft of Canada, Ltd. In 1935, Boeing produced the Model 299, a four engined bomber, the first of the Flying Fortress types. By 1938, the company had forty nine B-17A Flying Fortresses ready for the Army Air Corps, six flying boat Clippers to Pan American Airways for their trans Pacific route, and several models 307 for other airline companies.

In 1938, Europe augured into war with Germany, and President Roosevelt steered negotiations for the overseas sales of American armament and war aircraft. Boeing was sitting pretty with several war planes in production, and several others in the developmental stage. Seattle turned into a boom town at the tail end of the Depression. People poured into Seattle to find work with the Boeing assembly plants in and near Seattle. During the War, Boeing was the major employer in the Seattle area and the State of Washington. It remained so until recently. The feast or famine fortunes of the aircraft business since World War II soared the economy of Seattle to great heights, and plunged the city into several Depressions with massive layoffs. In the past few years, the diverse aerospace industry in California has disappeared, and there is no longer a glut of Washington license plates seen on California freeways whenever Boeing closes down a project. Over the last ten or fifteen years, the Seattle metropolitan area has tried to become diverse enough to avoid becoming a ghost town whenever Boeing loses a major contract.

The family in Seattle had early connections with the Boeing Company. A story floated around of a Fitzpatrick uncle who worked for Boeing after World War I as a propeller carver. Nobody seems to recall exactly which uncle, but the story came from several sources. If anyone wants to pursue the item, Boeing has a first class air museum and historical library at the Red Barn, Boeing Field. The archivist would know if old employment records were kept.

Another man to punch a Boeing time clock was Terence Fitzpatrick. Mary Fitzpatrick said her son, Terence, was always handy with his hands, and he had a natural mechanical ability. When Terence hired on with Boeing, he worked as a mechanic on the B-17 bomber assembly line. When the United States entered World War II, a large percentage of the Boeing work force quit to enlist in the military, and they were replaced by women (Rosie the Riveters). Terence and a few of his friends decided to quit; they didn't like working with women on the line. Perhaps they felt they had to be more careful about their language, and where and how they spit their chewing tobacco, but mostly there were feelings the women couldn't do the job, and the men had to make up for their shortcomings. Statistics didn't justified their feelings, but it was a fact the women invaded what was an all male domain.

While Terry worked in the defense industry, he was exempt from serving in the war. When he quit, Boeing notified the Draft Board, and within a month Terence received notice to report to the Army. Years before, at the age of fifteen, Terry joined the National Guard. He fibbed about his age to get in, but the weekend warrior experience convinced him he didn't like the Army. Spring of 1942, he enlisted in the Navy, but told the recruiting officer he was in the National Guard. The Navy wouldn't take him unless he had a discharge, so at the last minute Terry secured his papers from the National Guard at Fort Lewis (south of Tacoma).

Terry was sent to San Diego, California, for basic training, and he obtained his rating as an aircraft mechanic. The Navy wanted men to cross-train, so Terry put up his hand when an officer asked for volunteers for gunnery school. He was sent to Purcell, Oklahoma[1], and trained in PBY-5's as a waist gunner. The PBY-5, or the Catalina, was built by Consolidated

1. Purcell is about fifty miles south of Oklahoma City. It was the center of the Dustbowl in the 1930's, located in what the Midwesterners call Tornado Alley.

Aircraft Company for the Navy as an amphibian bomber. There is a PBY-5 still in active service at the Hemmet Airport near Palm Springs. It is kept in readiness for the fire jumpers, and for dropping aerial retardant chemicals on the summer fires in the remote moutains and canyons of California.

From Purcell Terence was sent back to San Diego to train in the Navy's long range bomber, the Consolidated Aircraft Company's PB4Y1, or to the Army Air Corps the B-24 Liberator. In the style of the military, Terence was given the tail gunner position, even though he specifically trained as a waist gunner. Terence said he had to wedge back into the narrows of the fuselage to take his position. If the airplane were attacked, and everyone had to get out quickly, he would have been at a disadvantage.

The long-ranged Liberator, and its medium ranged partner, the B-25 (Mitchell Bomber), were an effective bombing combination for the Navy in the Pacific. The smaller twin engined Mitchells carried several types of bombs; their most effective were the skip bombs, which detonated on the second or third bounce (most of the time). The aircraft was able to swoop in low on isolated targets and individual ships, cut loose its bombs and get away before the second bounce detonated. The Mitchells were the terror of the Japanese Navy and their island bases. The pilots of the Mitchells approached their targets as low as ten or twenty feet off the water or tree tops to catch the enemy by surprise. It was not uncommon for the ground crew at the base to extract bamboo and tree limbs from the airplanes's intake ducts. The Mitchells were vulnerable to ground artillery, and had heavy losses from flying low at close range.[1] The Liberators flew at greater altitudes, often high enough to avoid ground artillery, and they carried a greater payload. Their forte was to obliterate large enemy emplacements, airfields and camps, though there were numerous incidents of intrepid Liberator pilots making low passes in the style of the Mitchells. The Japanese in the Pacific were not as prolific as the Germans in Europe for shooting up flak to take out high altitude bombers. The Liberator was most vulnerable to Japanese fighter planes, specifically the Mitsubishi Zero.

Terence was shipped to the South Pacific and fought north of Australia in the Coral Sea. He participated in the island hopping campaign to take Guadalcanal in the Solomons, the Admiralty Islands and New Guinea. The Navy sent ahead bombers and destroyers to pummel Japanese-held islands, so Marines could land and secure the islands with as little loss of life as possible. Once an island was taken, the airstrip and base were repaired, or new ones built. When the allied forces took command of the base, they island-hopped to the next target. The plan was not always so easily executed, especially when the Japanese became more persistent, clever with their camouflage, and defensively deployed their men and artillery.

In 1944, Terence was working maintenance in the landing gear bay of a bomber, and someone activated the gear from inside the plane. The wheel retracted and crushed Terry's knee. He was sent to hospital in Sydney, Australia, to have his knee repaired. During his convalescence in Sydney, he sent his sister, Elizabeth, a stuffed koala bear for her new baby daughter. The bear was a good koala likeness, covered with brown kangaroo fur. It lasted a

1. The Mitchell had fewer losses in the desolate terrain of the African campaign.

**Terence Fitzpatrick:** *The photo was taken at some air base in the Solomon Islands, c. 1943. Terry would have been twenty-three years old.*

good twenty eight years, and passed down many grubby little hands. One day Elizabeth tired of seeing the box of unused toys in the closet, and gave the lot an ignoble end in the garbage can, including the balding and eyeless little koala critter. In the summer of 1945, Terence was declared fit for duty and assigned to another unit. He was with them only three months before the war ended, August 15, 1945. Terence kept a log book of his activities during the war, and he has a company history book stored somewhere in his garage. Terry survived several major battle campaigns of the War in the Pacific. When asked to describe his most horrendous battle in the South Pacific, he gave a grin and replied it was the Battle of the Bars in Sydney.

After the war, Terence hired on at Hunter's Point, the Navy shipyard in San Francisco. He visited the Merrills across the bay in El Cerrito, and one day he drove up in a sleek new 1949 Mercury coupe. We were all in awe of our sporty Uncle Terry. Jack Merrill just bought a new salmon pink Frazier, a vehicle generously referred to as a *dog*. Jack and Elizabeth never had particularly good eye when they purchased cars. The exception was their white 1957 Corvette roadster, a fluke by their standards. In general they admired excellence of design and craftsmanship, but never sought it out for themselves. They might buy one or two pieces of promising furniture, but they never thought in terms of how the pieces fit into the environment of the whole house. We grew up in a setting best described as Motel Room Modern.

After a while, Terence quit Hunters Point and returned to Seattle. He joined the select cadre of Pacific northwestern bush pilots and flew the wilderness of Alaska. He hired on with a fellow with a business flying out into the Gulf of Alaska to Chirikov Island. [1] They rounded up and slaughtered cattle left on the island by early Russian settlers. The beef was destined for the fledgling town of Anchorage. They flew into and out of Palmer, a few miles outside Anchorage. The crew brought on board the airplane horses to herd the cattle, as well as supplies and portable huts. Terry's new wife, Barbara Angell, accompanied him to Alaska, and stayed for a while with him on Chirikov Island.

In 1971, Jack and Elizabeth traveled to Alaska and stopped at Palmer, now the agricultural center of Alaska. The local airport had an odd assortment of airplanes, many strangely modified to accommodate the harsh winters and operation on short, icy stretches of dirt and waterways. It had a small museum attached to the waiting room, and displayed bush pilot paraphernalia and photographs. Elizabeth found a picture of Terence and the crew of their airplane, the *Flying Bull*. A museum docent tried to explain about bush pilots, but Elizabeth cut him short. She announced she knew all about them, and the fellow in the picture in front of her was her brother. The old fellow came apart. He remembered Terence, amazed he was still alive and hadn't *stuffed it* into a mountain side. He relayed one story after another about the clapped-out *Flying Bull*; the terrible weather the crew flew to cross the Gulf of Alaska to get to Chirikov, and several stories about "Red" Fitzpatrick, who would fly the oil guzzling heap with one engine dead in a howling blizzard if anyone bet him a quart of whiskey.

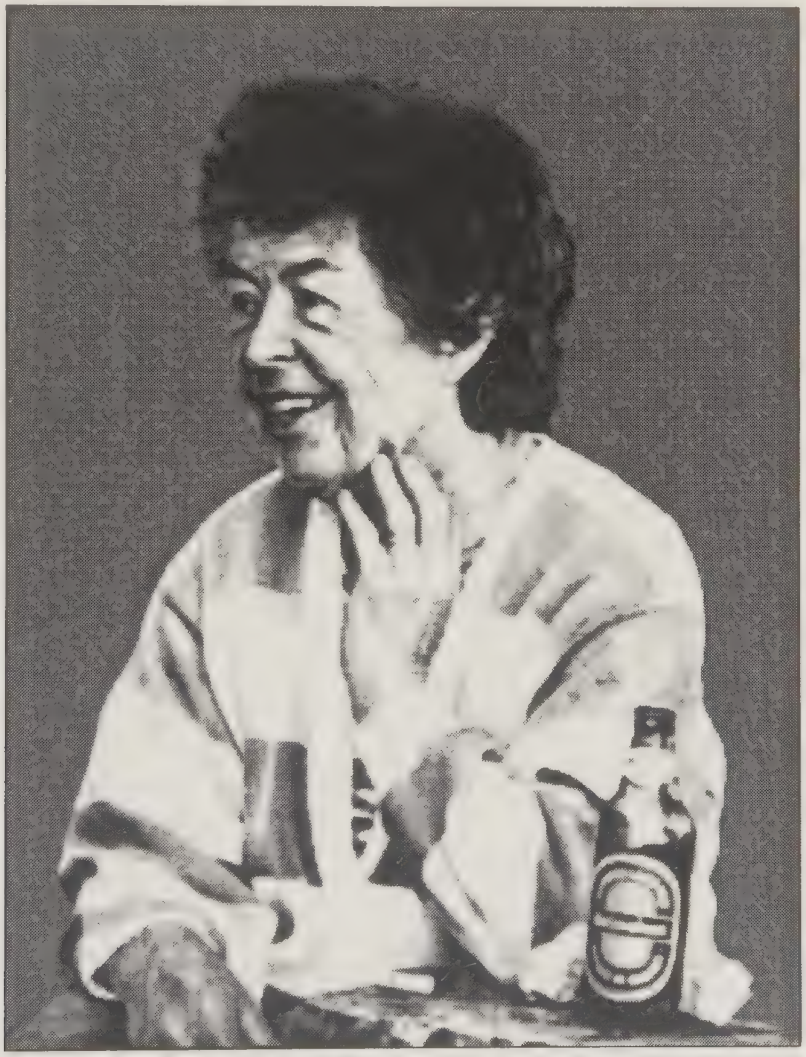
Terence was one of the lucky bush pilots; he outlived the obtuse Alaskan weather, iced wings, frozen carburettors, contaminated gasoline, rugged mountains, desolate tundra, and the long stretches of open water between islands and peninsulas. Terry and Barbara left Alaska, and Terry took a job as a mechanic with Boeing in Seattle. He quit Boeing, and hired on with Braniff Airlines as a mechanic, and moved his family to Boise, Idaho. Howard Hughes bought out Braniff, and the Fitzpatricks moved to the Hughes headquarters in Tempe, Arizona. Terry retired a few years ago. He and Barbara are notorious bush pilots aboard their Cushman cart in the wilds of the southern Arizona golf courses.

Another Fitzpatrick drawn into the war time labor force was Patricia. March 19, 1942, the 35th Army Corp of Engineers arrived at Dawson Creek to carve out the 1,600 mile Alaska Canadian Military Highway (ALCAN) to Fairbanks, Alaska. Patricia hired on eight months after construction started as a civilian employee of the Army Corp of Engineering. She worked in their offices in Skagway, Alaska. Skagway was put on the map during the Alaskan/Yukon gold rush of the last century as a supply camp for the gold miners. The town lost its glamor and most of its population when the gold fields played out, but it survived as a trading post and supply center for the remote reaches of Alaska and the Canadian northwest. When the Army Corp of Engineers set up their headquarters in 1942, Skagway was

1. Chirikov Island is off the southwestern tip of Kodiak Island. It was named after Alexei Chirikov, coexplorer with Vitus Bering. They came from Siberian Kamchatka in 1741 to claim the Pacific Coast from Alaska to Fort Ross, California, for Mother Russia and her fur traders

again a boom town. Instead of miner's tents and shanties, the town sprouted metal and wooden quonset huts. It was not unusual for winter temperatures to drop to -50° Fahrenheit. Pat said while she was there, they experienced a mild winter, and everyone debated whether it was worth the effort to put up the storm windows. They finally decided it would be prudent, but Pat said everyone wasted their time; it stayed above -20°.

The rush to build an impossible road across the middle of nowhere was the fear of Japan attacking Canada and America from bases in Alaska. The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor,



**Patricia Fitzpatrick Digerness:** *The photo was taken in June of 1992 at a family get-together at Pat and Al's home on Whidby Island.*

December 7, 1941, all but eliminated the Pacific Naval forces. The West Coast was almost defenseless. June of 1942, under the cover of planes from their aircraft carriers *Junyo* and *Ryujo*, the Japanese occupied Attu and Kiska islands. They gloriously captured forty Aleut Indians, several thousand seals and walruses, and a few square miles of windblown and ice-

scoured rocks. The Japanese set up their military bases on the most desolate, inhospitable real estate in North America. The Japanese occupation was unopposed; the uninhabitable islands made it virtually impossible to establish an aircraft warning service, and the closest American military station was nearly 1,000 miles away. Strategic Alaskan sites were inaccessible by road, and equipment could only be moved through ice packs between storms. The Japanese had every intention of waltzing along the Aleutian Islands to the mainland of the northern territories of Canada and the United States, but they were stalled by the impossible conditions of the Aleutian Islands. The lack of coastal defences and the presence of the Japanese on American territory had everyone excited on the west coast.

Most of the transportation to Alaska was by ship, and vulnerable to Japanese forces. To insure a supply line to new military installations, the Army ordered its Corp of Engineers to build a road to connect the military airfield at Fairbanks to the rail head at Dawson Creek. The intent was to eventually connect to the Canadian railroad at Edmonton, Alberta. The road followed the proposed Pioneer Road of the 1930's across the Canadian Rockies and the Cassiar Mountains to Whitehorse in Yukon Territory. From Whitehorse they forged along the Alaskan Range, and across rivers and tundra to Fairbanks, Alaska. Sixteen thousand men were employed to clear the wilderness for a crude dirt road bed. Within fourteen months, they reached Fairbanks, though the road needed constant upgrading and repair. Construction was divided among twenty five civilian contractors (the Public Roads Association) under the aegis of the Army. There were base camps every twenty five miles, and supplies were brought up from Dawson Creek. In the summer of 1942, the civilian contractors and the military combined their efforts to finish the main part of the road quickly. They built 130 bridges and countless overpasses across rivers, ravines and canyons. Construction was on a seven day work week, and they averaged four or five miles per day. The men earned from ninety six cents to two dollars per hour. In the haste to complete the road, and lack of replacement parts, the crews left behind the wrecked hulks of overturned and cannibalized bulldozers, broken down trucks and equipment. The work crews called the ALCAN the Oil Can Highway for all the fifty five gallon oil drums discarded along the way. During the summer, construction workers stayed in tents near the road. They lived and worked in the gumbo mud of the tundra, and a fog of voracious mosquitoes. The bulldozers spent as much time pulling trucks out of the ooze as carving road beds, and in places men cut trees to lay across the bogs for a road bed. During the sub-zero winter, diesel fuel and gasoline solidified. Convoys kept their engines running day and night while traveling the truck trail to the construction sites. The hard freezes heaved up sections of the road, and the spring melts washed them away. The best time for travel was before the thaw when the roadbed was frozen. November 20, 1942, two major sections of the road met at Soldiers Creek. July of 1943, eighty one civilian contractors with 14,000 men took over from the army to complete and improve the road.

The rush to finish the road left little time to straighten out curves, span small ravines and outcroppings. The ALCAN plunged down steep embankments, snaked around bogs, and bounced over shallow riverbeds. The speed of construction plus the difficulty of the terrain and weather made the ALCAN one of the engineering feats of this century. October 13, 1943, the road was officially open on a permanent basis, though only the military were al-

lowed to use it until 1947. There were no facilities or fuel supplies for civilian traffic. Over the years, the ALCAN has been immensely improved, even paved, and it is still the major overland supply route into northwestern Canada and Alaska. In 1946, America turned over to Canada their section from Whitehorse, now called the Canadian Northwest Highway.

After the ALCAN project, Patricia transferred to Whitehorse to work on another army project, the Conol Road. The road accompanied an oil pipeline laid from a refinery built in Whitehorse, across the Selwyn and MacKenzie Mountains of the Yukon and Northwest Territories to Norman Wells (as in oil wells) on the MacKenzie River. The road took two years to finish, and Pat said the Conol Road was more difficult to build than the ALCAN. The 18th Combat Engineers and 14,000 civilians were assigned to build the road. Skagway was used as a supply port, and construction trucks traveled on the new military road to Whitehorse and along finished portions of the Conol.

The oil pumped at Norman Wells was not very good quality, but during the war the military wanted access to every barrel of oil they could find. After the Conol Road project, Pat transferred to the Army Engineers's offices in Anchorage and Seward. She roomed in Seward with Aggie Keefe (Barney Keefe's first cousin), who had a good job with the port authority. Seward was the Alaska Steamship port, and the end of a railroad line from Anchorage. Patricia came home to Seattle at the end of the war and married Al Digerness. They had their family, Diane, Dan and Patty Ann, and worked their farm near Arlington, Washington (strawberries, as I remember). They sold their farm and moved nearby to open up a restaurant on the tourist route along Puget Sound, south of Bellingham. Their business was hard work, but they made a success of it. They moved on to better locations along the water, and ended up with the Oyster Creek Inn. Pat and Al have supposedly *retired* from the restaurant business. They lease out the restaurant, but are kept busy maintaining the Oyster Creek Inn. They live near Coupeville on the eastern shores of Whidby Island.

The youngest of the Fitzpatricks is Marie. She graduated from Holy Rosary High School in 1940, and went on the Seattle University. During the war, the government needed civilians to staff a variety of positions, and in 1943 Marie signed up with the Civil Aeronautical Administration, now called the Federal Aeronautical Administration. She trained to operate radio stations located in strategic sites to relay to the next station flight information, weather reports, and on occasion, she gave landing instructions and directions to lost pilots. She took her training in Santa Monica and Pacific Palisades, southern California, and graduated in 1943 with a GS 6 rating.[1] Marie requested a remote location, and she got her wish. Her first assignment was at Blue Canyon near Baxter in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Her next assignment was at Chandler Airport in Fresno, then Davis Airport in Tuscon, Arizona. Her last assignment (1946) was in the Sierra Nevadas above Truckee on Donner Summit.

The Donner Summit radio shack and house were atop a granite shelf with a view of Donner lake below, and across the pass to the railroad snow sheds on the side of the next range of mountains. With the highest GS rating, Marie was assigned the house for her use. The men were obliged to commute in from Truckee (hike and ski in the winter). Donner

1. Government Service, 6th level.

**Marie Fitzpatrick:** *The photo was taken in 1940 during Marie's senior year at Holy Rosary High School, West Seattle.*

Summit is a collection of massive granite boulders, pine trees and secluded tarns. One was called Disney Lake, a name a four year old girl was sure to remember. Marie is a lover of the outdoors, and her assignments in the wilderness suited her. She and her friends hiked and explored the canyons and mountains on their time off. In the winter, Marie was known for her lightning speed and agility on a pair of skis.[1] Whenever the road over the summit closed during the winter blizzards, Marie skied from her house on the summit to Truckee six or seven miles below. The old highway twisted up Donner Pass, and in the winter, with ice and deep snow drifts, it was treacherous. One winter a semi loaded with liquor slid and overturned into a snow drift below the summit. Marie and most of the town of Truckee skied to the rescue... of the cargo. Another time a truck loaded with frozen turkeys rolled over and spilled its load. Marie visited us in El Cerrito a few days later, and supplied our Thanksgiving dinner.

Everyone visited Marie at Donner Summit. Some of the last pictures taken of Aunt Bea (Brigid Fitzpatrick McGovern) were taken at nearby Lake Disney. Terence, and a fellow bush pilot friend, Sig, visited Marie. Terry said Marie and her friends took them around Truckee to show them a good time, then went home and left them both stewed at one of the bars. Marie was used to living at 7,200 feet at Donner Summit, and Truckee is something

1. Marie was featuredom the cover of the March 14, 1948 issue of the *New York Sunday News*. Inside was an article on her unusual job high in the Sierras, her skill on skis, participation in the ski patrol and ski competitions in nearby Truckee.

like 1,000 feet below. Alcohol consumption at altitude works a bit quicker, which means it takes less to get the same results. After Terence and Sig visited Marie at Donner Pass, they stopped by our house in Novato. Late one night, Jack Merrill left the house to fetch Terence and Sig. Years later he told us Sig and Terence went into San Francisco for a night out, and Terence took Sig into a bar called Mona's, a notorious lesbian bar. They decided to show the gals how to be women and got into a fracas. The police broke up the melee, and Jack was called to come fetch his brother-in-law and his pal. Jack and Elizabeth howeled with laughter every time they told the story.[1]

We all visited Marie in the summer and had picnics. If we were good (mostly Frank - he was older and not such a nuisance), we might be invited to stay a few days, and come back home with Marie on her days off. My brother, Frank, and I spent some days with Marie during the winter. She decided to show us how to ski and bought us each a set of skis. I snivelled a great deal, afraid of sinking into a snow drift, or getting left behind when Frank and Marie went flying down the hill on their skis. When I was put to bed in the evening, Marie came in with a small glass of orange juice. She told me it was a luxury, and to drink it with appreciation. When I told my father about getting orange juice before bed, and it had appreciation, he asked Marie which *brand* of *appreciation* she slipped into the orange juice to put me asleep. The radio shack and the house have since been torn down, and Interstate 80 bypasses the old road. The site is still visible from the Interstate to the right of the first curve on the descent from Donner Summit. It is a prominent rounded granite shelf overlooking Donner lake, directly across the pass from the train snow sheds.

In 1950, Marie quit the CAA. She wanted to join the Sisters since she was a girl, and planned to join the Dominicans at Tacoma with her friend, Mary Sullivan. While on a vacation in Ireland, Marie decided to join the Little Sisters of the Poor in France. Father Francis Donohoe didn't mind letting the family know he was displeased with her decision to join a French Order.[2] As a novitiate, Marie worked in the nun's poorhouse in Paris. Before her final vows were taken (1954), she switched to a Franciscan teaching and missionary order, Sainte Marie des Anges (Saint Mary of the Angels). The Franciscan Order was a good move. Marie is an active person with a spirit for the living, not the dead and dismal of the Parisian slums. Marie took her final vows in Angers, France, then was assigned to their school in Wickham, England. The summer of 1967, I came to England and spent a year teaching with Marie at St. Mary of the Angels. We spent a good deal of our preparation and free time in the library (the only warm room in the drafty old Georgian house), and everyone started calling it the

1. Sig was a bush pilot who didn't survive. He had a charter and was in a rush to be off before the weather set in. Gasoline at most sites in Alaska was pumped from fifty five gallon drums into the airplanes. The procedure was to filter the gas through a chamois, in case there was dirt, rust or water condensation in the drums. Sig did not take time to filter his gas, and it was contaminated with water. His engines failed and he crashed; all on board were killed.

2. Marie's oldest sister, Elizabeth, never abided Fran's assumption he was *paterfamilias* by virtue of his priest's collar. She was slightly older, and didn't mind letting him know she ranked him, especially when she thought he was out of line. Concerning Marie's decision, Elizabeth tersely told Fran to mind his own business.

American Embassy. We came to like the title. Marie stayed until the early 1970's, when she came home to Seattle to look after her mother, Mary Fitzpatrick. Everybody was afraid the Franciscans would recall her when Elizabeth moved back to Seattle in 1973, but Marie was allowed to stay. She lives in Seattle, and teaches high school art to the little darlings in Everett.

**SHOREWOOD APARTMENTS:** *Marie and Mary Fitzpatrick's home until Mary died, 1980, then Marie's until 1982.*

**DAVIS STREET:** *Fitzpatrick home from 1907 until 1916.*

**JUNEAU STREET:** *Mary Fitzpatrick's home from 1950 to 1975.*

**RAYMOND STREET:** *Keefe home until 1975.*

**13TH STREET:** *Marie Fitzpatrick's home.*

**36TH STREET:** *Barney and Mary Keefe's home from 1975 to 1991. Mike Keefe lives there now.*

**48TH AND CHICAGO STREETS:** *Fitzpatrick home from 1916 to 1950. Pat and Al Digerness lived there from about 1950 to 1952.*

**70TH STREET:** *Elizabeth Merrill's home from 1974 to 1989, then Jim Merrill's until 1991.*

# CONCLUSION

Whenever any of us asked about our family background, our father, Jack Merrill, announced we were descendants of bootleggers and horse thieves. He thought he was immensely funny, and poked fun at our mother, Elizabeth, who took her family lineage too seriously. Jack was unaware how accurate he was. We come from a wonderful assortment of slanderers, claim jumpers, rum-runners, back woods and bath tub bootleggers, drunks, teetotalers, tax evaders, tax collectors and small time politicians. There were Seccessionists, Yankees, slave owners, free soilers, sheriffs, soldiers, gandydancers, Molly Maguires, frontiersmen, mountain men, coal miners and 49er's. A few were clerics, teachers, artists, writers and musicians; several were socialites, dandies and dilettantes. I found men and women with kind hearts and gentle manners, and too many known as loud, abusive and pugnacious. To my knowledge, nobody was canonized, nor has anyone been lynched or spent hard time in jail.

Elizabeth Merrill dredged up stories about her Irish nobility; the best was her claim she was a descendant of Brian Boru, the Tenth Century Celtic chieftain who threw out the Danes, and came closest of anyone in uniting all of Ireland. Brian Boru would be a noble pedigree indeed, but from what I read of the mighty Brian and his healthy appetites, most of Ireland could qualify as his descendants. In general, the Irish people are not overly impressed by alleged royal blood lines. They seem to be more interested in a family's accountability as human beings, nefarious or sainted, which may explain their fun with Americans who return to Ireland to search for the holy grail of their misty ancestry. Nevertheless, the Irish are extremely clannish; most of them proudly recount their names and complex relationships back to Brian Boru.

Once in North America, nobody on either side of the family was overly concerned with

their place in the development of the British Colonies, later the United States. They were too busy keeping alive, and answering the call of their restless feet to pack up and move west into the unforgiving American wilderness. I tried to justify their migrations by exploring the political, social and economic climate of the times. From my comfortable chair, I made some silly observations; I know damn little why our people moved west, and it may not be important. There were no simple answers, or none at all like: *God Almighty and the Homestead Act gave us the inalienable right to possess all unoccupied land.* To keep from turning this thing into a lengthy and costive Russian historical novel, I abbreviated great slabs of Irish and American history. There is no way I slid by without veering off course, oversimplifying events, making outlandish assumptions and blatant errors. I had a terrible time sorting out the generations, especially when everyone passed on the same Christian names. I have a gnawing feeling I mixed up people and events, so I am soliciting everyone to make notes of the errors, and please pass them on. Should this document deserve upgrading, or if someone else wants to continue where I fell short, the corrections would be invaluable.

I hope I haven't offended anyone mentioned in the text who is still alive. I suppose I'll find out soon enough by who is still speaking to me. I left out most of my generation and the younger people. I am too close to my contemporaries to see much out of the ordinary, and the few of us who inspire notoriety are difficult to define from my point of view. I would have to adopt the style of Danielle Steele to do justice to at least one. If anything came out of the previous pages, it is all Mary Gilbride Fitzpatrick's fault. She threw down her gauntlet in her preface to *Rambles Through My Family History* when she said she hoped someone from another generation would become interested in the family history. I picked up the task thinking it would be a quick and easy project, but I barely skimmed the easiest third. There are hundreds of events left unexplored, and dozens of relatives omitted. I will gladly pass on to anyone with the time and interest to perpetuate the family saga, or desire to research related historical tidbits, my collection of notes, resources, reprints, publications, maps, pictures and other materials. *Caveat:* Take on this project and you inherit a fatuous curse. You will find yourself spending perfectly nice afternoons inside specialized historical libraries leafing through dusty Nineteenth Century property tax lists, and getting protective over your favorite microfilm machine at the National Archives.

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# APPENDIX A

## DER APFELGARTEN

Frances Appelgate Merrill Connor Lucido mentioned she had a boyfriend address letters to her with a drawing of an apple atop a gate, and he left an apple on the crossbar of the front gate whenever he passed by her house. She said her father was *not* amused. She said the kids in the family grew up taking a ribbing over their name, and she was glad to be rid of it when she married. The *Apple* part of the young man's drawing was a correct definition, *gate* was not.

The etymology of the name is Norse, as in the Viking invasions of England, circa 900-1000 AD. The name Applegate floats around Norfolkshire and parts of Kent and Hampshire, prime Viking pickings 1,000 years ago. Other than England and her colonies, the only other places the name is seen is in Denmark as Abildgaard or Appelgart, and in Jutland (the northwestern coast of Germany) as Apfelgarten. Both places were home territory to the Vikings. Knowing the Germanic penchant for stringing together several visceral words to make a name, Apfelgarten was rather benign; better than being called Schlechterapfel, Fleischhacker or Schwartzenegger.[1] Appelgate, or Applegate, as it is often spelled in English-speaking countries, is a Saxon spin of the German and Danish rendition of Applegarden. The name probably originated with some prehistoric Nordic fellow with a decent apple orchard. A Tenth Century descendant tired of providing the village with *apfelmus*, and joined the local *Fregatten Kapitán's* rowing club to perpetrate Wagnerian librettos along the coasts of Europe. The name Apfelgarten was spread around the British Isles by the usual means Vikings used to demonstrate their esteem for conquered Celtic and Saxon ladies. If it means anything, the existent American Revolutionary War enlistment records have forty Applegate soldiers described as light-haired, blue-eyed and taller than average, 5'8" to 6', and yes, they were all related.

Another angle on the name was from Norman origins in the form of Apeliard, said to mean Appleyard, but the name still sounds Teutonic. The French word for apple is *pomme*, yard is *cour*, *verger* is orchard and garden is *jardin*. Cour de Pomme, Jardin de Pomme or Verger de Pomme have never been used by the French as surnames. The adoption of the French spelling of the name was probably when the Normans invaded England, 1066 AD. Many of the landowning Saxon and Viking families found it to their best interests to look as Norman as possible, if they valued their heads and life-styles of living off the sweat of their serfs. Anything French suddenly was *in*, and the name started sounding more Gallic. The estates of Rogert de Apelgath and Jeffery de Applegarth were mentioned in 1199 AD by Norman court officials. The Christian names were French; the surnames smelled Nordic. John Appleyard lived in the time of Richard II (1377-1399 AD), and he had a son, Sir Nicholas Apelyard, sometimes spelled Apeliard. Notice the name teetered between the French and English. In the Fourteenth Century, the English Normans were in the process of carving out a separate identity and kingdom from their cousins across the English Channel. All of the

1. Rottenapple, Fleshhacker (Butcher) and Blacknigger.

above gentry had several estates in Norfolkshire, among them Rainthrop Hall, Mills Manor, Hals Manor and Testerdon Manor. All the estates were neatly documented in Norman court ledgers and tax books. Those places are still identifiable in England, though under different ownership, and the Applegate name litters the surrounding countryside.

The Norfolkshire crowd had a striking coincidence of family names to those of the first Appelgates in America. Among the Lords of Rainthrop Hall and Mills Manor was Bartholomew Apelyard. In 1419, a branch of the Apelyards owned Duaton Manor. In 1481, William Applegate[1] bequeathed his estate to his son, Thomas, his mother, Elizabeth, and his two brothers, John and Bartholomew. Bartholomew Applegate died in 1492. The use of the relatively rare Christian name of Bartholomew is suggestive of the American/Norfolkshire connection. The progression of family Christian names is more observation than proof of relationship, but there is a faint trail tracking name patterns in a family.

During the American colonial era, the name took on a variety of spellings, depending on who flourished the goose quill. How the family decided on the spelling of their name is unknown. Many American names were at the mercy of Dutch and English copyists and officials in a time when spelling was an option rather than a rule. Other than some literate family member insisting on a specific spelling, poor penmanship and worse spelling was how many family names were established. The family was listed in official records as Apelgate, Applegate, Appel, Apply, Apticat, and Appelget, Appelgarth and Appelgat in the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam, which became New York and New Jersey. *Appelgats Plaine* was the name of the Rhode Island family farm inhabited between 1640 and 1641. The Dutch rendition of the name in the English Colony of Rhode Island was evidence the family brought their particular spelling from their previous sojourn in Holland. Our bunch kept the spelling of Appelgate up to present time. The earliest signature in my possession of a direct line Appelgate is a copy of a document signed in 1815 by a distant grandfather, Nathaniel Appelgate, born 1792 in Virginia.

The English Appelgates retained their positions as local honchos until the Seventeenth Century. Changes in religion, politics and the economy gradually forced them to become gentleman farmers or move on. As early as 1435, under the reign of Henry VI, the gentlemen Appelgates were officially listed as a family entitled to a coat of arms. In the early 1560's, Queen Elizabeth I decreed all families entitled to a shield to officially register with the Crown. Apparently, the Appelgates still rode in the correct circles. For the honor of a position on the Queen's social register, and recognition of a coat of arms, a family had to be either a royal relative, or even better, a generous contributor to the royal treasury. There were no free rides in Queen Elizabeth's court, and she ran a brisk business granting coats of arms.

The idea of a family shield or coat of arms had useful purposes up to Renaissance times. Few people could read, and having someone at the front of the mob hold up a symbol-painted sheepskin on a pole, or wave one of the head man's dyed leather shields, was a handy way to tell what clan you were marching with or against. In peaceful times, the shield was hung

1. Notice the English spelling. By 1481, French was *out*.

upon a post outside the mud and wattle compound to let everybody know who owned the turf, and if the chief were at home. The invading Normans were big on pomp and formalities, and family shields became more elaborate and codified. The Saxons and leftover Vikings were not stupid. To flatter the new Norman kings, family shields suddenly became emblazoned with Gallic symbols. After Henry VII took over England, the only shield to count had a royal lion on it, and everyone else's was of little more importance than a modern cattle brand ceremoniously hung over the hearth and gate entrance to the ranch (pardon - manor).

I won't foist on anyone the bizarre jargon of healdry, invented to be an annoyance solving crossword puzzles. There are a couple Appelgate shields. The first shield has three owls spaced in the three corners on the face of the shield, with a horizontal band across the middle to separate off the bottom owl. Above the shield floats a festoon of *fleur-des-lis* and curlicues. The other shield looks more applicable to the name. It has a horizontal stripe across the center; above are two apples, each hanging from a small branch, and below is a third apple. There are no rampant lions with flaming breath, no French squiggles, snarling wolves, flapping eagles, armored fists or crossed maces - just dangling apples.

## EIREANNACH

In Ireland any established family could have a shield, not just the royalty, gentry and the King's favorite dwarf. According to Celtic Brehon Law, every family head was a chieftain free to choose his loyalties and associations, as well as provide his community with the social and legal services of a bureaucrat. Of all the Fitz names in Ireland, Fitzpatrick is the only one to go back to Celtic times. The others are Norman transplants: Fitz-Maurice, Fitz-Gerald, Fitz-Eustace, Fitz-Hugh, etc. Fitz was the Celtic rendition of the French word *fils*, or son.

Mac Giolla Phadraig, or son-of-servant-of (or devotee-of) St. Patrick[1] was a Celtic-Christian name. Giolla Phadraig was the eponymous ancestor first noted in the second half of the Tenth Century as a particularly warlike chieftain, no doubt a notorious name on the Viking Ten Most Wanted posters. Before 450 AD (Christianity introduced to Ireland), who knows what they called themselves, probably something interesting like the Mullin name. If anyone is intent in finding the pre-Christian Fitzpatrick name, it will take a field trip to Ireland to decipher the Ogham stones in Ossory, and a postdated note to the chief archivist of Trinity Library in Dublin from St. Patrick himself to secure permission to look at the ancient documents.

The Mac Giolla Phadraigs were listed as a clan in the ancient kingdom of Ossaighe (Ossory), roughly Counties Loais and Kilkenny today. (See page 244.) In Norman occupation times (1170 AD until the Tudors), they were in Ulster, what is now County Fermanagh, and isn't it a coincidence, the name changed to Fitzpatrick. Like the Danish Appelgates in England, the Celtic Mac Giolla Phadraigs were pragmatic enough to figure out it was time to

1. With Celtic names, both Irish and Scotch, Mac, and the shortened version, Mc, means son of. Ó means grandson of. All pass for descendant of.

appear French. By 1300 AD, the Fils du Patricks, alias Fitzpatricks, were listed as a family in good stead with the Norman-Anglo crown. *Good stead* in Ireland meant acceptable behavior within a longbow's range of a Norman garrison.

Over the years, the Fitzpatricks were astute enough to bend with the changing politics of their powerful neighbors across the Irish Sea. They had the infamy of one of the first septs to submit to Elizabeth I, hence Sir Barnaby Fitzpatrick, knighted in 1588. Nobody was knighted unless they embraced the new idea of Protestantism in the form of the Church of England, and recognized England's undisputed sovereignty over Ireland. The family slipped in their political acumen by backing the disposed King James II in the mid 1600's. They suffered English reprisals and confiscations with the rest of Ireland. The Ossory crowd managed to redeem themselves, and in 1714 they received a peerage. In 1878, Fitzpatrick descendants were listed with 22,000 acres in Ossory, a huge holding by anyone's standard. The Ossory Fitzpatricks were/are very distantly removed from the family on the small farm called *Ashgrove* on Lake Drummany in northern County Cavan.

There are a couple variations of the Fitzpatrick shield. One has a large X across the shield, with a band across the top with three *fleur-des-lis* in a row. Above the shield is the politically correct English lion pouncing on the back of a winged dragon. The Fitzpatrick shields belonged to the Ossory crowd. If the Cavan branch rated a shield, I haven't found one. Unfortunately, I don't have a very good grasp on the Fitzpatricks of County Cavan. The Norman era Fermanagh stronghold of Fitzpatricks was only a few miles up the road from Belturbet, and with the turbulence of Irish history, it is more than likely bits of the family were displaced southeast along the River Erne into County Cavan.

The early Gilbrides were from the environs of Kilarney, and some were found in Ulster and Connacht. They called themselves Mac Giolla Bhrighde, or son-of-servant-of (or devotee-of) St. Brigid. Mary Fitzpatrick described the shield in her *Ramble*s as a symbol of the Gilbride connection to the cult of Ireland's patroness. St. Brigid, Mary of the Gael, is an Irish Christian adaptation of the Celtic goddess of the same name. Brigid in Celtic means *The High One*. Both Celtic and Christian figures were patronesses of poetry, music and especially of fertility. Saint Brigid's feast day is celebrated on February 1, which was also the Celtic feast of Imbolc, stressing fertility and marking the beginning of the lactation of the ewes.[1] When St. Patrick came to Ireland to convert the Celts, he was crafty enough to allow the old beliefs meld into the new, then gradually obliterated the pagan slant, or so he thought. The Gilbride family shield has an oak tree, and even if there is a Christian label on the symbol, it also smells of the oak-worshipping Druid days. Many Celtic Irish families, like the Gilbrides, assumed a Christian saint's name after 450 AD. It was good luck and godly to appear Christian; just as after 1170 AD, it was good luck and godly to appear Norman.

The Mullins were Ó Maolain, or grandson-of-he-who-goes-into-battle-bareheaded.

1. Sheep are not native to Ireland. They were brought to the British Isles by stone age peoples from continental Europe, and they came to possess sheep from the earlier migrations from the Middle East.

Maolain was either a very brave warrior or incredibly stupid, considering the ferocious warfare of Celtic times. The Ó Maolains were listed in early times in Counties Clare and Cork. Years later, Mac Mullen showed up in Ulster, and Mullane and Millane in Munster and Cork. The Ó Maolain name retained its Celtic origins; the family either lived in a part of Ireland where Christianity had a tenuous hold, or they stubbornly held onto their old identity despite the religious and political climate. Whatever the reason, Ó Maolain is a common name in Ireland and wherever Irish people migrated. The name has been obliterated every way possible, usually with the Ó dropped: Mallin, Mullen, Mollon, Mulhain, Mullin, and on and on.

The only shield I found was of the Ó Mullans of Connacht. Perhaps the other families were too much of a nuisance to the Normans to have formal notice other than on a court docket. The Ó Mullan shield has a hand on a dagger in the middle, with three Turkish-looking crescents spaced in the three corners. Above the shield is a crescent on its back with a dagger upright in the center space. It looks like something out of a Shriners convention.

The Murtaugh name is an obliteration of Moriarty, which is an obliteration of the Irish name Ó Muircheartaigh. They were first noted on both sides of Castlemaine Harbor in County Kerry, the entrance to the Dingle Peninsula. The Normans fancied the Murtaugh real estate, and by 1210 AD the clan was hustled off the prime locations. The Murtaughs had a sept near Kells in County Meath, also appropriated by the Normans. It was awfully nice of the Normans to mention who they threw off their newly acquired estates, otherwise there would be few records of the ancient Irish clans.

In the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, the Murtaughs were mentioned in North Connacht and Ulster. They are believed to be of Scotch origin, the Protestant Murdocks of western Scotland brought in by the English to plantationize Ireland, and displace the Catholic Irish as loyal Protestant subjects. Mary Fitzpatrick said the Murtaughs were "from somewhere near Belfast", which would have made them descendants of the Scotch settlers. A more reliable fix on the family was described by her first cousin, John Madigan, who shared a common grandparent, Brigid Murtaugh. According to John, Brigid was born 1826 in the Parish of Kalladin, County Mayo, which makes more sense for the Catholic Murtaughs. (See page 244.)

The Murtaugh shield has a black spread eagle across the whole shield, much in the manner of a splayed-out frog on a pinning salver in a biology class. Above is a gauntleted hand holding a sword with a snake entwined around the blade, an unusual depiction of the cast-out symbol of Ireland. The shield may be from the later Scots settlers.

Maher, on the Appelgate side, is a shortened version of Meagher, or in Irish Ó Meachair, meaning hospitality. The name showed up in the Norman barony of Ikerrin in County Tipperary near Roscrea and Devil's Bit Mountain. The Mahers were one of the few Irish families not tossed off their lands by the Normans. Perhaps their property was too remote, and the soil too poor to interest the Normans. Frances Appelgate, and her sister, Mary, said the Mahers came from County Clare, but they referred to the Nineteenth Century Famine Refugees. Clare may be the current Maher home turf, but their origins are further east. The Appelgate sisters said their grandmothers's maiden name was Needham, which shares an anglicization

of the Celtic name of Ó Niadh with the Newcomb family.

The Maher shield has two lions rearing up and facing each other, separated by a vertical sword. Above the shield is a handsome perched falcon. Devil's Bit Mountain was, and still is famous for its falcons.

Newcomb is an anglicization of Ó Niadh, a family originally from County Galway, and by the Nineteen Century settled in County Mayo. A variation of the name in Clare and Mayo is Needham, and in County Limerick the Newcombs are now called Neville. The Saxon slant on the name probably came in the late Sixteenth Century, when a family of Newcomens came over from England to Dublin to collect on their new Irish estates. The ancient Galway Ó Niadhs took the closest Saxon sound-alike name either to appear in the best light with their new English landlords, or they were assigned a more familiar English name to expedite the paperwork for the local British officials.

The Merrills are not included because I don't have a very good lead on them in America to run them back in time to their European origins. Merrill is Anglo-Norman, an English obliteration of De la Merle, or Of the Blackbird. It is a common name in Alsace-Lorraine, the place of origin for many of the ancient Norman invaders of England. A Nineteenth Century family chronicler, Dr. Samuel Merrill of Wisconsin, discounted the French origins of the name. He said the Merrills were mercurial in temperament, not a French characteristic. The good doctor may have been dabbling in Victorian social Darwinism, and obviously never travelled abroad, but the bit about the Merrill temperament has uncomfortable overtones. For the record, Merrill goes back to the mid Seventeenth Century Massachusetts Bay Colony. They were as prolific as the Appelgates, and their descendants migrated into the western frontiers about the same time. There are several famous and infamous people who went by the name Merrill. Whoever gets a line on them is in for some interesting historical reading.

# APPENDIX B

## WHISKEY REBELLION

Before the American Revolution, the people of the Monongahela River and the Forks of the Ohio had a history of conflict with land companies, provincial governments of Virginia and Pennsylvania, and with Royal proclamations. After the Revolution, the English hung around the northern districts, hostile Indians raided their farms and towns, and the new American government offered no protection. The few instances when a feeble Federal Army showed up, they made such a miserable showing they encouraged the Indians to further activity. The power and financial nucleus of the colonies, later States, was in New York City, Boston and Philadelphia. When Indian wars erupted in the west, or supply routes were closed by the French, Spaniards or British, the Westerners howled for protection. Easterners tired of hearing about western troubles, and they didn't see why they had to pay for garrisons to patrol the unfathomable wilderness, or keep open roads to nowhere. Westerners demanded more services than their revenues and trade warranted, and Easterners saw no returns for their consideration other than rude behavior from the ungrateful louts. The State of Pennsylvania was in a touchy position as a leading eastern power with a western frontier. For the most part, Pennsylvanians considered their frontier people second class citizens. They lived far away, were never great revenue producers, nor were the Westerners in a position to send influential politicians to Philadelphia. Western Pennsylvanians were mostly ignored, or tossed a few scraps from Pennsylvania's public trough. Westerners viewed Federal policies as pandering to land companies and eastern interests; they were incensed Eastern politicians jeopardized their lives and livelihoods with uninformed policies. The frontiersmen reacted with their usual disdain of eastern bureaucrats, and developed a flaming disrespect for authority.

The new American government tried to exert its sovereignty, and convince everybody the United States was a permanent fixture in North America. The first order was to stabilize currency, establish international credit and balance the national books. The early bureaucrats had a strange idea our country had to expunge its debts to proceed as an independent and viable nation. They had a morbid fear of owing foreigners, and viewed the depletion of the national Treasury to pay interest on loans and bonds as a major threat to future development. (What novel ideas!) President Washington's Secretary of the Treasury, Alexander Hamilton, was ordered to produce a plan to sort out the new nation's finances. In 1789, he asked Congress to fund America's first population census (1790) to get a head count for his proposed direct tax on every household. Hamilton's idea was a bit ahead of its time, but America continued to have a national census every ten years. He asked for immediate revenue measures to raise money for the federal treasury. The tariff bill of 1789 was hustled through Congress before anyone had time to work out the numbers. The revenues collected were not enough to cover national expenses. Hamilton requested an extension of import and export duties, and permission to impost new taxes on domestic commodities. Congress didn't like the idea of voting for internal taxes, nor the creation of a new internal revenue office to monitor collections. The suggestion of a whiskey tax aroused open antagonism. In some parts of the country, whiskey was so common an article of daily consumption its taxation was considered a

discrimination upon one of the necessities of life. After all, wasn't whiskey medicine? How could anyone think of taxing the only civilized means of keeping off a chill or washing down a meal? Politicians argued a tax on spirits was as onerous as the unpopular poll tax.

March 6, 1791, after several compromises, the bill for a tax on whiskey passed. The duty on distilled spirits made from molasses, sugar, and other foreign materials was set at eleven to thirty cents per gallon, depending of aging and quality. Spirits distilled from domestic articles, such as rye, barley and corn, were imposted at nine to twenty five cents per gallon. Included in the bill were allowances for administrative costs to carry out the law, in other words, salaries and expenses for the Revenuers. The intent of the bill was to pay off the overdue interest on the general debt, and if anything were left over, to pay down the principal.[1]

Before the law was in effect, the opposition whittled down a few more provisions with amendments. Country producers, distillers outside the jurisdiction of a township, were granted the option to substitute the tax per gallon rate for a tax based on the presumptive monthly capacity of the still, or what we now call licensed alcohol distilleries. The intent was to save the administrative costs of sending an army of revenuers all over the countryside to count every barrel as it rolled out of each distillery. The producers were bright fellows. They registered their monthly capacities, then hastened to improve their stills to increase output. They retained their monthly tax obligation with many times the volume. The result was they reduced the overall tax to about three cents per gallon, and by 1801, it was estimated they whittled the tax down to three-fifths of a cent per gallon. Needless to say, whiskey tax revenues fell below reasonable estimates. The gross revenue returns of 1793 were $422,000, and 16.5% had to be deducted for the cost of collection. If the drawbacks were also deducted, the net yield was only 76.5% of the gross receipts.[2] Antagonists held up the flagging success of the taxes as a further excuse to rescind it. They claimed the tax ruined business and impugned

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1. For the math whizzes, a quiz: In 1795, a Philadelphia grocer sent his twelve year old son to the corner grog shop to refill his two half gallon crockery jugs with a lesser grade corn whiskey, which was taxed at twelve cents per gallon. The tax amounted to 1/8 the cost of the whiskey at the distillery. It cost the grog merchant two cents a gallon to transport the whiskey from the distillery on Crosswick Creek north of Trenton, and his rent, business taxes and miscellaneous expenses for his shop cost him 5 cents a gallon. After expenses, the grog merchant marked up the whiskey 5% for himself. How much money did the boy have to lay on the counter for two jugs of whiskey? Superimpose a modern measure of a fifth of whiskey. How much would a fifth of Jack Daniels cost in 1795? (Extra credit for figuring the above in Imperial gallons.)

A piece of information in the above equation is missing. What was a dollar worth in 1795? Hard to say; it depended where a person lived, and if he bartered or traded in combinations of Spanish Reales, English Pounds, or any of the confusion of domestic coins and paper. A guess is the cost of toting home a gallon of modest grade domestic whiskey took a little less out of the average 1795 family weekly income than it does today.

2. A drawback was a refund for over taxation. If 10% of the receipts had to be returned, either the tax collectors didn't know their business, or everybody complained loud enough to squeeze out a refund. *Financial History of the United States* - Davis R. Dewey.

the integrity of legitimate distillers. It undermined the principles of liberty, and injured morals by inducing false swearing. The tax was also burdensome due to oppressive penalties, and it interfered with the free enterprize of the distilling business.

Despite the tricky means of legitimately, or illegitimately skirting the tax, it was openly resented, especially in the west. Whiskey and fur pelts were about the only western products to be transported over the Allegheny Mountains for a profit. A horse could pack only four bushels of rye or corn, but once converted into whiskey, the equivalent load amounted to about twenty four bushels. The time involved to transport anything east was between six weeks and two months, weather and Indians permitting, which added to the cost, and made shipment of raw corn or rye senseless. In the 1790's, transportation of anything down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers and north along the Great Lakes was risky business.

The Westerners viewed the new excise tax as an eastern conspiracy of bankers, merchants and land speculators. The tax was levied without their consensus, and they viewed it as taxation without representation. Their objections resulted in mass meetings, protests and violence. Night riders, the Tom and Tinker Boys, destroyed stills of those who complied with the tax, beat up federal tax officers, chased others out of town, and tarred and feathered anyone connected with the tax-collectors. The disturbance was more than the usual protest movement; the Westerners declared they were pulling out of the Federal Union.

During 1792 and 1793, there was no serious effort to collect the tax or punish resistors. George Washington was too busy staying neutral in a European war, and trying to distance the United States from the radical French Revolutionaries. The new government didn't have the funds to police tax collection, let alone round up and prosecute the troublemakers. Most people thought if they ignored the ruckus, it would die out on its own. The Westerners interpreted the government's inaction as a sign of weakness, which it was, and publicly lauded republican France as brothers in arms in opposition to the tyranny of the privileged class (moneyed Easterners) over the masses (beset Westerners). When Westerners reasserted their hatred of England and their Indian allies, and threatened to make foreign alliances for their own protection, they finally *stepped over the line*.

A mob of the Revolution of the Monongahela, as it was called, shot at then looted and burned the excise inspector's home near Pittsburgh. Several people here hurt, and a man was killed. The mob seized the U.S. mail to ferret out sympathizers, then mustered a militia for the purpose of separating the entire Ohio Valley from the United States. Five thousand men marched on the sparsely garrisoned Fort Pitt with the intent to burn it down. The frightened, yet astute citizens within the fort threw open the gates. They welcomed the militia, put on a feast and liquored them up. Within a few hours, the militiamen were feeling no pain, or passed out, and the disaster was averted. Washington realized the rebellion was serious, and apt to spread to other western communities. He knew if he didn't exert Federal control in western Pennsylvania, the entire frontier could fall apart, and the United States would be ripe for the Spanish, English and Indians to take what they pleased. On August 7, 1794, Washington publicly proclaimed western Pennsylvania in insurrection, with acts of treason and for levying war on the United States of America.

At the time, Washington didn't have an armed force. He was obliged to ask the Governor of Pennsylvania to mediate and placate the insurrectionists. The peace delegation couldn't get near the violent settlers, and were forced at musket point to return home. In the mean time, Congress authorized Washington to gather a Federal army for the massive Indian war recently erupted in the north and west. Washington detoured 15,000 troops to the Monongahela River to put down the Whiskey Rebellion, and entrusted his old friend, Henry "Light-horse Harry" Lee, to take command of the Monongahela expedition.[1] When the Federal troops were seen advancing on Fort Pitt, the insurrection collapsed and everyone went home.

According to the 1790 U.S. Census, there were eleven related Appelgate families in the Elizabeth area on the Monongahela River. Of those families, there were over half a dozen men over the age of sixteen in addition to the household heads. Any man of age, or boy who could hold a rifle, was assigned to a local militia unit. Everybody lived on the edge of Indian raids, and participation in the protection of their neighborhoods was mandatory. The 5,000 militiamen who marched on Fort Pitt were almost the entire able-bodied adult male population of the Monongahela Valley. There was a passing reference to the Appelgates as members of the community involved in the rebellious activities, but specific names were cautiously omitted. From all accounts, both prior to 1794 and after, the Appelgates were not shy getting into an argument or a good fight. Should anyone care to research the 1793 and 1794 Pennsylvanian alcohol and tax records, there may be mention of Appelgate enterprises connected to the local pot-stills. If arrest warrants are still existent, it would not be a surprise to see the family name. What information is available can be sought from the Western Pennsylvania State Historical Society. By 1794, our direct line of relatives lived in Lee County, Virginia, and the Reverend Hezekiah Appelgate may have been opposed to demon whiskey, at least officially. But not to despair; the distillation, sales, and distribution of illegal alcohol remained a time-honored avocation of the Appelgate clan.

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1. Henry Lee was a member of *the* Lee family of Virginia (1756-1818). He was an adventurer, intellectual and valiant military man in the Revolutionary War. He was not sharp at finances, and spent most of his life depleting the family fortune on a number of dead-end investments. Lee rarely was at home for personal as well as business reasons. His estranged wife raised the family, and managed what was left of the plantation. He left the country shortly after the Indian wars of the 1790's to chase after a sugar cane business venture in Barbados. He died there. None of the Lees, women included, were laggards; they were the Southern equivalent of the Bostonian Adams family. Henry Lee is remembered less for his own achievements than for siring a famous son, Robert Edward Lee.

# APPENDIX C

## GETTYSBURG

Elizabeth Merrill's story of a soldier in the family who fought and died at Gettysburg set off my research into the historic four day battle. The National Park Services and the Adjutant General's Office in Washington D.C. had little information on the soldiers buried at Gettysburg; they both referred me to John Busey's book, *The Last Full Measure*. Busey's book is a fascinating description of the events leading up to the dedication of the cemetery. By saying fascinating, I mean in the sense of finding out what went on after the battle was fought when the hideous mess had to be cleaned up. I read the book with the gruesome feeling one gets when passing by an automobile accident trying not to look, but invariably glancing over in mesmerized horror.

Between July 2 and July 5, 1863, over 54,000 soldiers were killed, and about 20,000 wounded in and about the little town of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Thousands of soldiers died of their injuries in the weeks and months following the battle. Most of the Gettysburg fields and buildings were destroyed, and thousands of horses, mules and other farm animals were slaughtered in the cross-fire, or set loose to die of their wounds later. The uninjured domestic and wild animals broke loose, and fled the noise and alarming activities. The few square acres of the heaviest fighting were literally blood-soaked. For several days after the battle, adjacent creeks ran a mawkish color of red.

During and just after the battle, the armies of both sides had little time to take care of their dead. Soldiers were buried in shallow graves where they fell, or they were left exposed. The living were too busy to worry about the dead, and few graves were left with markers. The battle was fought in hot and humid weather, and most of the soldiers shed their jackets and rucksacks to fight in their shirts. Subsequently, the dead wore little or no personal identification. The slaughtered animals were left where they dropped in their traces, or among the wreckage of buildings, wagons, and debris of the battlefield. The local populace evacuated before the battle. The few with fortitude returned to their ruined homes after the battle, and were faced with the monstrous task of first burying soldiers, then getting rid of the rotting carcasses of thousands of dead animals. From accounts written by those who returned to the battle site, the fetid heat was staggering. Little mention is made in the history books of what goes on after an army marches away from a battlefield.

As soon as the battle ended, word of the terrible casualties went out. Relatives from all over the country came to search for their dead. From records taken down by Busey, the scene was a grotesque Faustian pilgrimage. Thousands of people prowled the battlefield; they uncovered numerous graves, and rifled through the few personal effects left on the dead. Within days, physical identification became nearly impossible; the hot and humid summer reduced the corpses to rotting carcasses. If family members were lucky, they found a familiar letter or trinket on a body. To add to the grief, ravens, stray dogs and hogs broken loose from nearby farms roamed the battlefield and dug up many of the shallow graves. Within a couple weeks, the Union Army sent representatives to put a temporary stop to the excavations until the hot weather was over, and they had a chance to make a cursory inspection of the site.

Of the 54,000 killed, only 3,580 are buried at Gettysburg. The site was designated as a Union cemetery. The Confederate dead were shipped South, and most were buried at Atlanta and Richmond. The majority of dead of both sides were claimed by their families, or taken home to be buried as a group in the various cities and towns where they enlisted. 47.4% of those buried at Gettysburg are unknown by full name, that is 1,541 totally unknown, and 116 partially identified. There was no such thing as dog tags (metal identification tags) worn by Civil War soldiers. Many soldiers wrote their names on a piece of paper and stitched it inside their jackets, so they could be identified by their families if they were killed. Only a few wore jackets during the hot July days. Fellow soldiers, grave diggers, and the enemy were not above stripping the dead of their only means of identification; clothing, insignias and personal effects. Many soldiers were misidentified when they died wearing another man's clothes, or had another's personal effects in their pockets. It is a wry note the grave diggers not only at Gettysburg, but also other sites sorted the bodies by what was *not* in their pockets. The Union soldiers were paid before the battle, and the pockets of their dead were mysteriously empty. The bodies with Confederate money in their pockets, useless to Northern grave diggers, were marked to be sent South. I did mention this was a grizzly subject.

Mr. Busey made an exhaustive study of the soldiers positively identified and discovered some graves were mismarked. He went through the records of the regiments and companies, their orders and muster lists, then cross-checked who was where and when, and who was present after the battle. He searched private, town, and State cemeteries where families may have taken the bodies to be buried. Of Mr. Busey's list, there are only three names which may or may not be relatives. Private James H. Mullen, of the 137th Regiment New York Infantry, Company B, was killed July 2, 1863. He was sixty-four years old. Corporal Isaac B. Newcomb was from Boston, and joined the 22d. Massachusetts Infantry, Company C. He was forty-one years old, and killed on July 2. The third may be a family candidate. He was twenty-two year old Lieutenant Michael Mullin from Philadelphia. He was in the 69th Regiment, Company G of the Volunteer Infantry. Michael's company was commissioned at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, the same place where Francis Newcomb enlisted with the 56th. Michael was shot in the thigh July 2, and died of gangrene from the amputation a couple days later. His parents were Ellen and James Mullin of Philadelphia, and Michael worked as a carpet weaver for the Ingran Carpet Mills before the war. Michael's older brother was a soldier killed the previous year. Michael could have been exempt from the service as the only surviving son.

Elizabeth's Gettysburg angle is all very interesting, but I am reluctant to say if any of the above soldiers were relatives. I found no correlation to other records to connect them to our family, and the Newcomb and Mullin names were too common in 1860 America to make a definitive search. For now I have no evidence anyone in the family participated in the Battle of Gettysburg,[1] nor have I found records of any Civil War soldier in the family who died in battle. Until I find substantive evidence, I am sidelining Elizabeth's story.

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1. If Francis Newcomb weren't shot at Chancellorsville, he would have seen the sights at Gettysburg.

# APENDIX D

## LITTLE CROW

*Ta-oya-te-duta*, known in English as Little Crow, was born circa 1820 at Kapoosia Village, south of St. Paul where the Mississippi and Minnesota Rivers converge. His people were the Santee Sioux, and they were divided into four major clans: the Mdewkantons, Wahpetons, Wahpekutes, and Sissetons. His mother was the daughter of the chief of the Leaf Dweller Clan, and his father was Cetanwakuwa, or Charging Hawk, chief of the Mdewkantons. Little Crow had two half brothers, and both were jealous of him for their father's favoritism. They tried to kill him May 10, 1846, but only succeeded in shooting Little Crow in both arms. The Fort Snelling Indian Agent thought Little Crow should amputate his arms, but he refused. Little Crow recovered, but his arms were badly scarred and withered. Little Crow never had the full use of his hands, nor was he ever seen bare-armed. In Sioux culture, a deformity was cause for shame. According to tradition, only the whole were admitted into the spirit world with full honors. Little Crow was a natural leader from the time of his youth, another reason he wasn't endeared to his jealous brothers. He had six wives, two were political choices, and twenty two children. As customary for important men, Little Crow had more than one wife at a time. Although Little Crow converted to Christianity, it is doubtful the missionary married Little Crow to any of his wives. The Methodists were hard-nosed about polygamy.

From his association with the Fort Snelling Agency, Little Crow acquired a fair command of reading and writing. There are early records of him eloquently petitioning Indian Agent Forbes to send a missionary to remove liquor from the nearby trading post. The Reverend Thomas S. Williamson was sent to mediate and interpret[1]. Little Crow made Agent Forbes nervous. He was too knowledgeable of white laws and agency policies, and he made embarrassing arguments for the rights of his people and the retention of their lands. Little Crow was more tolerant of the Christian whites than they were of him. He was able to accept both Indian and white philosophies without a personal conflict. When a white missionary or agent interfered with tribal traditions, or his personal ambitions, Little Crow had no ambivalence; he advocated the traditions of his people

In 1856, the Agency hired Little Crow to hunt down Chippewa Chief Inkpaduta for various transgressions against settlers, and for violating treaty provisions. The Chippewa were ancestral enemies of the Sioux, and the job was taken to settle old scores more than a service to the Agency. Little Crow and a small band of his warriors defeated Inkpaduta at Spirit Lake in 1857. Little Crow and his warriors did not kill the chief and his men, nor did they bring them into the Agency under arrest. To the Sioux, the defeat of Inkpaduta was better than death; the Chippewa war party was sent back to their tribe publicly disgraced as men and warriors. Little Crow and his men gained tremendous stature and coup throughout the west-

1. The pious Reverend Williamson played an important roll as interrogator and interpreter during the 1862 Uprising and subsequent trial. He has been accused of withholding and misinterpreting testimony to sustain the convictions.

**Chief Little Crow:** *Photo was taken by A. Z. Shindler, 1858: Courtesy of the United States Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution.*

ern tribes at the expense of the entire Chippewa nation. Agent Forbes was not too bright. He misunderstood Indian culture, and had no idea of what went on when a chief of Inkpaduta's stature was so thoroughly beaten by Little Crow and his small band of warriors. Agent Forbes made a heinous error; he publicly called Little Crow and his warriors failures and cowards. He imputed their glory and dignity in front of their own people, as well as the whites at the Agency. It was an effrontery of tribal honor which could only be expunged with blood. In his ignorance, Forbes didn't realize he was within seconds of having his scalp lashed to the hilt of Little Crow's spear. Instead, the Sioux deferred from immediate revenge, stored up their anger over the insult, and brought it out in 1862 as one of their justifications for the Uprising. (See page 341, Little Crow's letter.)

Little Crow was the dominant of several war chiefs during the Uprising of 1862. In most cases, he provided the tribe with astute leadership in battle, and on their flight into the Dakotas and Canada. He was wounded at the Battle of Fort Ridgley, but provided behind-the-lines advice and strategy until he was strong enough to lead a few weeks later. He was initially reluctant to make war on the whites, but once the decision for war was made, he avidly supported the tribe's decision.

Little Crow and about 250 warriors fled into the Dakotas and Canada after the Battle of Fort Abercrombie. The next year, Little Crow, and a few of his warriors returned to Minnesota, attacked a few isolated settlements, and killed about forty settlers. July 3, 1863, Little Crow and his son, Wowinapa[1], foraged for food near their ancestral home outside St. Paul. They were seen by two settlers out hunting deer, Nathan Lampson and his son, Chauncy. They shot and missed Wominapa, but Little Crow was mortally wounded. Wowinapa stayed with his dying father long enough to give him some water, arrange his clothes, moccasins and weapons, and lay him in alignment with the cardinal directions so Little Crow could properly enter the Spirit World. Wowinapa escaped before the Lampsons worked up the courage to check on their quarry.

The Lampsons brought Little Crow's body to nearby Hutchison, where they received a bounty of $300. The State of Minnesota had an open bounty on any Sioux man, woman, or child found roaming the State, and paid a handsome bonus for Little Crow. The souvenir hunters stripped Little Crow's body of his clothes and weapons, then his body was thrown on the garbage dump behind the local slaughterhouse as a token of the settlers's hatred. Little Crow's skeleton was placed on public exhibit by the Minnesota Historical Society at St. Paul until 1971, when Native American attorneys petitioned to have it returned to his descendants for proper burial in the Santee Sioux cemetery near Flandreau, South Dakota.

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1. Wowinapa was Little Crow's son by his third wife. Years later, Wowinapa became a Christian and took the name Thomas Wakeman. He founded the YMCA among the Sioux.

# APPENDIX E

The following excerpt from the *Eagle Lake Times* of Madison Lake was passed on to me by Ethel Madigan. It was a 1947 interview of Mary Mullin Gilbride by Frank Fransiscus.

> "'...In the early days, Duck Lake was even then noted for a good fishing place'", said the aged pioneer, "'I suppose you know that it is the women of the Indian tribes who do most of the hard work. This was the case with the Winnebago women who did all of the fishing and work to keep their families in food.
>
> 'Many of those women had infant children whom they could not care for while in their canoes on the lake. Consequently, they would arrange for me to care for the papooses, while their mothers were absent. Indian women do not use the white man's cradle for their infants. Each child is clothed and then securely bound clothes and all on a flat slab of wood or a board, at the top of which is a hoop which the mother can put over her shoulder while on the march.
>
> 'After making arrangements with me to care for their dear ones, they would set their precious bundles along the wall of my home, each beady black-eyed youngster peeking over the top of each. I have often taken care of a dozen of these bundles of young humanity at one time.
>
> 'We had a fine herd of cows and plenty of milk, and I found a great pleasure in acting as nursemaid feeding each little mite of an Indian with a spoon. Their eyes would brighten up and the way they would smack their lips certainly did a person's heart good.
>
> 'I never expected pay for nursing the wee tots, but their mothers were indeed lavish in their donations of some of the most beautiful bead work I have ever seen. I want to state right here that an Indian infant is no cry-baby like a white child. They seem to be content to remain bundled up for long periods.
>
> 'Some years later, the Winnebagos were moved to a western reservation. I lost many true friends.
>
> 'I never had to use eye glasses and can still read and write without them. One of my ancestors lived to be 106 years old, so you see I may at least round out the century. My children are Rebina of Duck Lake, Mrs. Frank Fitzpatrick of Seattle, Mrs. Charles Schultz of Mankato, Frank of Little Falls, Mark of Spokane, Wash., and Matt of Hot Springs, S.D.'"

Mary Fitzpatrick, Mary Mullin Gilbride's oldest daughter, said her mother marveled at the absence of diaper rash on the Winnebago babies. She credited the wisdom of the Indian women for their use of a mat of soft and absorbent moss for diapers, the original disposable diapers. Nobody in the family recalled seeing the bead work presented to Mary Ann for babysitting. She was only eight years old when the tribe was removed, and the bead work was probably presented to her mother and father for allowing little Mary watch the babies. After the Uprising, souvenir hunters scoured the State for Indian trinkets. It is possible the

family sold the bead work. In the Nineteenth Century, few people understood or appreciated the beauty of Indian crafts. It is also possible the bead work was broken and lost over the years.

The Jamestown relatives felt sorry when the Winnebagos left their reservation. None of them knew why or where the Indians went, an especially sorrowful event for the poor Winnebagos. The local newspapers gave back page coverage to the exodus; the real news was the availability of the vacated reservation for white settlement, and glee for finally ridding southern Minnesota of Indians. There was little mention of the forced march past Mankato to the boats on the Minnesota River, nor their subsequent resettlement on a reservation on the western side of the Missouri River at Fort Randall, South Dakota. They were again uprooted in 1866, after another Indian disturbance in the Dakotas, and sent south to Nebraska. Nineteen members of the tribe remained in Dakota, including several half white tribal members. It seems the Winnebago reservation was good farm land, and the nearby whites had their eye on the property. The remaining tribal members stayed to protect their claim to their federal land.

Several family sources said there was some old grandmother who lived over 100 years. Both Mary Mullin Gilbride, and her daughter, Mary Fitzpatrick, mentioned the number of 106 years associated with Brigid Murtaugh Mullin. Brigid died in 1917 at the age of eighty-one, and her mother, Brigid Ó Donnell Murtaugh, died in 1896 at the age of eighty-four. There were plenty of old ladies in the family. Most of them lasted into their eighties and nineties, which was phenomenal by Nineteenth Century standards. By my reckoning, nobody but Mary Gilbride Fitzpatrick topped 100 years.

The aged Mary Mullin Gilbride read without glasses, and her daughter, Mary Fitzpatrick, inherited her mother's keen vision. On many occasions, I noticed Mary Fitzpatrick sitting by the window reading the fine print of a Seattle newspaper at a normal arm's length without glasses. Most of us spent out lives wearing glasses, and everyone was envious of Mary Fitzpatrick's 101 year old eyes.

# APPENDIX F

The following is a quick summary of the families discussed in the previous pages. I assigned dates or approximations to the principals wherever I could. If anyone wants more specifics on various other family members, I can come up with a modest list.

## APPELGATE

| | |
|---|---|
| *THOMAS (c.1600 - 1662):* | |
| *ELIZABETH WALL:* | Bartholomew, John, Helena, *THOMAS*, Margaret. |
| *THOMAS ( ? - 1699):* | |
| *JOHANNA GIBBONS:* | Thomas, John, Daniel, Joseph, Elizabeth, Richard, *BENJAMIN*. |
| *BENJAMIN (1685 - 1753):* | |
| *UNKNOWN FIRST WIFE:* | |
| *ELIZABETH PARENT:* | Thomas, Benjamin, William, *RICHARD*, Johannah, Jomine, Alice. |
| *RICHARD (c.1733 - 1782):* | |
| *UNKNOWN FIRST WIFE:* | *HEZEKIAH*. |
| *AMY FENTON:* | Achsah, Stacey, Samuel, John, Sally, Joseph, Richard, Amy, Betsy, James, Thomas. |
| *HEZEKIAH (c.1756 - c.1825):* | |
| *UNKNOWN FIRST WIFE:* | Aaron. |
| *SARAH BRITTON:* | Hezekiah, Mary, Samuel, *NATHANIEL*, Thomas, James, Susannah, (others?). |
| *NATHANIEL (1792 - 1863):* | |
| *ELIZABETH SETON ( ? - 1814):* | |
| *ELIZABETH SMITH ( 1801 - 1855):* | Lewis, Jane, James, John, *WILLIAM*, Aaron, (three more boys and four more girls). |
| *ELIZABETH SPILLER (1824 - 1890):* | Ira, Spiller stepchildren: *FRANCES*, Sarah, Thomas, (Others?). |
| *WILLIAM (1836-c.1912):* | |
| *FRANCES SPILLER (1840 - c.1921):* | Albert, Ardilla, James, Ella, Elizabeth, *LOUIS*, Nathaniel, Ira, Frank. |

*LOUIS (1867 - 1845?):*
*MARY MAHER (1868 - c.1927):* John, *FRANCES,* William, Mary, Louis, Harold.
*HELEN :* Robert.

*FRANCES (1892-1974):*
*ALBERT MERRILL (1888 - ?):* *JOHN.*
*( ? )CONNER:*
*ANTONIO LUCIDO ( c.1900 - 1975):*

*JOHN MERRILL (1914 - 1972):*
*ELIZABETH FITZPATRICK (1915 -1989):* Frank, Cecily, Jean, Paul, Jim.

## FITZPATRICK

*JOHN :*
*MARY McDONALD:* *FRANK,* Margaret, Ann, Patrick,Terence, Elizabeth, Ellen, Rose, Bernard, Teresa, John, Brigid.

*FRANK (1870 - 1935):*
*MARY GILBRIDE (1879 - 1980):* *ELIZABETH,* Patricia, Terence, Marie.

## GILBRIDE

*MARTIN (1816 - c. 1879):*
*MARY NEWCOMB (1825 - ? ):* *MARTIN,* Rose, Brigid, James, Frank.

*MARTIN (1846 - 1930):*
*MARY MULLIN (1854 - 1947):* *MARY,* James, Francis, Matt, Mark, Margaret, Rubena.

## MAHER

*(Parents Unknown):* *JAMES,* John, (others?).

*JAMES (1841 - ?):*
*ANN (1846 - ?):* *MARY,* Emma, Ann, Nellie, James, George, Rose, Margaret.

## MURTAUGH

*THOMAS (1796 -1862):*
*BRIGID Ó DONNELL (1806 - 1892):* *BRIGID,* Michael, Thomas, Timothy, John.

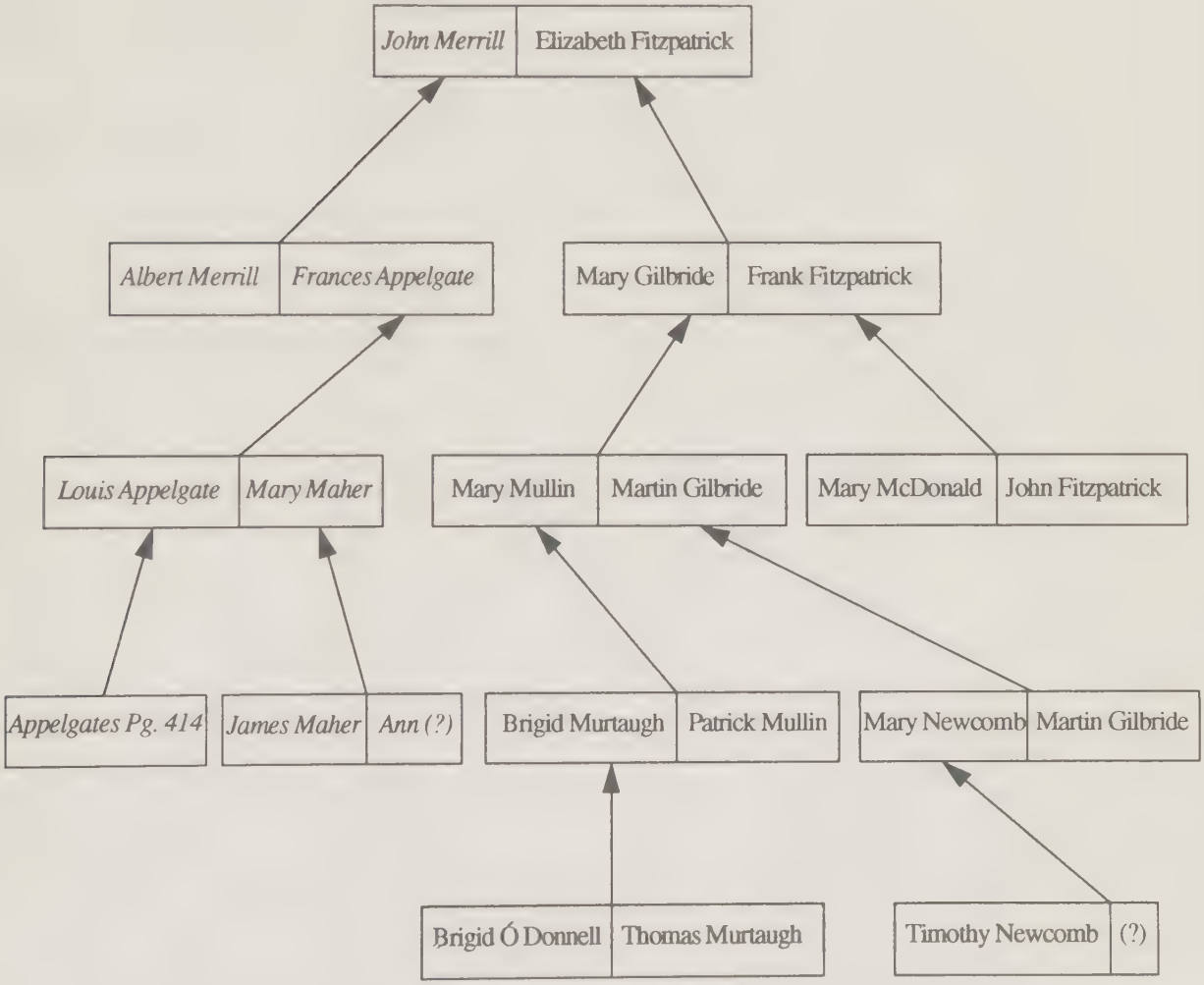
## MULLIN

*PATRICK (1829 - 1918):*
*BRIGID MURTAUGH (1826 - 1917):* *MARY,* Michael, Ellen, Margaret, James, Catherine, Patrick, Brigid, William, Thomas.

## NEWCOMB

*TIMOTHY :*
*WIFE UNKNOWN:* *MARY,* Michael, Frank, (others?).

The Appelgate names are more organized, but the Irish families seem like confusion. The following is a routing of as many direct line names as I have.



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